*Our new serial, begun on page 601, is by Booth Tarkington. That is guarantee of a story at once charming, subtle, and finely written. But "The Guest of Quesnay" is all that and more—actually a problem, a mystery, much entanglement, and the second birth and regeneration of an individual under conditions as curious as they are romantic. But don't dream it is another adventure story. This drama occurs amid still waters. A group of the most engaging and delightful cosmopolitans leisurely unravel its complexities. A love affair quite strange and beguiling is the woof of the web, and there emanates from it all something of that same delicacy and exquisiteness of feeling which made the fascination and the triumph of "Monsieur Beaucaire."*

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THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN HOME.

II. THE NEW HOME—ALONE AT LAST!

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EVERY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. [illegible] [illegible]R, 1907. No. 5.

# Making Steel and Killing Men

By WILLIAM HARD

*[illegible] with regard to blast-furnaces is to run mod- [illegible] r the lining? We think that a lining is good [illegible] better."—Charles S. Price, Superintendent of [illegible]*

*[illegible] t year in the South Chicago plant of the [illegible] o great casualty. The largest number killed [illegible] accounted for two men apiece. All the rest [illegible] year, therefore, there were forty-one separate [illegible] one valuable thing in the world, human life.*

*[illegible] ward human beings that we have toward the [illegible] of blast-furnaces? Do we think that a man is good for so much iron and steel, and the quicker he makes it the better? Must he then go to the graveyard just as the lining of the blast-furnace goes to the junk-heap?*

THE South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation stretches along the shore of Lake Michigan for a distance of about two miles northward from the broad mouth of the Calumet River.

This plant, as you see it from the deck of a yacht out in the lake, is just an opaque mass of smoke, thirty million dollars' worth of smoke. You may descry, it is true, certain dim outlines of multitudinous buildings, like the faint surmises of a dream. You may be diverted by the long rows of slender smoke-stacks, rearing their heads through the smoke and standing shoulder to shoulder at rigid attention as if they were about to salute. You may be thrilled by the three thin, wavering tongues of flame that spurt up from the throats of the Bessemer converters and fight their way through the thick layers of their imprisonment, like fleeting spirits, to the clear air above. But these things are mere modifications of the central theme, which is smoke, a mountain of smoke, or, rather, a cave of smoke. For the mountain is hollow, and in its interior ten thousand men are at work.

Here, in the smoke on the north bank of the Calumet, forty-six men performed their final earthly act last year. Here, at the edge of the plant, just inside the high white board fence, stands the company's private hospital, with fifty beds, a chief surgeon, two assistant surgeons, an interne, and three nurses. Here, in the inquests held in the undertakers' shops in the neighborhood of the plant, the United States Steel Corporation, in the person of the Illinois Steel Company, was censured six times last year by coroner's juries. Here, at the time when ten men were injured in the

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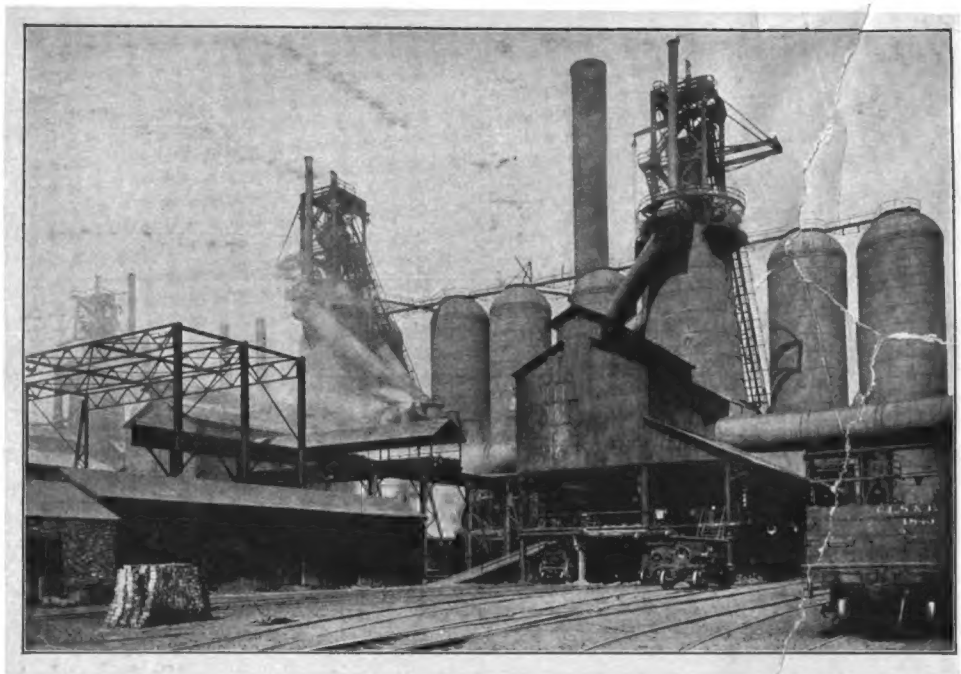

GENERAL VIEW OF BLAST-FURNACES.

The furnaces show faintly on the left. In the rounded structures is heated the air afterwards driven through the furnaces.

pig-casting department, the Building Department of the City of Chicago was forced to intervene and to admonish the company that "a little diligent thought and precaution on your part would minimize the occurrence of such accidents." Here the number of the dead, who are reported to the coroner, furnishes the only clue to the number of the merely burned, crushed, maimed, and disabled, who are reported to nobody.

But let us make an estimate (and it will have to be a rough one, for there are no local statistics) of the number of men burned and crushed and maimed and disabled in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company last year, as compared with the number of men actually killed.

The best statistics on such subjects are those of the German Government, which, as it has established a system of compulsory insurance, is in a position to know exactly what is happening in the manufacturing establishments within its jurisdiction.

From these statistics (covering a period of twelve years) it appears that for every man killed in Germany there were eight who suffered a permanent disability of either a partial or a total character. It further appears that for every man killed, four were disabled temporarily, which, in the German statistics, means for at least thirteen weeks.

If the law of averages is the same in Chicago as it is in Berlin (and there is no reason to suppose that it isn't), the record of casualties at the South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation would read as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dead | 46 |
| Disabled temporarily (for at least 13 weeks) | 184 |
| Disabled permanently | 368 |
| Total | 598 |

The record of the long battle in the cave of smoke on the north bank of the Calumet River for the year 1906 would therefore present 598 killed and wounded men to the consideration of a public which would be appalled by the news of the loss of an equal number of men in a battle in the Philippines.

And it should be remembered that the estimate here given does not include any of those men who suffered injuries which disabled them for a period of less than the thirteen weeks above mentioned. If such cases were



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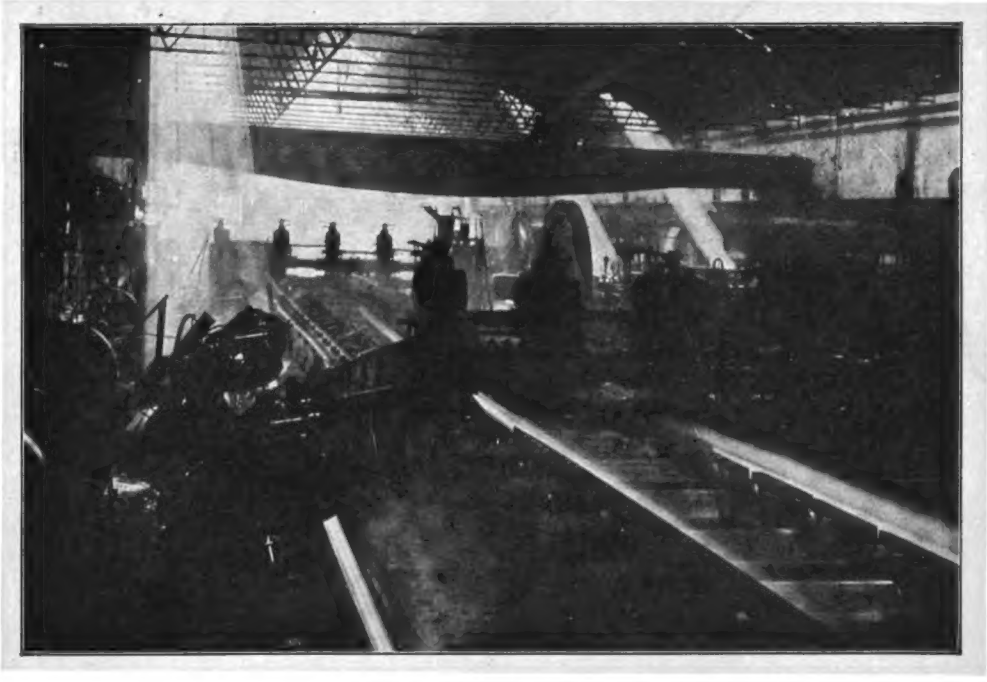

A RAIL-MILL IN OPERATION.

The white streaks which show so vividly in the foreground are hot rails.

included, the total number of casualties would be enormously increased. Minor accidents are far more numerous than those of a serious nature. The total number of all accidents, major and minor, at the plant of the Illinois Steel Company would certainly be more than twice as large as the number of major accidents which we have already computed.

If, therefore, 598 men were involved last year in major accidents, entailing, at the least, a disability of thirteen weeks each, there must have been at least 1,200 men who were involved in accidents of all kinds. Doctors who have been employed in the hospital of the Illinois Steel Company place the number even higher. They have said that there are at least 2,000 accidents every year. But many of these accidents extend only to the painful scorching of a leg. If the figure be kept at 1,200, it will be a conservative estimate, including only those injuries that may be legitimately regarded as being of material consequence.

Here, then, is the record of one American industrial establishment for one year! It is not an establishment that enjoys any pre-eminence in heartlessness. If it were, there would be no use in writing an article about it. The exceptional proves nothing. But the plant in South Chicago is just an American plant, conducted according to American ideals. Its officials are men whom one is glad to meet and proud to know. And yet in the course of one year in their plant they had at least 1,200 accidents that resulted in the physical injury, the physical agony, of human beings.

Must we continue to pay this price for the honor of leading the world in the cheap and rapid production of steel and iron? Must we continue to be obliged to think of scorched and scalded human beings whenever we sit on the back platform of an observation-car and watch the steel rails rolling out behind us? Is this price necessary, or could we strike a better bargain if we were shrewder and more careful?

A partial answer to these questions will suggest itself as we go along. We shall learn something by leaving general statistics at this point and by descending to particular individual instances. When the American Institute of Social Service tells us that 536,165 Americans are killed or maimed every year in American industry, our minds are merely stunned. But the specific case of Ora Allen, on the twelfth day of December, 1906, has a



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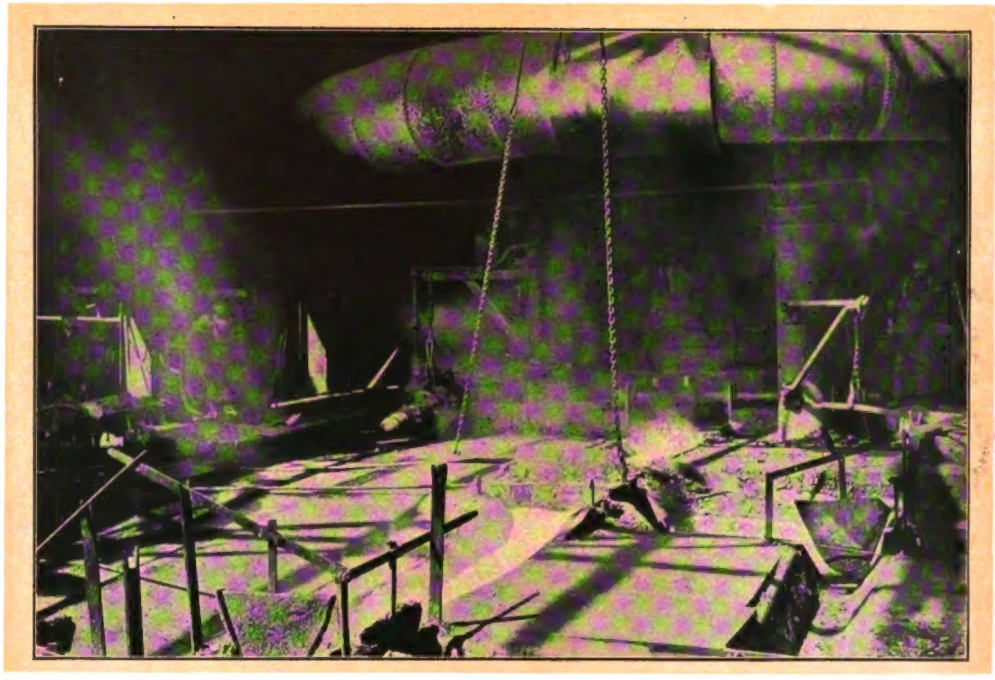
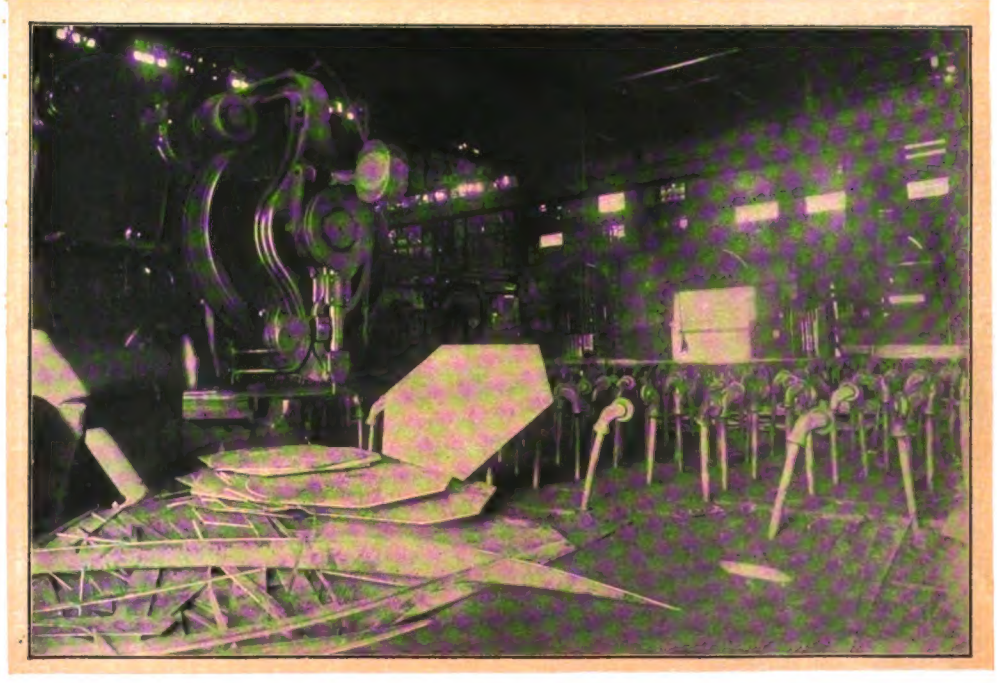


CASTING-FLOOR OF A BLAST-FURNACE.

The tapping-hole is under the big pipe in the center. The very white place on the floor is molten iron flowing from the tapping-hole across the casting-floor to the ladles.



THE INTERIOR OF A PLATE-MILL.

The picture was taken by the company's photographer just after one of the plates had fallen on a man's foot.

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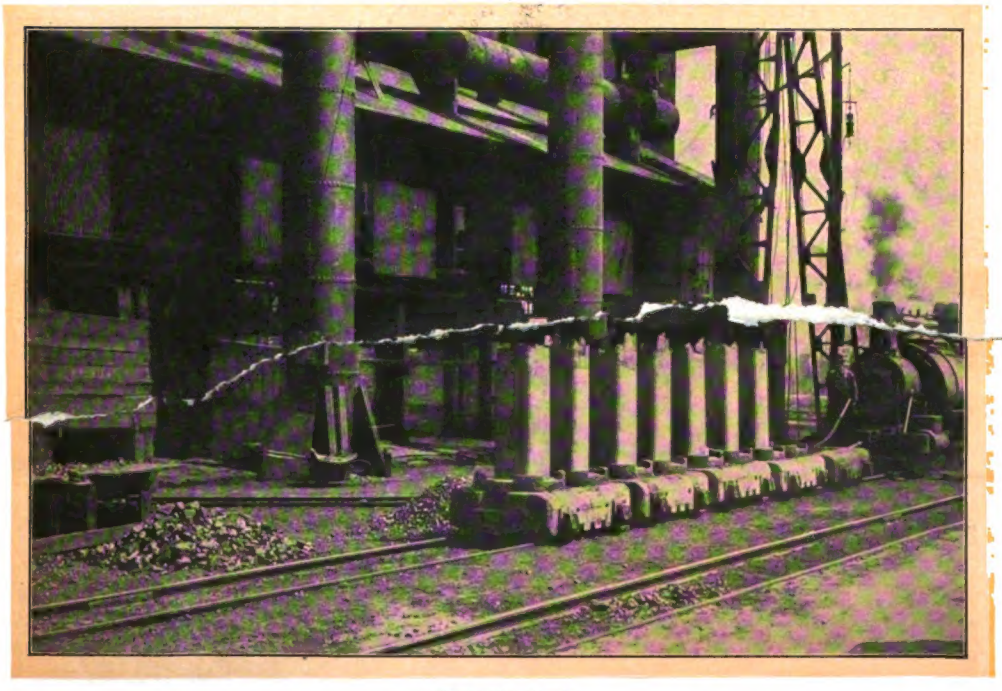
THE POURING-FLOOR OR PIT IN THE NORTH OPEN HEARTH MILL.

The furnaces are on the right. The pouring-stand is on the left. It was on this floor that Ora Allen lost his life. The traveling crane, operated by his brother, may be seen overhead.



"HOT TAMALES."

Massive Steel Ingots being transferred inside the yard by a dinky engine on a narrow-gauge track.

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poignant thrust that goes through the stunned mind to the previously untouched recesses of the heart.

Ora Allen is Inquest 39,193 in the Coroner's Office in the Criminal Court Building down-town. On the twelfth of last December he was a ladleman in the North Open Hearth Mill of the Illinois Steel Company, twelve miles from down-town, in South Chicago. On the fifteenth he was a corpse in the company's private hospital. On the seventeenth his remains were viewed by six good and lawful men at Griesel & Son's undertaking shop at 8,946 Commercial Avenue.

The first witness, Newton Allen, told the gist of the story.

On the twelfth of last December Newton Allen was operating overhead crane No. 3 in the North Open Hearth Mill of the Illinois Steel Company. Seated aloft in the cage of his crane, he dropped his chains and hooks to the men beneath and carried pots and ladles up and down the length of the pouring-floor.

That floor was 1,100 feet long, and it looked longer because of the dim murkiness of the air. It was edged, all along one side, by a row of open-hearth furnaces, fourteen of them, and in each one there were sixty-four tons of white, boiling iron, being made into steel. From these furnaces the white-hot metal, now steel, was withdrawn and poured into big ten-ton molds, standing on flat-cars. When the molds were removed, the steel stood up by itself on the cars in the shape of ingots. These ingots, these obelisks of steel, cooled to solidity on their outsides but still soft and liquid within, were hauled away by locomotives to other parts of the plant.

A BLAST FURNACE

This photograph was taken just as [illegible]

It was a scene in which a human being looks smaller than perhaps anywhere else in the world. You must understand that fact in order to comprehend the psychological aspect of accidents in steel-mills.

On the twelfth of last December, Newton Allen, up in the cage of his 100-ton electric crane, was requested by a ladleman from below to pick up a pot and carry it to another part of the floor. This pot was filled with the hot slag that is the refuse left over when the pure steel has been run off.

Newton Allen let down the hooks of his crane. The ladleman attached those hooks to the pot. Newton Allen started down the floor. Just as he started, one of the hooks slipped. There was no shock or jar. Newton Allen was warned of danger only by the fumes that rose toward him. He at once reversed his lever, and, when his crane had carried him to a place of safety, descended and hurried back to the scene of the accident. He saw a man lying on his face. He heard him screaming. He saw that he was being roasted by the slag that had poured out of the pot. He ran up to him and turned him over.

"At that time," said Newton Allen, in his testimony before the jury, "I did not know it was my brother. It was not till I turned him over that I recognized him. Then I saw it was my brother Ora. I asked him if he was burned bad. He said, 'No, not to be afraid—he was not burned as bad as I thought.'"

Three days later Ora Allen died in the hospital of the Illinois Steel Company. He had told his brother he wasn't "burned bad," but Ira Miltimore, the doctor who attended him, testified that his death was due to a "third-degree burn of the face, neck, arms, forearms, hands, back, right leg, right thigh, and left foot." A third degree burn is the last degree there is. There is no fourth degree.

But why did the hook on that slag-pot slip?

*Because it was attached merely to the rim of the pot, and not to the lugs. That pot had no lugs. It ought to have had them. Lugs are pieces of metal that project from the rim of the pot, like ears. They are put there for the express purpose of providing a proper and secure hold for the hooks. But they had been broken*

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*off in some previous accident and they had not been replaced. On the twelfth of last December the ladleman had been obliged to use the mere rim, or flange, of the pot, and with that precarious attachment the pot had been hoisted and carried.*

"Is it dangerous to carry a pot by its flange?" asked the deputy coroner.

"It is," said Newton Allen, "but it is the duty of the ladleman to put the hooks on the pot. I work on signal from him."

Mike Skiba, the ladleman, being summoned, testified that he had attached the hooks to the pot by the flange, but that he had no orders against attaching them in that way.

John Pfister, the boss ladleman, Mike Skiba's superior, said, on oath: "I have no orders not to raise the slag-pots when the lugs are broken off."

George L. Danforth, the superintendent of the North Open Hearth Mill, an expensive man, who might himself have been killed on the occasion in question, because his duties oblige him to frequent all parts of the mill, testified that "pots had been raised in the manner described for three or four years and that this was the first time that one of them had fallen."

What did the jury think? It thought as follows:

"We, the jury, believe that slag-pots should not be handled without their lugs, and we recommend that the lugs be replaced before the pots are used in the future."

So came to an end the case of Ora Allen, burned to death by the slag from a pot that was being hoisted by his brother. Was it a necessary tragedy? Was all that agony, all the horror that filled the soul of Ora Allen's brother when he turned him over and recognized him, was all that wait of three days for death in the hospital, a necessary incident in the production of steel? The coroner's jury evidently did not think so, although such a jury is notably reluctant to utter a censure.

As I read the testimony and afterwards looked at that gigantic, that deafening and hypnotizing North Open Hearth Mill, my mind was carried back to the American locomotive engineer who astonished Mr. Kipling when he was on his first visit to this country. The train was just starting across a trestle that looked as if it were ready to crumble away, on the slightest provocation, into the mountain torrent beneath. Mr. Kipling remonstrated, and the engineer, in reply, gave utterance to the whole philosophy of American business life. He said:

"We guess that when a trestle's built it ought to last forever. And sometimes we guess ourselves into the depot. And sometimes we guess ourselves into hell."

The company will tell you, very straightforwardly and very honestly, that it is impossible to prevent the men from being reckless, that it is beyond human power to prevent the men from hooking up slag-pots by their flanges. The men get in a hurry and they become careless.

There is a good deal of truth in this observation, as I shall show later. The men do get careless and, under our outdated but unrepealed laws, the carelessness of a ladleman, resulting in the death of a fellow ladleman, will relieve the company from all money liability for that ladleman's death. It is impossible that men in steel-mills should not grow careless. It is part of the inevitable psychological consequence of working next to a three-mouthed monster with sixty-four tons of boiling metal in its insides. But suppose, just suppose, that instead of being relieved from all money liability by the carelessness of a ladleman toward a fellow ladleman, suppose, just suppose that the company had to pay a flat fine of $20,000 every time a ladleman was killed. Do you think that any slag-pot would ever be raised by its flange?

That is the real question. And the answer is, No. The United States Steel Corporation has too much ability, it has done too many wonderful, too many almost impossible things, to fail in such a project of prevention. But the cold fact is that there is no adequate incentive to the prevention of carelessness among employees. There is a perfectly adequate incentive to the prevention of laziness. The lazy employee is discharged. Let society once provide the capable intellect of the United States Steel Corporation with a sufficient reason for preventing carelessness, and it will be the one best bet of the age that there will be no more carelessness in any of the United States Steel Corporation plants.

The forty-six men who were killed last year in the South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation went to their deaths by a large number of different and divergent routes. Twelve of them were killed in the neighborhood of blast-furnaces. One of them was hurled out of life by a stick of dynamite. Three of them were electrocuted. Three of them were killed by falls from high

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places. Four of them were struck on their heads by falling objects. Four of them were burned to death by hot metal in the Bessemer Converter Department, where, as in the Open Hearth Department, iron is transformed into steel. Three of them were crushed to death. One of them was suffocated by the gas from a gas-producer. One of them was thrown from an ore-bridge by a high wind. One of them was hit by a red-hot rail. One of them, Ora Allen, was scorched to death by slag. And ten of them were killed by railroad cars or by railroad locomotives.

This last fact seems most extraordinary, most inexplicable, until an inspection of the plant is made. There are about one hundred and thirty miles of track in that plant, broad-gauge track, narrow-gauge track, stretching across open spaces, wiggling between dead walls, swerving around corners, darting through buildings, running in twenties, running in couples, climbing up to the mouths of the Bessemer converters, descending to the level of the lake shore, creeping across the Calumet down and away to Indiana.

And there are cars, cars carrying coke, cars carrying limestone, cars carrying ladles of liquid iron, cars carrying pots of hot slag, cars carrying ingots of red steel.

And there are locomotives, all kinds of locomotives, all the way from the through freight locomotive that can haul eighty cars of coke to the little "dinky" locomotive that looks like a toy and that hauls the steel ingots from the Bessemer and Open Hearth Departments to the rail-mill, the slabbing-mill, the blooming-mill, the billet-mill, and the structural-shape mill.

At the south end of the plant there is a high bridge that spans a series of switching-tracks. Elsewhere the men go across at grade. There are danger signs, but it is useless to expect a Slovenian who has worked all day in the heat and glare and stress of a blast-furnace to pay much attention to a danger sign, especially if he doesn't know how to read, which he usually doesn't. There will be more bridges and a few subways in the South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation before that corporation is many years older. As things stand to-day, the men have come to expect the danger signs to be supplemented by the puffing and clanging of the locomotive and by the cries of the engineer.

This point of view was admirably illustrated by a man who was injured not long ago but who fortunately recovered. He described his accident succinctly as follows:

"No choo choo! No ling ling! No God damn you get out of the way! Just run over!"

The only death-dealing force that exceeded the railroad last year in the Illinois Steel Company plant was the blast-furnace.

There are eleven blast-furnaces in the plant. Each of them is a fire-brick and cast-iron giant a hundred and fifty feet high and containing from six hundred to a thousand tons of tumultuous material. When you feed it at its top with coke, limestone, and iron ore, you cannot tell exactly what is happening inside it, until, from the tapping-hole at its base, you withdraw the pure iron and the refuse that is called slag. Its digestive tract is too long and too well concealed. A blast-furnace is like a human being. When it is in trouble you have to make a diagnostic guess from the outside.

On the ninth of last October, at about ten o'clock in the evening, Walter Stelmaszyk, a sample-boy, went to one of the blast-furnaces to get a sample of iron to take to the laboratory. He stood at one of the entrances to the platform. The bright, liquid iron was running out of its tapping-hole and flowing in a sparkling, snarling stream along its sandy bed to the big twenty-ton ladle that stood beside the platform on a flat-car. Walter Stelmaszyk stood still for a moment and gazed at this scene. It was well for him that he hesitated. Suddenly there came a flash, a roar, and a drizzle of molten metal. Milak Lazich, Andrew Vrkic, Anton Pietszak, and Louis Fuerlant lay charred and dead on the casting-floor.

What was the cause of the accident?

The expert witnesses, employed around the blast-furnace, all agreed that the hot metal had come in contact with water.

And how did it come in contact with water?

Here, again, the expert witnesses were in agreement.

About two months before the accident, the keeper of the furnace had called the attention of the foreman to a little trickling of water around the tapping-hole. An examination was made and it was found that some of the fire-brick at one side of the tapping-hole had fallen out. The foreman reported this fact to his immediate superior. *But the fire-brick was not replaced.* Patches of fire-clay were substituted for it. These patches were re-

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newed from time to time. They wore out very rapidly.

On the night of the ninth of October, according to all the experts at the trial, the fierce molten iron ate its way through the fire-clay and came in contact with a water-coil. The union of the hot iron with the water resulted in the explosion and in the sacrifice of four human lives.

It is true that no similar accident had ever before happened. The company did not mean to kill those men. I am making no such foolish charge. But, as in the case of Ora Allen, I ask the question whether or not the company would exercise a stricter surveillance over the recklessness of its foremen and workingmen if it had a stronger pecuniary incentive. In other words, if the company were offered a prize of a million dollars for getting through a year without one single fatal accident, would it then allow patches of fire-clay to be used as a substitute for fire-brick around the tapping-hole of any furnace in its plant? Would it not find a way to prevent such makeshift methods effectually and finally?

When the accident had happened, the water in the coil just next to the place where the fire-clay had been eaten away and where the explosion had originated was shut off. The man who shut it off was a pipe-fitter, G. H. Hunter.

"In your opinion," said the deputy coroner, "would it have been safe to run the furnace before this accident with the water a little bit further away from the tapping-hole?"

"No, sir."

"Is the furnace running that way now?"

"Yes, sir."

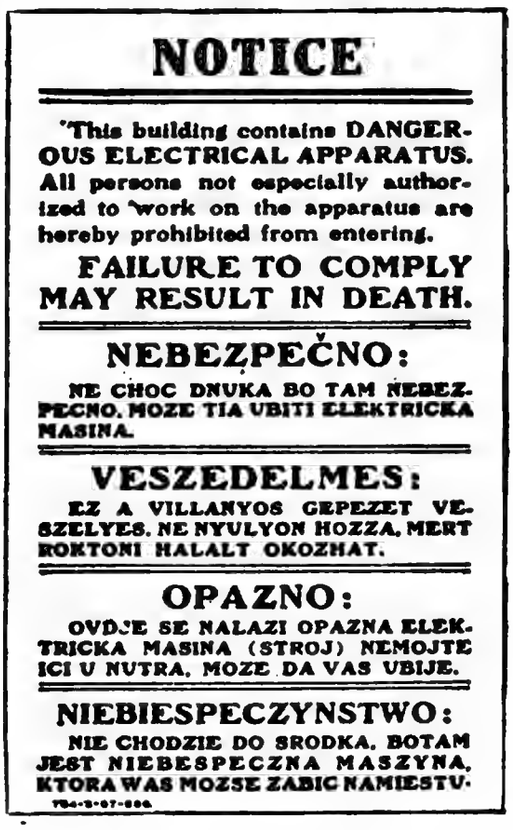
"Is it safe now?"

"No, sir, not as safe as it was when the water was running."

And it was while the water was running that the accident happened and that the four men were killed. Before the accident the furnace was evidently in a dangerous condition. After the accident it was apparently in a still more dangerous condition!

How can the Illinois Manufacturers' Association think, when such evidence, given under oath, is public property, that the State of Illinois or the United States of America will continue to regard the killing and maiming of employees as an entirely private matter between those employees and the company in whose service they were slaughtered or injured? All sentiments of humanity offer an invulnerable negative to that proposition. And so also, as I shall show later, do all considerations of enlightened selfishness.

The total number of men killed last year by blast-furnaces in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company was twelve. Not all of these men were burned to death. Some were struck by flying objects and some were asphyxiated by the gas which constantly escapes from the pores of a blast-furnace and which can sometimes be seen, burning with a ghastly blue flame, along the crevices between the bricks.


NOTICE
This building contains DANGEROUS ELECTRICAL APPARATUS. All persons not especially authorized to work on the apparatus are hereby prohibited from entering.
FAILURE TO COMPLY MAY RESULT IN DEATH.
NEBEZPEČNO:
NE CHOC DNUKA BO TAM NEBEZPECNO. MOZE TIA UBITI ELEKTRICKA MASINA.
VESZEDELMES:
EZ A VILLANYOS GEPEZET VESZELYES. NE NYULYON HOZZA, MERT HOKTONI HALALT OKOZHAT.
OPAZNO:
OVDJE SE NALAZI OPAZNA ELEKTRICKA MASINA (STROJ) NEMOJTE ICI U NUTRA. MOZE DA VAS UBIJE.
NIEBIESPECZYNSTWO:
NIE CHODZIE DO SRODKA. BOTAM JEST NIEBESPECZNA MASZYNA, KTORA WAS MOZSE ZABIC NAMIESTU.

A POLYGLOT WARNING DISPLAYED IN THE ILLINOIS STEEL COMPANY'S PLANT.

I am perfectly willing to admit that it is exceedingly difficult to prevent all exhibitions of recklessness even in cases in which the company has provided certain measures of precaution. This is intended to be a fair article. It would do no permanent good unless it were fair. And recklessness is certainly a psychological characteristic of men in steel-plants. All tradition teaches them to be reckless. The very example of their superiors teaches them to be reckless. The assistant superintendent of the plant that the Illinois Steel Company maintains at Joliet stepped on an unprotected gear and lost his leg just after he had warned his men not to be guilty of any such culpable negligence of their own safety. I am willing to admit the existence of culpable negligence altogether apart from the negligence of the company. And not only that, but I am also willing to give a specific illustration.

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I was standing one day on the platform of a blast-furnace. All at once, unexpectedly, I heard the four whistles that indicate danger. There was a "hang" in the furnace. The whirling, eddying mass of ore, coke, and limestone in the high interior of that furnace had got caught somewhere, somehow, and was refusing to come down. When it did come down, there would be a crash, and, perhaps, an explosion.

I ran and got behind a brick pillar. On coming into the plant that morning I had signed a piece of paper, just the same kind of piece of paper that every visitor signs, saying that I would not hold the Illinois Steel Company responsible for anything that might happen to me. I reflected that nobody would profit by my demise. But observe what the other men around that blast-furnace did!

I could see them as I peered out from behind my brick pillar. Those of them who were already in front of the furnace looked up at it with an expression of profound curiosity on their faces Two other men who had been standing at the back of the furnace ran all the way around it and came out in front! There they all stood, hurling their mute interrogatories at the crafty, reticent volcano that might nevertheless the next moment hurl forth an indignant answer at their heads!

In a steel-mill there is still another element besides recklessness to be considered. It is this:

Most steel-men have come up from the ranks. They have themselves risked their lives. They have become hardened to scenes that chill the blood of the fresh observer.

Most steel-men in the United States to-day (and I am talking of steel-men, not financiers) have themselves leaped those flaming streams of angry metal, have themselves dodged the red-hot, writhing steel snakes that hiss through the big cast-iron rolls of the rail-mill on their way to the straightening-beds, have themselves fallen dizzy to the ground with the gaseous breath of the blast-furnace stoves in their lungs.

Steel is War. When it is finished it brings forth, for the victors, Skibo Castles and Peace Conferences. But while it is in process it is War.

The superintendent of the South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation is a young man named Field, William A. Field. I investigated his career.

When he came to the South Chicago plant from Kentucky *via* Stevens Institute, his first day's work lasted twenty-four hours. When he had worked twelve hours, his foreman said to him: "Run home now and get a bite to eat and be back here as soon as you can." He came back and worked twelve hours longer.

To-day they have a fiendish institution at the South Chicago plant called the twenty-four-hour shift. Eighteen hundred men in that plant work for twenty-four hours without stopping, on every alternate Sunday. They begin on Sunday morning and work through without a pause till Monday morning at seven o'clock. In order to keep awake, some of the men cultivate a keen intellectual interest in the mechanical processes about them. Others swallow chewing tobacco. It is a frightful stretch of time. But William A. Field not only worked that twenty-four-hour shift on his own account when he was scull-ing ladles (which means cleaning the slag out of them) but, even after being promoted from that menial employment, he has worked seventy-two hours at a stretch without sleeping, and has worked one hundred and sixty-eight hours without any other kind of sleep than that which can be gathered from a hard chair in a dark corner.

What is the use of talking to a man like that about the severity of a twenty-four-hour shift? When two sheets in the steam-pipe in the pump-room of the rail-mill were blown out and three men and a boy were killed, Field worked from Sunday evening to Wednesday evening without ever closing his eyes. And then he spent the rest of Wednesday evening at the opera. And when the rail-mill at Joliet was frozen up by a cold winter, Field stayed in the mill a whole week, with a chair for a bed, and kept that mill from complete stagnation at the cost of seven nights' sleep and also at the cost, in all probability, of three or four years of his life.

On one occasion Field was knocked twenty feet by a stray crowbar and experienced some difficulty in recovering. On another occasion the top of his hat was shaved neatly off by a hot rail which just missed shaving off his scalp. On still another occasion he walked off a dock into the Calumet River and was pulled out just in time.

I admire such a man. There is no man I admire more. But I deny that he constitutes a good judge of ordinary human safety for ordinary human beings. He is an exceptional man who enjoys an exceptional reward. He therefore risks his life and becomes superin-

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tendent. The ordinary man risks his life and does not become superintendent. It is for him that measures of safety are demanded. His only possible reward is a continuance of the life that God has given him.

Nevertheless, if you want to understand the psychology of a man like Field, just stand in front of the three converters in the Bessemer Department. There they swing and sway and tip, shaped like the enormous, mythical eggs attributed to that strange and never-yet-discovered bird called the roc by the Oriental authors of the "Arabian Nights." It is only the roc that could have laid such eggs. They contain fifteen tons apiece. They receive iron. They produce steel. The metal within them, tossed by currents of compressed air, boils and bubbles. When they tip over, to discharge their burdens into the ladles beneath, they fill the whole building with fluttering sparks and thick, whirling fumes which vary in color from light gray to deep orange. The clothes of the men in this department are filled with fine holes burned in them by the sparks. When the ladles are filled, the boiling metal exudes queer little tender blue flames all over its white surface. The men call this weird display "the devil's flower-garden." With less apparent poetry they have nicknamed the steel ingots in which the metal finally leaves the Bessemer Department on flat-cars, calling them "hot tamales."

I make all due allowance for the diabolical hypnotism exercised over the men in a steel-mill, from highest to lowest, by the overwhelming majesty of the instruments with which they work. *And for that very reason I believe in the intervention of the public authorities, and in the supervision that is exercised over industrial establishments in many of the countries of Europe by public officials who have not been hypnotized by daily intercourse with Bessemer converters.*

And at the same time I wish to give all due credit to the present management of the Illinois Steel Company. It has shaken itself almost awake from the hypnotism of the Bessemer converters. It has devoted itself, so far as its lights extend, to the reformation of its plant. It has established a Safety Department. This department is partly selfish, partly philanthropic. It has photographers who take a picture of every accident, just as soon as it has happened, for the purpose of furnishing evidence in the courts if the relatives of the deceased should sue for damages. But it also suggests changes to be made in the construction of the plant for the purpose of preventing future accidents. The motive in this case is, I fully believe, disinterested. The present laws of Illinois on the subject of industrial accidents furnish no other adequate motive. And, on the basis of the recommendations of its Safety Department, the Illinois Steel Company made *three thousand changes last year* in the construction of its plant. This fact is an eloquent commentary not only on the present awakenment of the company but also on the previous condition of the plant.

The operating men who manage the Illinois Steel Company are human beings. They do not wish to commit either murder or suicide. But Steel is War. And it is also Dividends. All the operating men in South Chicago, from William A. Field down to the lowest "Huniak" who now sculls the ladles that Mr. Field used to scull, are bound, hand and foot, by the desire to produce more steel this month than was ever before produced in South Chicago. The figures that indicate production and profits are the only figures handled and scrutinized by the members of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation. Steel is War. And it is a war in which the commanding officers as well as the privates are exposed to the immediate fire of the enemy.

The greatest steel-man that America ever produced, Bill Jones, was killed by a blast-furnace. At the time of his death he was drawing a salary equal to that of the President of the United States. He went from this world to the world beyond in company with a dollar-a-day Hungarian laborer. Bill Jones was the man who put the United States ahead of Great Britain in the rapid and economical production of iron and steel. And if Bill Jones was killed by a blast-furnace, why not Steve Bragosimshamski?

That is the spirit of the War of Steel.

It is not surprising, therefore, that on the sixth of February, this year, the Building Department of the City of Chicago, being a department of peace, was forced to intervene in the aftermath of an accident in the pig-casting department of the Illinois Steel Company. Ten or twelve men had been injured. A thirty-ton ladle had tipped all the way over and had wrecked the roof and sides of the building, besides subjecting the ten or twelve men above mentioned to considerable bodily discomfort.

During the previous year the company had made those three thousand changes in its

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plant. But it hadn't been able to make that pig-casting department safe. Building Commissioner Bartzen suggested that the thirty-ton ladles of hot iron should be anchored to the columns of the building in order to prevent them from tipping over. The company apparently had not thought of that. According to the public records of the Building Department in the City Hall in Chicago, the Illinois Steel Company accepted almost every suggestion made to it by the Building Department during the régime of Building Commissioner Bartzen. But it did not divine those suggestions on its own account before they were made.

I do not blame the Illinois Steel Company for failing to divine those suggestions. A company whose nose is close up against a thirty-ton ladle of molten iron has an almost sufficient excuse. But it is for that very reason, as I have previously indicated, that I here make an argument for public supervision.

This argument is based only in part on considerations of humanity. For practical purposes it rests on solid motives of *self-interest*. There is not a single accident that happens to a laborer in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company or in any other industrial plant without tending, directly or indirectly, to loosen the strings of the public purse.

What happens to Steve Bragosimshamski's widow? What happens to his orphans, twelve years, ten years, eight years, six years, four years, two years, six months old? They do not evaporate. They do not comfortably disappear.

In eight cases out of ten, as I am prepared to prove by competent authority, the death of a Steve Bragosimshamski throws no legal money-liability on the company. What do the widow and the orphans do?

Ask the South Chicago Charitable Association. Ask the South Chicago Women's Benevolent Association. Ask the Catholic Aid Association. Ask the authorities at Glenwood, at Feehanville, at the St. Charles Home for Boys. Ask the superintendent of the Hudleston Home for Boys at Ewing. Ask the probation officers of the Juvenile Court. Ask the County Agent who distributes coal in wintertime. Ask the police officers of the Fifteenth Precinct station just off Commercial Avenue. Ask the officials of the County Poorhouse at Dunning. Ask the women who keep the houses of ill fame which line the street that runs along beside the high white fence of the company's plant south of Eighty-ninth Street.

For these things society pays. For poverty, demoralization, vice, and crime, the price is laid down by society either through the generosity of private individuals or through the expensive and cumbrous action of public officials.

Nothing is gained without its price. If it is cheap to kill Steve Bragosimshamski, it is expensive to support his wife and family. And since society, in the long run, supports that wife and that family, it is inevitable that society shall seek to understand and to prevent the industrial accidents which encumber it with such burdens.

There are two remedies, therefore, that will certainly be applied to situations of the kind that we have been studying.

The first is complete publicity, including a report to the public authorities on every accident, fatal or non-fatal. And the second is the granting of power to the public authorities to supervise all machinery in all industrial establishments and to suggest and enforce such changes, within specified limits, as shall seem necessary.

A law embodying the first of these remedies was passed through the Illinois state legislature this year in the teeth of violent opposition. If it is enforced, it will do a world of good. A full public report on every industrial accident happening in the State of Illinois will inform the people as to the character and proportions of one of the greatest modern sources of pauperism, vice, and crime; it will stimulate the public demand for the public regulation of all dangerous machinery; it will excite the manufacturers to greater carefulness; and, above all, it will remove that veil of secrecy and mystery behind which the great manufacturing corporations now operate and through which the public eye discerns all the faults of those corporations with indistinctness, suspicion, exaggeration, and hatred. When there is complete publicity with regard to all accidents, the manufacturing corporations will be more popular than they are today. One of the strongest fostering causes of class antagonism will have been eliminated.

I can give an apposite illustration of what I mean.

It is commonly believed in Chicago (and I have heard it given as a plain fact by scores of citizens) that the Illinois Steel Company conceals a large number of the deaths that happen in its plant and that it buries its victims secretly in mounds of slag. It is also reported that in the Illinois Steel Company hos-

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pital the patients are barbarously treated, and that while still in the delirium of pain they are forced to sign legal documents releasing the company from all legal money-liability for the accidents in which they were injured.

These stories are currently reported and implicitly credited. And they are absolutely untrue. The company does not, and cannot if it would, conceal any death in its plant. Its hospital is excellently appointed and superbly managed, and the chief surgeon, Dr. Burry, is a man of the highest professional standing and of the most sensitive self-respect. And there is no proof of any kind that Mr. Haynie, the lawyer in charge of the company's damage suits, has ever countenanced any extorting of releases from delirious or infirm patients.

But I had to disprove these stories by my own efforts. I should never have been obliged to go to that trouble, and the company would never have been suspected of any such abominable practises, if there had always been complete publicity for all industrial accidents in all the manufactories of Illinois.

The second remedy I have suggested (namely, public supervision of dangerous machinery) was defeated in the last legislature by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association after a long fight in which the representatives of the Illinois Steel Company bore a conspicuous part. It was a selfish, short-sighted, inhuman fight. The manufacturers claimed to be in favor of the spirit of the bill but alleged that it was unreasonable. Nevertheless they did not exert themselves to suggest amendments that would have removed its unreasonable features. They simply fought it. And they defeated it. In doing so they prepared a day of judgment for themselves. By their actions, if not by their words, they have taken the position that the public is not concerned with what happens in their plants. I have shown that the public is vitally concerned. And when such facts as I have presented in this article, without exaggeration and without malice, are completely understood, some even more severe bill than that which the Illinois Manufacturers' Association defeated at the last session of the legislature will be enacted into law and will place all dangerous machinery in all manufacturing establishments under the inspection and supervision of public experts.

The only persons who would ultimately suffer by the enactment of such a law would possibly be the undertakers. My last recollection of South Chicago will be the undertakers. They made a kind of raid last year on the Illinois Steel Company plant in order to get the trade that comes with the inquests that are held on the corpses from the Illinois Steel Company hospital.

Every corpse goes to the nearest undertaker unless the relatives intervene. In consequence of this custom it is extremely desirable to have a location near the company's big gate. Hence the raid.

First Mr. Finerty, from 345 Ninety-second Street, moved down to 168. That move gave him precedence. But it did not last long. Mrs. Murphy abandoned her original location, moved along the street and settled down between Mr. Finerty and the mills. So far, so good. Mrs. Murphy was ahead of the game. But then came Mr. Adams, all the way from the outside of South Chicago, and swooped down on the corner of Mackinaw and Eighty-ninth. He is the final winner. He is closer to the plant to-day than either Mr. Finerty or Mrs. Murphy.

This comic interlude in the grim tragedy of South Chicago remains firmly fixed in the memory of the spectator, like the antics of the grave-digger in Hamlet. More essential incidents, more important facts, may fade away and disappear. But when you leave the cave of smoke on the north bank of the Calumet River; when you gaze at all that abomination of desolation in the foreign quarter of South Chicago, where no steel magnate, even though blessing a multitude of distant prairie towns with libraries, has ever left a single discernible trace of benevolence for the people who actually make the steel that pays for the libraries; when you send your mind back over the wonderful, gigantic machinery, the superhuman processes, hidden in the cave of smoke behind you; why, even then, even while all these things are pressing upon your attention, they suddenly slip away from you, and as you take your seat in the train the last image that is presented to you is the race of those undertakers on toward the great gate of the plant. You see them coming closer and closer. You see them settling down and waiting. And then you see the dead bodies coming out from the plant and being carried into the back rooms and being lawfully viewed and having true presentment made as to how and in what manner and by whom or what they came to be what they are now.

Is the public concerned? If it says it is, then it is.

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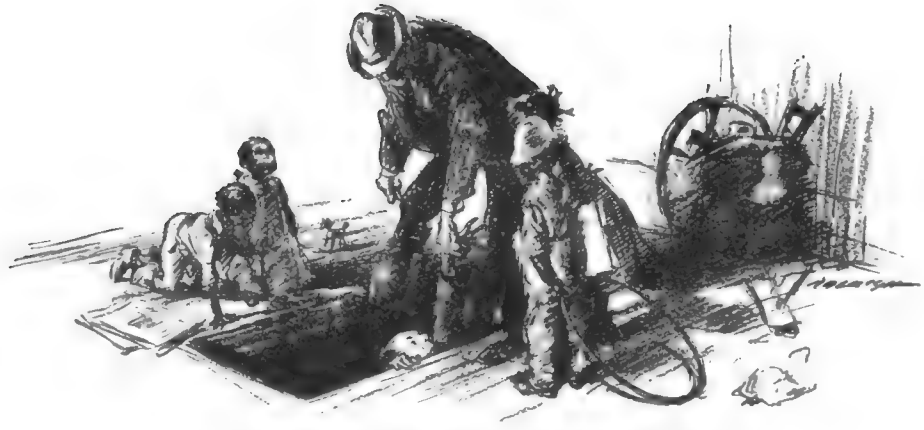

"I RESCUED HIM FROM A HEAP OF SOFT COAL BELOW."

# PHŒBE

**By O. HENRY**

*Author of "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," etc.*

**Illustrations by H. Raleigh**

"YOU are a man of many novel adventures and dubious enterprises," I said to Captain Patricio Maloné. "Do you believe that the possible element of good luck or bad luck—if there is such a thing as luck—has influenced your career or persisted for or against you to such an extent that you were forced to attribute results to the operation of the aforesaid good luck or bad luck?"

This question (of almost the dull insolence of legal phraseology) was put while we sat in Rousselin's little red-tiled café near Congo Square in New Orleans.

Brown-faced, white-hatted, finger-ringed captains of adventure came often to Rousselin's for the cognac. They came from sea and land, and were chary of relating the things they had seen—not because they were more wonderful than the fantasies of the Ananiases of print, but because they were so different. And I was a perpetual wedding-guest, always striving to cast my buttonhole over the finger of one of these mariners of fortune. This Captain Maloné was a Hiberno-Iberian creole who had gone to and fro in the earth and walked up and down in it. He looked like any other well-dressed man of thirty-five whom you might meet, except that he was hopelessly weather-tanned, and wore on his chain an ancient ivory-and-gold Peruvian charm against evil, which has nothing at all to do with his story.

"My answer to your question," said the captain, smiling, "will be to tell you the story of Bad-Luck Kearny. That is, if you don't mind hearing it."

My reply was to pound on the table for Rousselin.

"Strolling along Tchoupitoulas Street one night," began Captain Maloné, "I noticed, without especially taxing my interest, a small man walking rapidly toward me. He stepped upon a wooden cellar door, crashed through it, and disappeared. I rescued him from a heap of soft coal below. He dusted himself briskly, swearing fluently in a mechanical tone, as an underpaid actor recites the gipsy's curse. Gratitude and the dust in his throat seemed to call for fluids to clear them away. His desire for liquidation was expressed so heartily that I went with him to a café down



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the street where we had some vile vermouth and bitters.

"Looking across that little table I had my first clear sight of Francis Kearny. He was about five feet seven, but as tough as a cypress knee. His hair was darkest red, his mouth such a mere slit that you wondered how the flood of his words came rushing from it. His eyes were the brightest and lightest blue and the hopefulest that I ever saw. He gave the double impression that he was at bay and that you had better not crowd him farther.

"'Just in from a gold-hunting expedition on the coast of Costa Rica,' he explained. 'Second mate of a banana steamer told me the natives were panning out enough from the beach sands to buy all the rum, red calico, and parlor melodeons in the world. The day I got there a syndicate named Incorporated Jones gets a government concession to all minerals from a given point. For a next choice I take coast fever and count green and blue lizards for six weeks in a grass hut. I had to be notified when I was well, for the reptiles were actually there. Then I shipped back as third cook on a Norwegian tramp that blew up her boiler two miles below Quarantine. I was due to bust through that cellar door here to-night, so I hurried the rest of the way up the river, roustabouting on a lower coast packet that made a landing for every fisherman that wanted a plug of tobacco. And now I'm here for what comes next. And it'll be along, it'll be along,' said this queer Mr. Kearny; 'it'll be along on the beams of my bright but not very particular star.'

"From the first the personality of Kearny charmed me. I saw in him the bold heart, the restless nature, and the valiant front against the buffets of fate that make his countrymen such valuable comrades in risk and adventure. And just then I was wanting such men. Moored at a fruit company's pier I had a 500-ton steamer ready to sail the next day with a cargo of sugar, lumber, and corrugated iron for a port in—well, let us call the country Esperando—it has not been long ago, and the name of Patricio Maloné is still spoken there when its unsettled politics are discussed. Beneath the sugar and iron were packed a thousand Winchester rifles. In Aguas Frias, the capital, Don Rafael Valdevia, Minister of War, Esperando's greatest-hearted and most able patriot, awaited my coming. No doubt you have heard, with a smile, of the insignificant wars and uprisings in those little tropic republics. They make but a faint clamor against the din of great nations' battles; but down there, under all the ridiculous uniforms and petty diplomacy and senseless countermarching and intrigue, are to be found statesmen and patriots. Don Rafael Valdevia was one. His great ambition was to raise Esperando into peace and honest prosperity and the respect of the serious nations. So he waited for my rifles in Aguas Frias. But one would think I am trying to win a recruit in you! No; it was Francis Kearny I wanted. And so I told him, speaking long over our execrable vermouth, breathing the stifling odor from garlic and tarpaulins, which, as you know, is the distinctive flavor of cafés in the lower slant of our city. I spoke of the tyrant President Cruz and the burdens that his greed and insolent cruelty laid upon the people. And at that Kearny's tears flowed. And then I dried them with a picture of the fat rewards that would be ours when the oppressor should be overthrown and the wise and generous Valdevia in his seat. Then Kearny leaped to his feet and wrung my hand with the strength of a roustabout. He was mine, he said, till the last minion of the hated despot was hurled from the highest peaks of the Cordilleras into the sea.

"I paid the score and we went out. Near the door Kearny's elbow overturned an upright glass showcase, smashing it into little bits. I paid the storekeeper the price he asked.

"'Come to my hotel for the night,' I said to Kearny. 'We sail to-morrow at noon.'

"He agreed; but on the sidewalk he fell to cursing again in the dull, monotonous, glib way that he had done when I pulled him out of the coal cellar.

"'Captain,' said he, 'before we go any further, it's no more than fair to tell you that I'm known from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego as "Bad-Luck" Kearny. And I'm It. Everything I get into goes up in the air except a balloon. Every bet I ever made I lost except when I coppered it. Every boat I ever sailed on sank except the submarines. Everything I was ever interested in went to pieces except a patent bombshell that I invented. Everything I ever took hold of and tried to run I ran into the ground except when I tried to plow. And that's why they call me Bad-Luck Kearny. I thought I'd tell you.'

"'Bad luck,' said I, 'or what goes by the name, may now and then tangle the affairs of any man. But if it persist beyond the

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estimate of what we may call the "averages," there must be a cause for it.'

"'There is,' said Kearny emphatically, 'and when we walk another square I will show it to you.'

"Surprised, I kept by his side until we came to Canal Street and out into the middle of its great width.

"Kearny seized me by an arm and pointed a tragic forefinger at a rather brilliant star that shone steadily about thirty degrees above the horizon.

"'That's Saturn,' said he, 'the star that presides over bad luck and evil and disappointment and nothing-doing and trouble. I was born under that star. Every move I make, up bobs Saturn and blocks it. He's the hoodoo planet of the heavens. They say he's 73,000 miles in diameter and no solider of body than split-pea soup, and he's got as many disreputable and malignant rings as Chicago. Now, what kind of a star is that to be born under?'

"I asked Kearny where he had obtained all this astonishing knowledge.

"'From Azrath, the great astrologer of Cleveland, Ohio,' said he. 'That man looked at a glass ball and told me my name before I'd taken a chair. He prophesied the date of my birth and death before I'd said a word. And then he cast my horoscope, and the sidereal system socked me in the solar plexus. It was bad luck for Francis Kearny from A to Izard and for his friends that were implicated with him. For that I gave up ten dollars. This Azrath was sorry, but he respected his profession too much to read the heavens wrong for any man. It was nighttime, and he took me out on a balcony and gave me a free view of the sky. And he showed me which Saturn was, and how to find it in different balconies and longitudes.

"'But Saturn wasn't all. He was only the man higher up. He furnishes so much bad luck that they allow him a gang of deputy sparklers to help hand it out. They're circulating and revolving and hanging around the main supply all the time, each one throwing the hoodoo on his own particular district.

"'You see that ugly little red star about eight inches above and to the right of Saturn?' Kearny asked me. 'Well, that's her. That's Phœbe. She's got me in charge. "By the day of your birth," says Azrath to me, "your life is subjected to the influence of Saturn. By the hour and minute of it you must dwell under the sway and direct authority of Phœbe, the ninth satellite." So said this Azrath.' Kearny shook his fist viciously skyward. 'Curse her, she's done her work well,' said he. 'Ever since I was astrologized, bad luck has followed me like my shadow, as I told you. And for many years before. Now, Captain, I've told you my handicap as a man should. If you're afraid this evil star of mine might cripple your scheme, leave me out of it.'

"I reassured Kearny as well as I could. I told him that for the time we would banish both astrology and astronomy from our heads. The manifest valor and enthusiasm of the man drew me. 'Let us see what a little courage and diligence will do against bad luck,' I said. 'We will sail to-morrow for Esperando.'

"Fifty miles down the Mississippi our steamer broke her rudder. We sent for a tug to tow us back and lost three days. When we struck the blue waters of the Gulf, all the storm clouds of the Atlantic seemed to have concentrated above us. We thought surely to sweeten those leaping waves with our sugar, and to stack our arms and lumber on the floor of the Mexican Gulf.

"KEARNY POINTED A TRAGIC FOREFINGER AT A RATHER BRILLIANT STAR."

"Kearny did not seek to cast off one iota of the burden of our danger from the shoulders of his fatal horoscope. He weathered every storm on deck, smoking a black pipe, to keep which alight rain and sea-water seemed but as oil. And he shook his fist at the black clouds behind which his baleful star

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winked its unseen eye. When the skies cleared one evening, he reviled his malignant guardian with grim humor.

"'On watch, aren't you, you red-headed vixen? Out making it hot for little Francis Kearny and his friends, according to Hoyle. Twinkle, twinkle, little devil! You're a lady, aren't you?—dogging a man with bad luck just because he happened to be born while your boss was floorwalker. Get busy and sink the ship, you one-eyed banshee. Phœbe! H'm! Sounds as mild as a milkmaid. You can't judge a woman by her name. Why couldn't I have had a man star? I can't make the remarks to Phœbe that I could to a man. Oh, Phœbe, you be—blasted!'

"For eight days gales and squalls and waterspouts beat us from our course. Five days only should have landed us in Esperando. Our Jonah swallowed the bad credit of it with appealing frankness; but that scarcely lessened the hardships our cause was made to suffer.

"At last one afternoon we steamed into the calm estuary of the little Rio Escondido. Three miles up this we crept, feeling for the shallow channel between the low banks that were crowded to the edge with gigantic trees and riotous vegetation. Then our whistle gave a little toot, and in five minutes we heard a shout, and Carlos—my brave Carlos Quintana—crashed through the tangled vines waving his cap madly for joy.

"A hundred yards away was his camp, where three hundred chosen patriots of Esperando were awaiting our coming. For a month Carlos had been drilling them there in the tactics of war and filling them with the spirit of revolution and liberty.

"'My Captain—*compadre mio!*' shouted Carlos, while yet my boat was being lowered. 'You should see them in the drill by *compañias*—in the column wheel—in the march by fours—they are superb! Also in the manual of arms—but, alas! performed only with sticks of bamboo. The guns, *Capitan*—say that you have brought the guns!'

"'A thousand Winchesters, Carlos,' I called to him. 'And two Gatlings.'

"'*Valgame Dios!*' he cried, throwing his cap in the air. 'We shall sweep the world!'

"At that moment Kearny tumbled from the steamer's side into the river. He could not swim, so the crew threw him a rope and drew him back aboard. I caught his eye and his look of pathetic but still bright and undaunted consciousness of his guilty luck. I told myself that although he might be a man to shun, he was also one to be admired.

"I gave orders to the sailing-master that the arms, ammunition, and provisions were to be landed at once. That was easy in the steamer's boats, except for the two Gatling guns. For their transportation ashore we carried a stout flatboat, brought for the purpose in the steamer's hold.

"In the meantime I walked with Carlos to the camp and made the soldiers a little speech in Spanish, which they received with enthusiasm; and then I had some wine and a cigarette in Carlos's tent. Later we walked back to the river to see how the unloading was being conducted.

"The small arms and provisions were already ashore, and the petty officers had squads of men conveying them to camp. One Gatling had been safely landed; the other was just being hoisted over the side of the vessel as we arrived. I noticed Kearny darting about on board, seeming to have the ambition of ten men, and to be doing the work of five. I think his zeal bubbled over when he saw Carlos and me. A rope's end was swinging loose from some part of the tackle. Kearny leaped impetuously and caught it. There was a crackle and a hiss and a smoke of scorching hemp, and the Gatling dropped straight as a plummet through the bottom of the flatboat and buried itself in twenty feet of water and five feet of river mud.

"I turned my back on the scene. I heard Carlos's loud cries as if from some extreme grief too poignant for words. I heard the complaining murmur of the crew and the maledictions of Torres, the sailing-master—I could not bear to look.

"By night some degree of order had been restored in camp. Military rules were not drawn strictly, and the men were grouped about the fires of their several messes, playing games of chance, singing their native songs, or discussing with voluble animation the contingencies of our march upon the capital.

"To my tent, which had been pitched for me close to that of my chief lieutenant, came Kearny, indomitable, smiling, bright-eyed, bearing no traces of the buffets of his evil star. Rather was his aspect that of a heroic martyr whose tribulations were so high-sourced and glorious that he even took a splendor and a prestige from them.

"'Well, Captain,' said he, 'I guess you realize that Bad-Luck Kearny is still on deck. It was a shame, now, about that gun. She

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only needed to be slewed two inches to clear the rail; and that's why I grabbed that rope's end. Who'd have thought that a sailor—even a Sicilian lubber on a banana coaster—would have fastened a line in a bow-knot? Don't think I'm trying to dodge the responsibility, Captain. It's my luck.'

"'There are men, Kearny,' said I gravely, 'who pass through life blaming upon luck and chance the mistakes that result from their own faults and incompetency. I do not say that you are such a man. But if all your mishaps are traceable to that tiny star, the sooner we endow our colleges with chairs of moral astronomy, the better.'

"'It isn't the size of the star that counts,' said Kearny; 'it's the quality. Just the way it is with women. That's why they gave the biggest planets masculine names, and the little stars feminine ones—to even things up when it comes to getting their work in. Suppose they had called my star Agamemnon or Bill McCarty or something like that instead of Phœbe. Every time one of those old boys touched their calamity button and sent me down one of their wireless pieces of bad luck, I could talk back and tell 'em what I thought of 'em in suitable terms. But you can't address such remarks to a Phœbe.'

"'It pleases you to make a joke of it, Kearny,' said I, without smiling. 'But it is no joke to me to think of my Gatling mired in the river ooze.'

"'As to that,' said Kearny, abandoning his light mood at once, 'I have already done what I could. I have had some experience in hoisting stone in quarries. Torres and I have already spliced three hawsers and stretched them from the steamer's stern to a tree on shore. We will rig a tackle and have the gun on terra firma before noon to-morrow.'

"One could not remain long at outs with Bad-Luck Kearny.

"'Once more,' said I to him, 'we will waive this question of luck. Have you ever had experience in drilling raw troops?'

"'I was first sergeant and drill-master,' said Kearny, 'in the Chilean army for one year. And captain of artillery for another.'

"'What became of your command?' I asked.

"'Shot down to a man,' said Kearny, 'during the revolutions against Balmaceda.'

"Somehow, the misfortunes of the evil-starred one seemed to turn to me their comedy side. I lay back upon my goat's-hide cot and laughed until the woods echoed. Kearny grinned. 'I told you how it was,' he said.

"'To-morrow,' I said, 'I shall detail one hundred men under your command for manual-of-arms drill and company evolutions. You will rank as lieutenant. Now, for God's sake, Kearny,' I urged him, 'try to combat this superstition, if it is one. Bad luck may be like any other visitor—preferring to stop where it is expected. Get your mind off stars. Look upon Esperando as your planet of good fortune.'

"'I thank you, Captain,' said Kearny quietly. 'I will try to make it the best handicap I ever ran.'

"By noon the next day the submerged Gatling was rescued, as Kearny had promised. Then Carlos and Manuel Ortiz and Kearny (my lieutenants) distributed Winchesters among the troops and put them through an incessant rifle drill. We fired no shots, blank or solid, for of all coasts Esperando is the stillest; and we had no desire to sound any warnings in the ear of that corrupt government until they should carry with them the message of Liberty and the downfall of Oppression.

"In the afternoon came a mule-rider bearing a written message to me from Don Rafael Valdevia in the capital, Aguas Frias.

"Whenever that man's name comes to my lips, words of tribute to his greatness, his noble simplicity, and his conspicuous genius follow irrepressibly. He was a traveler, a student of peoples and governments, a master of sciences, a poet, an orator, a leader, a soldier, a critic of the world's campaigns and the idol of the people of Esperando. I had been honored by his friendship for years. It was I who first turned his mind to the thought that he should leave for his monument a new Esperando—a country freed from the rule of unscrupulous tyrants, and a people made happy and prosperous by wise and impartial legislation. When he had consented he threw himself into the cause with the undivided zeal with which he endowed all of his acts. The coffers of his great fortune were opened to those of us to whom were entrusted the secret moves of the game. His popularity was already so great that he had practically forced President Cruz to offer him the portfolio of Minister of War.

"The time, Don Rafael said in his letter, was ripe. Success, he prophesied, was certain. The people were beginning to clamor publicly against Cruz's misrule. Bands of

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citizens in the capital were even going about of nights hurling stones at public buildings and expressing their dissatisfaction. A bronze statue of President Cruz in the Botanical Gardens had been lassoed about the neck and overthrown. It only remained for me to arrive with my force and my thousand rifles, and for himself to come forward and proclaim himself the people's savior, to overthrow Cruz in a single day. There would be but a half-hearted resistance from the six hundred government troops stationed in the capital. The country was ours. He presumed that by this time my steamer had arrived at Quintana's camp. He proposed the 18th of July for the attack. That would give us six days in which to strike camp and march to Aguas Frias. In the meantime Don Rafael remained my good friend and *compadre en la causa de la libertad.*

"On the morning of the 14th we began our march toward the sea-following range of mountains, over the sixty-mile trail to the capital. Our small arms and provisions were laden on pack mules. Twenty men harnessed to each Gatling gun rolled them smoothly along the flat, alluvial lowlands. Our troops, well-shod and well-fed, moved with alacrity and heartiness. I and my three lieutenants were mounted on the tough mountain ponies of the country.

"A mile out of camp one of the pack mules, becoming stubborn, broke away from the train and plunged from the path into the thicket. The alert Kearny spurred quickly after it and intercepted its flight. Rising in his stirrups, he released one foot and bestowed upon the mutinous animal a hearty kick. The mule tottered and fell with a crash broadside upon the ground. As we gathered around it, it walled its great eyes almost humanly toward Kearny and expired. That was bad; but worse, to our minds, was the concomitant disaster. Part of the mule's burden had been one hundred pounds of the finest coffee to be had in the tropics. The bag burst and spilled the priceless brown mass of the ground berries among the dense vines and weeds of the swampy land. *Mala suerte!* When you take away from an Esperandan his coffee, you abstract his patriotism and fifty per cent. of his value as a soldier. The men began to rake up the precious stuff; but I beckoned Kearny back along the trail where they would not hear. The limit had been reached.

"KEARNY TUMBLED INTO THE RIVER."

"I took from my pocket a wallet of money and drew out some bills.

"'Mr. Kearny,' said I, 'here are some funds belonging to Don Rafael Valdevia, which I am expending in his cause. I know of no better service it can buy for him than this. Here is one hundred dollars. Luck or no luck, we part company here. Star or no star, calamity seems to travel by your side. You will return to the steamer. She touches at Amotapa to discharge her lumber and iron, and then puts back to New Orleans. Hand this note to the sailing-master, who will give you passage.' I wrote on a leaf torn from my book, and placed it and the money in Kearny's hand.

"'Good-by,' I said, extending my own. 'It is not that I am displeased with you; but there is no place in this expedition for—let us say, the Señorita Phœbe.' I said this with a smile, trying to smooth the thing for him. 'May you have better luck, *compañero.*'

"Kearny took the money and the paper.

"'It was just a little touch,' said he, 'just a little lift with the toe of my boot—but what's the odds?—that blamed mule would have died if I had only dusted his ribs with a powder puff. It was my luck. Well, Captain, I would have liked to be in that little fight with you over in Aguas Frias. Success to the cause. *Adios!*'

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"He turned around and set off down the trail without looking back. The unfortunate mule's pack-saddle was transferred to Kearny's pony, and we again took up the march.

"Four days we journeyed over the foothills and mountains, fording icy torrents, winding around the crumbling brows of ragged peaks, creeping along rocky flanges that overlooked awful precipices, crawling breathlessly over tottering bridges across bottomless chasms.

"On the evening of the 17th we camped by a little stream on the bare hills five miles from Aguas Frias. At daybreak we were to take up the march again.

"At midnight I was standing outside my tent inhaling the fresh cold air. The stars were shining bright in the cloudless sky, giving the heavens their proper aspect of illimitable depth and distance when viewed from the vague darkness of the blotted earth. Almost at its zenith was the planet Saturn; and with a half-smile I observed the sinister red sparkle of his malignant attendant—the demon star of Kearny's ill luck. And then my thoughts strayed across the hills to the scene of our coming triumph where the heroic and noble Don Rafael awaited our coming to set a new and shining star in the firmament of nations.

"'PHŒBE'S GONE!' HE CRIED."

"I heard a slight rustling in the deep grass to my right. I turned and saw Kearny coming toward me. He was ragged and dew-drenched and limping. His hat and one boot were gone. About one foot he had tied some makeshift of cloth and grass. But his manner as he approached was that of a man who knows his own virtues well enough to be superior to rebuffs.

"'Well, sir,' I said, staring at him coldly, 'if there is anything in persistence, I see no reason why you should not succeed in wrecking and ruining us yet.'

"'I kept half a day's journey behind,' said Kearny, fishing out a stone from the covering of his lame foot, 'so the bad luck wouldn't touch you. I couldn't help it, Captain; I wanted to be in on this game. It was a pretty tough trip, especially in the department of the commissary. In the low grounds there were always bananas and oranges. Higher up it was worse; but your men left a good deal of goat meat hanging on the bushes in the camps. Here's your hundred dollars. You're nearly there now, Captain. Let me in on the scrapping to-morrow.'

"'Not for a hundred times a hundred would I have the tiniest thing go wrong with my plans now,' I said, 'whether caused by evil planets or the blunders of mere man. But yonder is Aguas Frias five miles away, and a clear road. I am of the mind to defy Saturn and all his satellites to spoil our success now. At any rate, I will not turn away to-night as weary a traveler and as good a soldier as you are, Lieutenant Kearny. Manuel Ortiz's tent is there by the brightest fire. Rout him out and tell him to supply you with food and blankets and clothes. We march again at daybreak.'

"Kearny thanked me briefly but feelingly and moved away.

"He had gone scarcely a dozen steps when a sudden flash of bright light illumined the surrounding hills; a sinister, growing, hissing sound like escaping steam filled my ears. Then followed a roar as of distant thunder, which grew louder every instant. This terrifying noise culminated in a tremendous explosion, which seemed to rock the hills as an earthquake would; the illumination waxed to a glare so fierce that I clapped my hands to my eyes to save them. I thought the end of the world had come. I could think of no natural phenomenon that would explain it. My wits were staggering. The deafening explosion trailed off into the rumbling roar that had preceded it; and through this I heard the frightened shouts of my troops as they stumbled from their resting-places and rushed wildly about. Also I heard the harsh tones of Kearny's voice crying: 'They'll blame it on me, of course, and what the devil it is, it's not Francis Kearny that can give you an answer.'

"I opened my eyes. The hills were still there, dark and solid. It had not been, then, a volcano nor an earthquake. I looked up at the sky and saw a comet-like trail crossing the zenith and extending westward—a fiery trail waning fainter and narrower each moment.

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"THE PROFESSOR LOOKED QUICKLY UP AT THE CEILING."

"'A meteor!' I called aloud. 'A meteor has fallen. There is no danger.'

"And then all other sounds were drowned by a great shout from Kearny's throat. He had raised both hands above his head and was standing tiptoe.

"'PHŒBE'S GONE!' he cried, with all his lungs. 'She's busted and gone to hell. Look, Captain, the little red-headed hoodoo has blown herself to smithereens. She found Kearny too tough to handle, and she puffed up with spite and meanness till her boiler blew up. It'll be Bad-Luck Kearny no more. Oh, let us be joyful!

> "'Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
> Humpty busted, and that'll be all.'

"I looked up, wondering, and picked out Saturn in his place. But the small red twinkling luminary in his vicinity, which Kearny had pointed out to me as his evil star, had vanished. I had seen it there but half an hour before; there was no doubt that one of those awful and mysterious spasms of nature had hurled it from the heavens.

"I clapped Kearny on the shoulder.

"'Little man,' said I, 'let this clear the way for you. It appears that astrology has failed to subdue you. Your horoscope must be cast anew with pluck and loyalty for controlling stars. I play you to win. Now, get to your tent, and sleep. Daybreak is the word.'

"At nine o'clock on the morning of the 18th of July I rode into Aguas Frias with Kearny at my side. In his clean linen suit and with his military poise and keen eye he was a model of a fighting adventurer. I had visions of him riding as commander of President Valdevia's body-guard when the plums of the new republic should begin to fall.

"Carlos followed with the troops and supplies. He was to halt in a wood outside the town and remain concealed there until he received the word to advance.

"Kearny and I rode down the Calle Ancho toward the *residencia* of Don Rafael at the other side of the town. As we passed the superb white buildings of the University of Esperando, I saw at an open window the gleaming spectacles and bald head of Herr Bergowitz, professor of the natural sciences and friend of Don Rafael and of me and of the cause. He waved his hand to me, with his broad, bland smile.

"There was no excitement apparent in Aguas Frias. The people went about leisurely as at all times; the market was thronged with bareheaded women buying fruit and *carne;* we heard the twang and tinkle of string bands in the patios of the *cantinas*. We could see that it was a waiting game that Don Rafael was playing.

"His *residencia* was a large but low building around a great courtyard in grounds crowded with ornamental trees and tropic shrubs. At his door an old woman who came informed us that Don Rafael had not yet arisen.

"'Tell him,' said I, 'that Captain Maloné and a friend wish to see him at once. Perhaps he has overslept.'

"She came back looking frightened.

"'I have called,' she said, 'and rung his bell many times, but he does not answer.'

"I knew where his sleeping-room was.



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Kearny and I pushed by her and went to it. I put my shoulder against the thin door and forced it open.

"In an armchair by a great table covered with maps and books sat Don Rafael with his eyes closed. I touched his hand. He had been dead many hours. On his head above one ear was a wound caused by a heavy blow. It had ceased to bleed long before.

"I made the old woman call a *mozo*, and despatched him in haste to fetch Herr Bergowitz.

"He came, and we stood about as if we were half stunned by the awful shock. Thus can the letting of a few drops of blood from one man's veins drain the life of a nation.

"Presently Herr Bergowitz stooped and picked up a darkish stone the size of an orange which he saw under the table. He examined it closely through his great glasses with the eye of science.

"'A fragment,' said he, 'of a detonating meteor. The most remarkable one in twenty years exploded above this city a little after midnight this morning.'

"The professor looked quickly up at the ceiling. We saw the blue sky through a hole the size of an orange nearly above Don Rafael's chair.

"I heard a familiar sound, and turned. Kearny had thrown himself on the floor and was babbling his compendium of bitter, blood-freezing curses against the star of his evil luck.

"Undoubtedly Phœbe had been feminine. Even when hurtling on her way to fiery dissolution and everlasting doom, the last word had been hers."

Captain Maloné was not unskilled in narrative. He knew the point where a story should end. I sat reveling in his effective conclusion when he aroused me by continuing:

"Of course," said he, "our schemes were at an end. There was no one to take Don Rafael's place. Our little army melted away like dew before the sun.

"One day after I had returned to New Orleans I related this story to a friend who holds a professorship in Tulane University.

"When I had finished he laughed and asked whether I had any knowledge of Kearny's luck afterward. I told him no, that I had seen him no more; but that when he left me, he had expressed confidence that his future would be successful now that his unlucky star had been overthrown.

"'No doubt,' said the professor, 'he is happier not to know one fact. If he derived his bad luck from Phœbe, the ninth satellite of Saturn, that malicious lady is still engaged in overlooking his career. The star close to Saturn that he imagined to be her was near that planet simply by the chance of its orbit—probably at different times he has regarded many other stars that happened to be in Saturn's neighborhood as his evil one. The real Phœbe is visible only through a very good telescope.'

"About a year afterward," continued Captain Maloné, "I was walking down a street that crossed the Poydras Market. An immensely stout, pink-faced lady in black satin crowded me from the narrow sidewalk with a frown. Behind her trailed a little man laden to the gunwales with bundles and bags of goods and vegetables.

"It was Kearny—but changed. I stopped and shook one of his hands, which still clung to a bag of garlic and red peppers.

"'How is the luck, old *compañero?*' I asked him. I had not the heart to tell him the truth about his star.

"'Well,' said he, 'I am married, as you may guess.'

"'Francis!' called the big lady, in deep tones, 'are you going to stop in the street talking all day?'

"'I am coming, Phœbe dear,' said Kearny, hastening after her."

"IT WAS KEARNY."

Captain Maloné ceased again.

"After all, do you believe in luck?" I asked.

"Do you?" answered the captain, with his ambiguous smile shaded by the brim of his soft straw hat.

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SHE WAS THOROUGHLY ALIVE, BOLD, PREDATORY, AND SAVAGELY GRACEFUL.

—"*The Guest of Quesnay.*"

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# The Guest of Quesnay

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

*Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," "The Two Van Revels," "Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.*

**Illustrations by M. G. Blumenschein**

THERE are old Parisians who will tell you pompously that the boulevards, like the political cafés, have ceased to exist, but this means only that the boulevards no longer gossip of Louis Napoleon, the Return of the Bourbons, or of General Boulanger, for these highways are always too busily stirring with present movements not to be forgetful of their yesterdays. In the shade of the buildings and awnings, the loungers, the lookers-on in Paris, the audience of the boulevard, sit at little tables, sipping coffee from long glasses, drinking absinthe or bright-colored *sirops*, and gazing over the heads of throngs afoot at others borne along through the sunshine of the street in carriages, in cabs, in glittering automobiles, or high on the tops of omnibuses.

From all the continents the multitudes come to join in that procession. Americans, tagged with race-cards and intending hilarious disturbances; puzzled Americans, worn with guide-book plodding. Chinese princes in silk. Queer Antillean dandies of swarthy origin and fortune. Ruddy English, thinking of nothing; pallid English, with upper teeth bared and eyes hungrily searching for sign-boards of tea-rooms. Over-Europeanized Japanese, unpleasantly immaculate. Burnoused sheiks from the desert, and red-fezzed Semitic peddlers. Italian nobles in English tweeds. Soudanese negroes swaggering in frock coats. Slim Spaniards, squat Turks. Travelers, idlers, exiles, fugitives, sportsmen. All the tribes and kinds of men are tributary here to the Parisian stream which, on a fair day in spring, already overflows the banks with its own much-mingled waters. Soberly clad burgesses, bearded, amiable, and in no fatal hurry; well-kept men of the world swirling by in glittering limousines; legless cripples flopping on hands and leather pads; thin-whiskered students in velveteen; walrus-mustached veterans in broadcloth; keen-faced old prelates; shabby young priests; cavalrymen in casque and cuirass; workingmen turned horse and harnessed to carts; sidewalk jesters; itinerant vendors of questionable wares; shady loafers dressed to resemble gold-showering America; motor-cyclists in leather; purple-faced, glazed-hatted, scarlet-waistcoated, cigarette-smoking cabmen, calling one another "onions," "camels," and names even more terrible; hairy musicians, blue gendarmes, baggy red zouaves. And women prevalent over all the concourse: fair women, dark women, pretty women, gilded women, haughty women, indifferent women, friendly women, merry women. Fine women in fine clothes; rich women in fine clothes; poor women in fine clothes. Handsome old women, reclining befurred in electric landaulettes; hoydenish old women pushing carts full of flowers. Wonderful automobile women, quick-glimpsed, in multiple veils of white and brown and sea-green. Women in rags and tags, and women draped, coifed, and befrilled in the delirium of maddened poet-milliners and the hasheesh dreams of ladies' tailors.

About the procession, as it moves interminably along the boulevard, a blue haze of fine dust and burnt gasoline rises into the sunshine like the haze over the passages to an amphitheatre toward which a crowd is trampling; and through this the multitudes seem to go as actors passing to their cues. Your place at one of the little tables upon the sidewalk is that of a wayside spectator: and as the performers go by, in some measure acting or looking their parts already, as if in preparation, you guess the rôles they play, and name them comedians, tragedians, buffoons, saints, beauties, sots, knaves, gladiators, acrobats, dancers; for all of these are there, and you distinguish the principals from the unnumbered supernumeraries pressing forward to the entrances. So, if you sit at the little



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tables often enough—that is, if you become an amateur boulevardier—you begin to recognize the transient stars of the pageant, those to whom the boulevard allows a dubious and fugitive rôle of celebrity, and whom it greets with a slight flutter: the turning of heads, a murmur of comment, and the incredulous boulevard smile, which seems to say: "You see? Madame and monsieur passing there—evidently they think we still believe in them!"

This flutter heralded and followed the passing of a white touring-car with the procession one afternoon just before the Grand Prix, though it needed no boulevard celebrity to make the man who lolled in the tonneau conspicuous. Simply for *that*, notoriety was superfluous; so were the remarkable size and power of his car; so was the elaborate touring-costume of flannels and pongee he wore; so was even the enameled presence of the dancer who sat beside him. His face would have done it without accessories.

My old friend, George Ward, and I had met for our *apéritif* at the Terrace Larue, by the Madeleine, when the white automobile came snaking its way craftily through the traffic. Turning in to pass a victoria on the wrong side, it was forced down to a snail's pace near the curb and not far from our table, where it paused, checked by a blockade at the next corner. I heard Ward utter a half-suppressed guttural of what I took to be amazement, and I did not wonder. The face of the man in the tonneau detached him to the spectator's gaze and singled him out of the concourse with an effect almost ludicrous in its incongruity.

The hair was dark and thick; certain ruinous vestiges of youth and good looks remained; but whatever the features might once have been, whatever they might have shown of honor, worth, or kindly semblance, had disappeared beyond all tracing in a blurred distortion. The lids of one eye were discolored and swollen together—patently from a blow, and one guessed how he got it—those of the other sagged; the nose lost outline in the discolorations of the puffed cheeks; the chin, tufted with an absurd "imperial," trembled beneath a swollen and hanging lower lip. Massaged, powdered, and doctored as it was, by some valet of infinite pains, it was the face of a sodden tramp and would have frightened a child.

The figure was fat, but loose and sprawling, seemingly without the will to hold itself together; in truth the man appeared to be almost in a semi-stupor, and, contrasted with this Silenus, even the woman beside him gained something of human dignity. At least, she was thoroughly alive, bold, predatory, and in spite of the gross embonpoint that threatened her, still savagely graceful. A purple veil, dotted with gold, floated about her hat, from which green-dyed ostrich plumes cascaded down across a cheek enameled dead white. Her hair was plastered in blue-black waves, parted low on the forehead; her lips were splashed a startling carmine, the eyelids painted blue; and, from between lashes gummed into little spikes of blacking, she favored her companion with a glance of carelessly simulated tenderness, a look all too vividly suggesting the ghastly calculations of a cook wheedling a chicken nearer the kitchen door. But I felt no great pity for the victim.

"Who is it?" I asked, staring at the man in the automobile and not turning toward Ward.

"That is Mariana—'*la belle Mariana la Mursiana*,'" George answered; "—one of those women who come to Paris from the tropics to form themselves on the legend of the one great famous and infamous Spanish dancer who died a long while ago. Mariana did very well for a time. I've heard that the revolutionary societies intend striking medals in her honor; she's done worse things to royalty than all the anarchists in Europe. But her great days are over: she's getting old; that type goes to pieces quickly, once it begins to slump, and it won't be long before she'll be horribly fat, though she's still a graceful dancer. She danced at the Folie Rouge last week."

"Thank you, George," I said gratefully. "I hope you'll point out the Louvre and the Eiffel Tower to me some day. I didn't mean Mariana."

"What did you mean?"

What I had meant was so obvious that I turned to my friend in surprise. He was nervously tapping his chin with the handle of his cane and staring at the white automobile with very grim interest.

"I meant the man with her," I said.

"Oh!" he laughed sourly. "That carrion?"

"You seem to be an acquaintance!"

"Everybody on the boulevard knows who he is," said Ward curtly, paused, and laughed again with very little mirth. "So do you," he continued; "and as for my acquaintance

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with him, yes— I had once the distinction of being his rival in a small way—a way so small, in fact, that it ended in his becoming a connection of mine by marriage. He's Larrabee Harman."

That was a name somewhat familiar to readers of American newspapers even before its bearer was fairly out of college. The publicity it then attained (partly due to young Harman's conspicuous wealth) attached to some youthful exploits not without a certain wild humor. But frolic degenerated into brawl and debauch: what had been scrapes for the boy became scandals for the man; and he gathered a more and more unsavory reputation until its like was not to be found outside a penitentiary. The crux of his career in his own country was reached during a midnight quarrel in Chicago when he shot a negro gambler. After that, the negro having recovered and the matter being somehow arranged so that the prosecution was dropped, Harman's wife left him, and the papers recorded her application for a divorce. She was George Ward's second cousin, the daughter of a Baltimore clergyman; a belle in a season and town of belles, and a delightful, headstrong creature, from all accounts. She had made a runaway match of it with Harman three years before, their affair having been earnestly opposed by all her relatives—especially by poor George, who came over to Paris just after the wedding in a miserable frame of mind.

The Chicago exploit was by no means the end of Harman's notoriety. Evading an effort (on the part of an aunt, I believe) to get him locked up safely in a "sanitarium," he began a trip round the world with an orgy which continued from San Francisco to Bangkok, where, in the company of some congenial fellow travelers, he interfered in a native ceremonial with the result that one of his companions was drowned. Proceeding, he was reported to be in serious trouble at Constantinople, the result of an inquisitiveness little appreciated by Orientals. The State Department, bestirring itself, saved him from a very real peril, and he continued his journey. In Rome he was rescued with difficulty from a street mob that unreasonably refused to accept intoxication as an excuse for his riding down a child on his way to the hunt. Later, during the winter just past, we had been hearing from Monte Carlo of his disastrous plunges at that most imbecile of all games, roulette.

Every event, no matter how trifling, in this man's pitiful career had been recorded in the American newspapers with an elaboration which, for my part, I found infuriatingly tiresome. I have lived in Paris so long that I am afraid to go home: I have too little to show for my years of pottering with paint and canvas, and I have grown timid about all the changes that have crept in at home. I do not know the "new men," I do not know how they would use me, and fear they might make no place for me; and so I fit myself more closely into the little grooves I have worn for myself, and resign my mind to stay. But I am no "*expatriate.*" I know there is a feeling at home against us who remain over here to do our work, but in most instances it is a prejudice which springs from a misunderstanding. I think the quality of patriotism in those of us who "didn't go home in time" is almost pathetically deep and real, and, like many another oldish fellow in my position, I try to keep as close to things at home as I can. All of my old friends gradually ceased to write to me, but I still take three home newspapers, trying to follow the people I knew and the things that happen; and the ubiquity of so worthless a creature as Larrabee Harman in the columns that I dredged for real news had long been a point of irritation to this present exile. Not only that: he had usurped space in the Continental papers, and of late my favorite Parisian journal had served him to me with my morning coffee, only hinting his name, but offering him with that jocose satire characteristic of the Gallic journalist when writing of Americans. And so this grotesque wreck of a man was well known to the boulevard—was one of its sights. That was to be perceived by the flutter he caused, by the turning of heads in his direction, and the low laughter of the people at the little tables. Three or four in the rear ranks had risen to their feet to get a better look at him and his companion.

The dancer was aware of it, and called his attention to it with a touch on the arm and a laugh and a nod of her brilliant plumage.

At that he seemed to rouse himself somewhat: his head rolled heavily over upon his shoulder, the lids lifted a little from the red-shot eye, showing a sort of ugly pride when his gaze fell upon the many staring faces.

Then, as the procession moved again and the white automobile with it, the sottish

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mouth widened in a smile of dull and cynical contempt: just the look of a half-poisoned Augustan borne down through the crowds from the Palatine after supping with Caligula.

Ward pulled my sleeve.

"Come," he said, "let us go over to the Luxembourg gardens where the air is cleaner."

## CHAPTER II

WARD is a portrait-painter, and in the matter of vogue there seem to be no pinnacles left for him to surmount. I think he has painted most of the very rich women of fashion who have come to Paris of late years, and he has become so prosperous, has such a polite celebrity, and his opinions upon art are so widely quoted, that the friendship of some of us who started with him has been dangerously strained.

He lives a well-ordered life; he has always led that kind of life. Even in his student days when I first knew him, I do not remember an occasion upon which the principal of a New England high school would have criticized his conduct. And yet I never heard any one call him a prig; and, so far as I know, no one was ever so stupid as to think him one. He was a quiet, good-looking, well-dressed boy, and he matured into a somewhat reserved, well-poised man, of impressive distinction in appearance and manner. He has always been well tended and cared for by women; in his student days his mother lived with him; his sister, Miss Elizabeth, looks after him now. She came with him when he returned to Paris after his disappointment in the unfortunate Harman affair and she took charge of all his business, as well as his social arrangements (she has been accused of a theory that the two things may be happily combined), making him lease a house in an expensively modish quarter near the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Miss Elizabeth is an instinctively fashionable woman, practical withal, and to her mind success should be not only respectable but "smart." She does not speak of the "right bank" and the "left bank" of the Seine; she calls them the "right bank" and the "wrong bank." And yet, though she removed George (her word is "rescued") from many of his old associations with Montparnasse, she warmly encouraged my friendship with him—yea, in spite of my living so deep in the wrong bank that the first time he brought her to my studio, she declared she hadn't seen anything so like Bring-the-child-to-the-old-hag's-cellar-at-midnight since her childhood. She is a handsome woman, large, and of a fine, high color; her manner is gaily dictatorial, and she and I got along very well together. Probably she appreciated my going to some pains with the clothes I wore when I went to their house. I went there seldom, not for fear of wearing out a welcome, but on account of Miss Elizabeth's "day," when I could see nothing of George because of the crowd of lionizing women and time-wasters about him. Her "day" was a dread of mine; I could seldom remember which day it was, and when I did she had a way of shifting it so that I was fatally sure to run into it—to my misery, for, beginning with those primordial indignities suffered in youth, when I was scrubbed with a handkerchief outside the parlor door as a preliminary to polite usages, my childhood's, manhood's prayer has been: From all such days, good Lord, deliver me!

It was George's habit to come much oftener to see me. He always really liked the sort of society his sister had brought about him; but now and then there were intervals when it wore on him a little, I think. Sometimes he came for me in his automobile and we would make a mild excursion to breakfast in the country; and that is what happened one morning about three weeks after the day when we had sought pure air in the Luxembourg gardens.

We drove out through the Bois and by Suresnes, striking into a roundabout road to Versailles beyond St. Cloud. It was June, a dustless and balmy noon, the air thinly gilded by a faint haze, and I know few things pleasanter than that road on a fair day of the early summer and no sweeter way to course it than in an open car, though I must not be giving myself out for a "motorist"; I have not even the right cap. I am usually nervous in big machines, too; but Ward has never caught the speed mania and has a strange power over his chauffeur; so we rolled along peacefully, not madly, and smoked (like the car) in hasteless content.

"After all," said George, with a placid wave of the hand, "I wish sometimes that the landscape had called me. You outdoor men have all the health and pleasure of living in the open, and as for the work—oh! you fellows think you work, but you don't know what it means."

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"No?" I said, and smiled as I always meanly do when George "talks art." He was silent for a few moments and then said irritably, "Well, at least you can't deny that the academic crowd can DRAW!"

Never having denied it, though he had challenged me in the same way perhaps a thousand times, I refused to deny it now; whereupon he returned to his theme: "Landscape is about as simple as a stage fight; two up, two down, cross and repeat. Take that ahead of us. Could anything be simpler to paint?"

He indicated the white road running before us between open fields to a curve, where it descended to pass beneath an old stone culvert. Beyond, stood a thick grove with a clear sky flickering among the branches. An old peasant woman was pushing a heavy cart round the curve, a scarlet handkerchief knotted about her head.

"You think it's easy?" I asked.

"Easy! Two hours ought to do it as well as it could be done—the way you fellows do it!" He clenched his fingers as if upon the handle of a house-painter's brush. "Slap, dash—there's your road." He paddled the air with the imaginary brush as though painting the side of a barn. "Swish, swash—there go your fields and your stone bridge. Fit! Speck! And there's your old woman, her red handkerchief, and what your dealer will probably call the human interest, all complete. Squirt the edges of your foliage in with a blow-pipe. Throw a cup of tea over the whole thing and there's your haze. Call it 'The Golden Road,' or 'The Bath of Sunlight,' or 'Quiet Noon.' Then you'll probably get a criticism beginning, 'Few indeed have more intangibly detained upon canvas so poetic a quality of sentiment as this sterling landscapist, who in number 136 has so ethereally expressed the profound silence of evening on an English moor. The solemn hush, the brooding quiet, the homeward plowman——'"

He was interrupted by an outrageous uproar, the grisly scream of a siren, and the cannonade of a powerful exhaust, as a great white touring-car swung round us from behind at a speed that sickened me to see, and, snorting thunder, passed us "as if we had been standing still." It hurtled like a comet down the curve and we were instantly choking in its swirling tail of dust.

"Seventy miles an hour!" gasped George, swabbing at his eyes. "Those are the fellows that get into the pa— Oh, Lord! *There* they go!"

Swinging out to pass us and then sweeping in upon the reverse curve to clear the narrow arch of the culvert were too much for the white car; and through the dust we saw it rock dangerously. In the middle of the road, ten feet from the culvert, the old woman struggled frantically to get her cart out of the way. The howl of the siren frightened her perhaps, for she lost her head and went to the wrong side; and the machine-made shriek drowned the human scream as the automobile struck.

The first shock was muffled. Then the mass of machinery hoisted itself in the air as if it had a life of its own and had been stung into sudden madness. It was horrible to see, but so grotesque that a long-forgotten memory of my boyhood leaped instantaneously into my mind, a recollection of the evolutions performed by a Newfoundland dog that rooted under a board walk and found a hive of wild bees.

The white car left the road for the fields on the right, reared, fell, leaped against the stone side of the culvert, apparently trying to climb it, stood straight on end, whirled backward in a half-somersault, crashed over on its side, flashed with flame and explosion, and lay hidden under a cloud of dust and smoke.

Ward's driver slammed down his accelerator, sending us spinning round the curve, and the next moment, throwing on his brakes, halted sharply at the culvert.

The fabric of the road was so torn and distorted that one might have thought a steam dredge had begun work there, but the fragments of wreckage were oddly isolated and inconspicuous. The peasant's cart, tossed into a clump of weeds, rested on its side, the spokes of a rimless wheel slowly revolving on the hub uppermost; a big brass lamp, crumpled like waste paper, had fallen in the middle of the road; beside it lay a gold rouge-box; some tools were strewn in a semicircular trail, and, as I sprang out of Ward's car, my foot crunched a pair of smashed goggles.

The old woman had somehow saved herself—or perhaps her saint had helped her—for she was sitting in the grass by the roadside, wailing hysterically and quite unhurt. The body of a man lay in a heap beneath the stone archway, and from his clothes I guessed that he had been the driver of the white car. I say "had been" because there were reasons

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why it needed no second glance to know that the man was dead. Nevertheless, I knelt beside him and placed my hand upon his breast to see if his heart still beat. Afterwards I concluded that I did this because I had seen it done upon the stage, or had read of it in stories; and even at the time I realized that it was a silly thing for me to be doing.

Ward, meanwhile, proved more practical. He was dragging a woman out of the suffocating smoke and dust that shrouded the wreck, and after a moment I went to help him carry her into the fresh air, where Ward put his coat under her head. Her hat had been forced forward over her face and held there by the twisting of a system of veils she wore; and we had some difficulty in unraveling this; but she was very much alive, as a series of muffled imprecations testified, leading us to conclude that her sufferings were more profoundly of rage than of pain. Finally she pushed our hands angrily aside and completed the untanglement herself, revealing the scratched and smeared face of Mariana the dancer.

"*Cornichon! Chameau! Fond du bain!*" she gasped, tears of anger starting from her eyes. She tried to rise before we could help her, but dropped back with a scream.

"Oh, the pain!" she cried. "That imbecile! If he has let me break my leg! A pretty dancer I should be! I hope he is killed."

One of the singularities of motoring on the main-traveled roads near Paris is the prevalence of cars containing physicians and surgeons. Whether it be testimony to the opportunism, to the sporting proclivities, or to the prosperity of gentlemen of those professions, I do not know, but it is a fact that I have never heard of an accident (and in the season there is an accident every day) on one of these roads when a doctor in an automobile was not almost immediately a chance arrival, and fortunately our case offered no exception to this rule. Another automobile had already come up and the occupants were hastily alighting. Ward shouted to the foremost to go for a doctor.

"I am a doctor," the man answered, advancing and kneeling quickly by the dancer. "And you—you may be of help yonder."

We turned toward the ruined car where Ward's driver was shouting for us.

"What is it?" called Ward as we ran toward him.

"Monsieur," he replied, "there is some one under the tonneau here!"

The smoke had cleared a little, though a rivulet of burning gasoline ran from the wreck to a pool of flame it was feeding in the road. The front cushions and woodwork had caught fire and a couple of laborers, panting with the run across the fields, were vainly belaboring the flames with brushwood. From beneath the overturned tonneau projected the lower part of a man's leg, clad in a brown puttee and a russet shoe. Ward's driver had brought his tools; had jacked up the car as high as possible; but was still unable to release the imprisoned body.

"I have seized that foot and pulled with all my strength," he said, "and I cannot make him move one centimeter. It is necessary that as many people as possible lay hold of the car on the side away from the fire and all lift together. Yes," he added, "and very soon!"

Some carters had come from the road and one of them lay full length on the ground peering beneath the wreck. "It is the head of monsieur," explained this one; "it is the head of monsieur which is fastened under there."

"Eh, but you are wiser than Clémenceau!" said the chauffeur. "Get up, my ancient, and you there, with the brushwood, let the fire go for a moment and help, when I say the word. And you, monsieur," he turned to Ward, "if you please, will you pull with me upon the ankle here at the right moment?"

The carters, the laborers, the men from the other automobile, and I laid hold of the car together.

"Now, then, messieurs, LIFT!"

Stifled with the gasoline smoke, we obeyed. One or two hands were scorched and our eyes smarted blindingly, but we gave a mighty heave, and felt the car rising.

"Well done!" cried the chauffeur. "Well done! But a little more! The smallest fraction—HA! It is finished, messieurs!"

We staggered back, coughing and wiping our eyes. For a minute or two I could not see at all, and was busy with a handkerchief.

Ward laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Do you know who it is?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," I answered.

When I could see again, I found that I was looking almost straight down into the upturned face of Larrabee Harman, and I cannot better express what this man had come to be, and what the degradation of his life had written upon him, than by saying that the dreadful mask I looked upon now was no more horrible a sight than the face I had

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seen, fresh from the valet and smiling in ugly pride at the starers, as he passed the terrace of Larue on the day before the Grand Prix.

We helped to carry him to the doctor's car, and to lift the dancer into Ward's, and to get both of them out again at the hospital at Versailles, where they were taken. Then, with no need to ask each other if we should abandon our plan to breakfast in the country, we turned toward Paris, and rolled along almost to the barriers in silence.

"Did it seem to you," said George finally, "that a man so frightfully injured could have any chance of getting well?"

"No," I answered. "I thought he was dying as we carried him into the hospital."

"So did I. The top of his head seemed all crushed in— Whew!" He broke off, shivering, and wiped his brow. After a pause he added thoughtfully, "It will be a great thing for Louise."

Louise was the name of his second cousin, the girl who had done battle with all her family and then run away from them to be Larrabee Harman's wife. Remembering the stir that her application for divorce had made, I did not understand how Harman's death could benefit her, unless George had some reason to believe that he had made a will in her favor. However, the remark had been made more to himself than to me and I did not respond.

The morning papers flared once more with the name of Larrabee Harman, and we read that there was "no hope of his surviving." Ironic phrase! There was not a soul on earth that day who could have hoped for his recovery, or who—for his sake—cared two straws whether he lived or died. And the dancer had been right; one of her legs was badly broken, and she would never dance again.

Evening papers reported that Harman was "lingering." He was lingering the next day. He was lingering the next week, and the end of a month saw him still "lingering." Then I went down to Capri, where—for he had been after all the merest episode to me—I was pleased to forget all about him.

## CHAPTER III

A GREAT many people keep their friends in mind by writing to them, but more do not; and Ward and I belong to the majority. After my departure from Paris I had but one missive from him, a short note, written at the request of his sister, asking me to be on the lookout for Italian earrings, to add to her collection of old jewels. So, from time to time, I sent her what I could find about Capri or in Naples, and she responded with neat little letters of acknowledgment.

Two years I stayed on Capri, eating the lotus which grows on that happy island, and painting very little—just enough, indeed, to be remembered at the Salon and not so much as knowing how kindly or unkindly they hung my pictures there. But even on Capri, people sometimes hear the call of Paris and wish to be in that unending movement: to hear the multitudinous rumble, to watch the procession from a café terrace and to dine at Foyot's. So there came at last a fine day when I, knowing that the horse-chestnuts were in bloom along the Champs Elysées, threw my rope-soled shoes to a beggar, packed a rusty trunk, and was off for the banks of the Seine.

My arrival—just the drive from the Gare de Lyon to my studio—was like the shock of surf on a bather's breast.

The stir and life, the cheerful energy of the streets, put stir and life and cheerful energy into me. I felt the itch to work again, to be at it, at it in earnest—to lose no hour of daylight, and to paint better than I had painted!

Paris having given me this impetus, I dared not tempt her further, nor allow the edge of my eagerness time to blunt; therefore, at the end of a fortnight, I went over into Normandy and deposited that rusty trunk of mine in a corner of the summer pavilion in the courtyard of Madame Brossard's inn, *Les Trois Pigeons*, in a woodland neighborhood that is there. Here I had painted through a prolific summer of my youth, and I was glad to find—as I had hoped—nothing changed; for the place was dear to me. Madame Brossard (dark, thin, demure as of yore, a fine-looking woman with a fine manner and much the flavor of old Norman portraits) gave me a pleasant welcome, remembering me readily but without surprise, while Amédée, the antique servitor, cackled over me and was as proud of my advent as if I had been a new egg and he had laid me. The simile is grotesque; but Amédée is the most henlike waiter in France.

He is a white-haired, fat old fellow, as neat as a billiard-ball. In the daytime, when he is partly porter, he wears a black tie, a gray

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waistcoat broadly striped with scarlet, and, from waist to feet, a white apron like a skirt, and so competently encircling that his trousers are of mere conventionality and no real necessity; but after six o'clock (becoming altogether a maître d'hôtel) he is clad as any other formal gentleman. At all times he wears a fresh tablecloth over his arm, keeping an exaggerated pile of them ready at hand on a ledge in one of the little bowers of the courtyard, so that he may never be shamed by getting caught without one.

His conception of life is that all worthy persons were created as receptacles for food and drink; and five minutes after my arrival he had me seated (in spite of some meek protests) in a wicker chair with a pitcher of the right Three Pigeons cider on the table before me, while he subtly dictated what manner of dinner I should eat. For this interval Amédée's exuberance was sobered and his badinage dismissed as being mere garniture; the questions now before us concerning grave and inward matters. His suggestions were deferential but insistent; his manner was that of a prime minister who goes through the form of convincing the sovereign. He greeted each of his own decisions with a very loud "*Bien!*" as if startled by the brilliancy of my selections, and, the menu being concluded, exploded a whole volley of "*Biens*" and set off violently to instruct old Gaston the cook.

That is Amédée's way; he always starts violently for anywhere he means to go. He is a little lame and his progress more or less sidelong, but if you call him, or new guests arrive at the inn, or he receives an order from Madame Brossard, he gives the effect of running by a sudden movement of the whole body like that of a man *about* to run, and moves off using the gestures of a man who *is* running; after which he proceeds to his destination at an exquisite leisure. Remembering this old habit of his, it was with joy that I noted his headlong departure. Some ten feet of his progress accomplished, he halted (for no purpose but to scratch his head the more luxuriously); next, strayed from the path to contemplate a rose-bush, and, selecting a leaf with careful deliberation, placed it in his mouth and continued meditatively upon his way to the kitchen. I chuckled within me; it was good to be back at Madame Brossard's.

The courtyard was more a garden; bright with rows of flowers in formal little beds and blossoming up from big green tubs, from red jars, and also from two brightly painted wheelbarrows. There was a long arbor, offering a shelter of vines for those who might choose to dine, breakfast, or lounge beneath, and here and there among the shrubberies were unexpected, straw-thatched bowers. My own pavilion (half bedroom, half studio) was set in the midst of all and had a small porch of its own with a rich curtain of climbing honeysuckle for a screen from the rest of the courtyard.

The inn itself is gray with age, the roof sagging pleasantly here and there; and an old wooden gallery runs the length of each wing, the guest-chambers of the upper story opening upon it like the deck-rooms of a steamer, while boxes of tulips and hyacinths make the gayest of border lines along the gallery railings and window ledges.

Beyond the great open archway, which gives entrance to the courtyard, lies the quiet country road; passing this, my eyes followed the wide sweep of poppy-sprinkled fields to a line of low green hills; and there was the edge of the forest that sheltered those woodland interiors which I had long ago tried to paint, and where I should be at work to-morrow.

In the course of time, and well within the bright twilight, Amédée spread the crisp white cloth and served me at a table on my pavilion porch. He feigned anxiety lest I should find certain dishes (those which he knew were most delectable) not to my taste, but was obviously so distended with fatuous pride over the whole meal that it became a temptation to denounce at least some trifling sauce or garnishment; nevertheless, so much mendacity proved beyond me and I spared him and my own conscience. This puffed-uppedness of his was to be observed only in his expression and manner, for during the consumption of food it was his worthy custom to practise a ceremonious, nay, a reverential, hush, and he never offered (or approved) conversation until he had prepared the salad. That accomplished, however, and the water bubbling in the coffee machine, he readily favored me with a discourse on the decline in glory of *Les Trois Pigeons*.

"Monsieur, it is the automobiles; they have done it. Formerly, as when monsieur was here, the painters came from Paris. They would come in the spring and would stay until the autumn rains. What busy times and what drolleries! Ah, it was gay in those days! Monsieur remembers well. Ha, ha! But now, I think, the automobiles have frightened away the painters; at least they do not

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come any more. And the automobiles themselves; they come sometimes for lunch, a few, but they love better the seashore, and we are just close enough to be too far away. Those automobiles, they love the big new hotels and the casinos with roulette. They eat hastily, gulp down a liqueur, and *pouf!* off they rush for Trouville, for Beuzeval-Houlgate, for heaven knows where; and even the automobiles do not come so frequently as they did. Our road used to be the best from Lisieux to Beuzeval, but now the maps recommend another. They pass us by, and yet yonder—only a few kilometers—is the coast with its thousands. We are near the world but out of it, monsieur."

He poured my coffee; dropped a lump of sugar from the tongs with a benevolent gesture—"One lump: always the same. Monsieur sees that I remember well, ha?"—and the twilight having fallen, he lit two orange-shaded candles and my cigar with the same match. The night was so quiet that the candle-lights burned as steadily as flames in a globe, yet the air was spiced with a cool fragrance, and through the honeysuckle leaves above me I saw, as I leaned back in my wicker chair, a glimmer of kindly stars.

"Very comfortably out of the world, Amédée," I said. "It seems to me I have it all to myself."

"Unhappily, yes!" he exclaimed; then excused himself, chuckling. "I should have said that we should be happier if we had many like monsieur. But it is early in the season to despair. Then, too, our best suite is already engaged."

"By whom?"

"Two men of science who arrive next week. One is a great man. Madame Brossard is pleased that he is coming to *Les Trois Pigeons*, but I tell her it is only natural. He comes now for the first time because he likes the quiet, but he will come again, like monsieur, because he has been here before. That is what I always say: 'Any one who has been here must come again.' The problem is only to get them to come the first time. Truly!"

"Who is the great man, Amédée?"

"Ah! A distinguished professor of science. Truly."

"What science?"

"I do not know. But he is a member of the Institute. Monsieur must have heard of that great Professor Keredec?"

"The name is known. Who is the other?"

"A friend of his. I do not know. All the upper floor of the left wing they have taken—the grand suite—those two and their valet-de-chambre. That is truly the way in modern times—the philosophers are rich men."

"Yes," I sighed. "Only the painters are poor nowadays."

"Ha, ha, monsieur!" Amédée laughed cunningly. "It was always easy to see that monsieur only amuses himself with his painting."

"Thank you, Amédée," I responded. "I have amused other people with it too, I fear."

"Oh, without doubt!" he agreed graciously, as he folded the cloth. I have always tried to believe that it was not so much my pictures as the fact that I paid my bills the day they were presented which convinced everybody about *Les Trois Pigeons* that I was an amateur. But I never became happily enough settled in this opinion to ask; and it was a relief that Amédée changed the subject.

"Monsieur remembers the Château de Quesnay—at the crest of the hill on the road north of Dives?"

"I remember."

"It is occupied this season by some rich Americans."

"How do you know they are rich?"

"*Dieu de Dieu!*" The old fellow appealed to heaven. "But they are Americans!"

"And therefore millionaires. Perfectly, Amédée."

"Perfectly, monsieur. Perhaps monsieur knows them."

"Yes, I know them."

"Truly!" He affected dejection. "And poor Madame Brossard thought monsieur had returned to our old hotel because he liked it, and remembered our wine of Beaune and the good beds and old Gaston's cooking!"

"Do not weep, Amédée," I said. "I have come to paint; not because I know the people who have taken Quesnay." And I added: "I may not see them at all."

In truth I thought that very probable. Miss Elizabeth had mentioned in one of her notes that Ward had leased Quesnay, but I had not sought quarters at *Les Trois Pigeons* because it stood within walking-distance of the château. In my industrious frame of mind that circumstance seemed almost a drawback. Miss Elizabeth, ever hospitable to those whom she noticed at all, would be doubly so in the country, as people always are; and I wanted all my time to myself—no very selfish wish since my time was not conceivably of value to any one else. I thought

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it wise to leave any encounter with the lady to chance, and as the by-paths of the countryside were many and intricate, I intended, without ungallantry, to render the chance remote. George himself had just sailed on a business trip to America, as I knew from her last missive; and until his return, I should put in all my time at painting and nothing else, though I liked his sister, as I have said, and thought of her—often.

Amédée doubted my sincerity, however, for he laughed incredulously.

"Eh, well, monsieur enjoys saying it!"

"Certainly. It is a pleasure to say what one means."

"But monsieur could not mean it. Monsieur will call at the château in the morning"—the complacent varlet prophesied—"as early as it will be polite. I am sure of that. Monsieur is not at all an old man; no, not yet! Even if he were, aha! no one could possess the friendship of that wonderful Madame d'Armand and remain away from the château."

"Madame d'Armand?" I said. "That is not the name. You mean Mademoiselle Ward."

"No, no!" He shook his head and his fat cheeks bulged with a smile which I believe he intended to express a respectful roguishness. "Mademoiselle Ward"—he pronounced it "Ware"—"is magnificent; every one must fly to obey when she opens her mouth. If she did not like the ocean there below the château, the ocean would have to move! It needs only a glance to perceive that Mademoiselle Ward is a great lady—but *Madame d'Armand*! AHA!" He rolled his round eyes with an effect of unspeakable admiration, and with a gesture indicated that he would have kissed his hand to the stars, had that been properly reverential to Madame d'Armand. "But monsieur knows very well for himself," he concluded archly.

"Monsieur knows that you are very confusing—even for a maître d'hôtel," I returned. "We were speaking of the present chatelaine of Quesnay, Mademoiselle Ward. I have never heard of Madame d'Armand."

"Monsieur is serious?"

"Truly!" I answered, making bold to quote his shibboleth.

"Then monsieur has truly much to live for. Truly!" He chuckled openly, convinced that he had obtained a marked advantage in a conflict of wits, shaking his big head from side to side with an exasperating air of knowingness. "Ah, truly! When that lady drives by, some day, in the carriage from the château—eh? Then monsieur will see how much he has to live for. Truly, truly, truly!"

He had cleared the table, and now, with a final explosion of the word which gave him such immoderate satisfaction, he lifted the tray and made one of his precipitate departures.

"Amédée," I said, as he slackened down to his sidelong leisure.

"Monsieur?"

"Who is Madame d'Armand?"

"A guest of Mademoiselle Ward at Quesnay. In fact, she is in charge of the château, since Mademoiselle Ward is, for the time, away."

"Is she a Frenchwoman?"

"I think not. In fact, she is an American, though she dresses with so much of taste. Ah, Madame Brossard admits it and Madame Brossard knows the art of dressing, for she spends a week of every winter in Rouen—and besides there is Trouville itself only fifteen kilometers distant. Madame Brossard says that Mademoiselle Ward dresses with richness and splendor and Madame d'Armand with economy, but beauty. Those were the words used by Madame Brossard. Truly."

"Madame d'Armand's name is French," I observed.

"Yes, that is true," said Amédée thoughtfully. "No one can deny it; it is a French name." He rested the tray upon a stump near by and scratched his head. "I do not understand how that can be," he continued slowly. "Jean Ferret, who is chief gardener at the château, is an acquaintance of mine. We sometimes have a cup of cider at Père Baudry's, a kilometer down the road from here; and Jean Ferret has told me that she is an American. And yet, as you say, monsieur, the name is French. Perhaps she is French after all."

"I believe," said I, "that if I struggled a few days over this puzzle, I might come to the conclusion that Madame d'Armand is an American lady who has married a Frenchman."

The old man uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"Ha! without doubt! Truly she must be an American lady who has married a Frenchman. Monsieur has already solved the puzzle. Truly, truly!" And he trulied himself across the darkness, to emerge in the light of

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THE MASS OF MACHINERY HOISTED ITSELF IN THE AIR AS IF IT HAD A LIFE OF ITS OWN AND HAD BEEN STUNG INTO SUDDEN MADNESS.



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the open door of the kitchen with the word still rumbling in his throat.

Now for a time there came the clinking of dishes, sounds as of pans and kettles being scoured, the rolling gutturals of old Gaston, the cook, and the treble pipings of young "Glouglou," his grandchild and scullion. After a while the oblong of light from the kitchen door disappeared; the voices departed; the stillness of the dark descended, and with it that unreasonable sense of pathos which night in the country brings to the heart of a wanderer. Then, out of the lonely silence, there issued a strange, incongruous sound as an execrable voice essayed to produce the semblance of an air odiously familiar about the streets of Paris some three years past, and I became aware of a smell of some dreadful thing burning. Beneath the arbor I perceived a spark which seemed to bear a certain relation to an oval whitish patch suggesting the front of a shirt. It was Amédée, at ease, smoking his cigarette after the day's work and convinced that he was singing.

*Pour qu'j'finisse*
*Mon service*
*Au Tonkin je suis parti——*
*Ah! quel beau pays, mesdames!*
*C'est l'paradis des p'tites femmes!*

I rose from the chair on my little porch, to go to bed; but I was reminded of something, and called to him.

"Monsieur?" his voice came briskly.

"How often do you see your friend, Jean Ferret, the gardener of Quesnay?"

"Frequently, monsieur. To-morrow morning I could easily carry a message if——"

"That is precisely what I do not wish. And you may as well not mention me at all when you meet him."

"It is understood. Perfectly."

"If it is well understood, there will be a beautiful present for a good maître d'hôtel some day."

"Thank you, monsieur."

"Good night, Amédée."

"Good night, monsieur."

Falling to sleep has always been an intricate matter with me, and I liken it to a nightly adventure in an enchanted palace. Weary-limbed and with burning eyelids, after long waiting in the outer court of wakefulness, I enter a dim, cool antechamber where the heavy garment of the body is left behind and where, perhaps, some acquaintance or friend greets me with a familiar speech or bit of nonsense, or an unseen orchestra may play music that I know. From here I go into a spacious apartment where the air and light are of a fine clarity, for it is the hall of revelations, and in it the secrets of secrets are told, mysteries are resolved, perplexities cleared up, and sometimes I learn what to do about a picture that has bothered me. This is where I would linger, for beyond it I walk among crowding fantasies, delusions, terrors and shame, to a curtain of darkness where they take my memory from me, and I know nothing of my own adventures until I am pushed out of a secret door into the morning sunlight. Amédée was the acquaintance who met me in the antechamber to-night. He remarked that Madame d'Armand was the most beautiful woman in the world, and vanished. And in the hall of revelations I thought that I found a statue of her—but it was veiled. I wished to remove the veil, but a passing stranger stopped and told me laughingly that the veil was all that would ever be revealed of her to me—of her, or any other woman!

## CHAPTER IV

I WAS up with the birds in the morning; had my breakfast with them—a very drowsy-eyed Amédée assisting—and made off for the forest to get the sunrise through the branches, a pack on my back and three sandwiches for lunch in my pocket. I returned only with the failing light of evening, cheerfully tired and ready for a fine dinner and an early bed, both of which the good inn supplied. It was my daily program; a healthy life "far from the world," as Amédée said, and I was sorry when the serpent entered and disturbed it, though he was my own. He is a pet of mine; has been with me since my childhood. He leaves me when I live alone, for he loves company, but returns whenever my kind are about me. He is called Interest-In-Other-People's-Affairs.

One evening I returned to find a big van from Dives, the nearest railway station, drawn up in the courtyard at the foot of the stairs leading to the gallery, and all of the people of the inn, from Madame Brossard (who directed) to Glouglou (who madly attempted the heaviest pieces), busily installing trunks, bags, and packing-cases in the suite engaged for the "great man of science" on

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the second floor of the left wing of the building. Neither the great man nor his companion was to be seen, however, both having retired to their rooms immediately upon their arrival—so Amédée informed me, as he wiped his brow after staggering up the steps under a load of books wrapped in sacking.

I made my evening ablutions, removing a Joseph's coat of dust and paint; and came forth from my pavilion, hoping that Professor Keredec and his friend would not mind eating in the same garden with a man in a corduroy jacket and knickerbockers; but the gentlemen continued invisible to the public eye, and mine was the only table set for dinner in the garden. Up-stairs the curtains were carefully drawn across all the windows of the left wing; little leaks of orange, here and there, betraying the lights within. Glouglou, bearing a tray of covered dishes, was just entering the salon of the "Grande Suite," and the door closed quickly after him.

"It is to be supposed that Professor Keredec and his friend are fatigued with their journey from Paris?" I began, a little later.

"Monsieur, they did not seem fatigued," said Amédée.

"But they dine in their own rooms to-night."

"Every night, monsieur. It is the order of Professor Keredec. And with their own valet-de-chambre to serve them. Eh?" He poured my coffee solemnly. "That is mysterious, to say the least, isn't it?"

"To say the very least," I agreed.

"Monsieur the professor is a man of secrets, it appears," continued Amédée. "When he wrote to Madame Brossard engaging his rooms, he instructed her to be careful that none of us should mention even his name; and to-day when he came, he spoke of his anxiety on that point."

"But you did mention it."

"To whom, monsieur?" asked the old fellow blankly.

"To me."

"But I told him I had not," said Amédée placidly. "It is the same thing."

"I wonder," I began, struck by a sudden thought, "if it will prove quite the same thing in my own case. I suppose you have not mentioned the circumstance of my being here to your friend, Jean Ferret of Quesnay?"

He looked at me reproachfully. "Has monsieur been troubled by the people of the château?"

"'Troubled' by them?"

"Have they come to seek out monsieur and disturb him? Have they done anything whatever to show that they have heard monsieur is here?"

"No, certainly they haven't," I was obliged to retract at once. "I beg your pardon, Amédée."

"Ah, monsieur!" He made a deprecatory bow (which plunged me still deeper in shame), struck a match, and offered a light for my cigar with a forgiving hand. "All the same," he pursued, "it seems very mysterious—this Keredec affair!"

"To comprehend a great man, Amédée," I said, "is the next thing to sharing his greatness."

He blinked slightly, pondered a moment upon this sententious drivel, then very properly ignored it, reverting to his puzzle.

"But is it not incomprehensible that people should eat indoors this fine weather?"

I admitted that it was. I knew very well how hot and stuffy the salon of Madame Brossard's "grande suite" must be, while the garden was fragrant in the warm, dry night, and the outdoor air like a gentle tonic. Nevertheless, Professor Keredec and his friend preferred the salon. . . .

When a man is leading a very quiet and isolated life, it is inconceivable what trifles will occupy and concentrate his attention. The smaller the community, the more blowzy with gossip you are sure to find it; and I have little doubt that when Friday learned enough English, one of the first things Crusoe did was to tell him some scandal about the goat. Thus, though I treated the "Keredec affair" with a seeming airiness to Amédée, I cunningly drew the faithful rascal out, and fed my curiosity upon his own (which, as time went on and the mystery deepened, seemed likely to burst him), until, virtually, I was receiving, every evening at dinner, a detailed report of the day's doings of Professor Keredec and his companion.

The reports were voluminous, the details few. The two gentlemen, as Amédée would relate, spent their forenoons over books and writing in their rooms. Professor Keredec's voice could often be heard in every part of the inn; at times holding forth with such protracted vehemence that only one explanation would suffice: that the learned man was delivering a lecture to his companion.

"Say then!" exclaimed Amédée, "what kind of madness is that? To make orations for only one auditor!"

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He swept away my suggestion that the auditor might be a stenographer to whom the professor was dictating chapters for a new book. The relation between the two men, he contended, was more like that between teacher and pupil. "But a pupil with gray hair!" he finished, raising his fat hands to heaven. "For that other monsieur has hair as gray as mine."

"That other monsieur" was further described as a thin man, handsome, but with a "singular air," nor could my colleague more satisfactorily define this air, though he made a racking struggle to do so.

"In what does the peculiarity of his manner lie?" I asked.

"But it is not so much that his manner is peculiar, monsieur; it is an air about him that is singular. Truly!"

"But how is it singular?"

"Monsieur, it is very, very singular."

"You do not understand," I insisted. "What kind of singularity has the air of 'that other monsieur'?"

"It has," replied Amédée, with a powerful effort, "a very singular singularity."

This was as near as he could come, and, fearful of injuring him, I abandoned that phase of our subject.

The valet-de-chambre whom my fellow-lodgers had brought with them from Paris contributed nothing to the inn's knowledge of his masters, I learned. This struck me not only as odd, but unique, for French servants tell one another everything, and more—very much more. "But this is a silent man," said Amédée impressively. "Oh! very silent! He shakes his head wisely, yet he will not open his mouth. However, that may be because"—and now the explanation came—"because he was engaged only last week and knows nothing. Also, he is but temporary; he returns to Paris soon and Glouglou is to serve them."

I ascertained that although "that other monsieur" had gray hair, he was by no means a person of great age; indeed, Glouglou, who had seen him oftener than any other of the staff, maintained that he was quite young. Amédée's own opportunities for observation had been limited. Every afternoon the two gentlemen went for a walk; but they always came down from the gallery so quickly, he declared, and, leaving the inn by a rear entrance, plunged so hastily into the nearest by-path leading to the forest, that he caught little more than glimpses of them. They returned after an hour or so, entering the inn with the same appearance of haste to be out of sight, the professor always talking, "with the manner of an orator, but in English." Nevertheless Amédée remarked it was certain that Professor Keredec's friend was neither an American nor an Englishman.

"Why is it certain?" I asked.

"Monsieur, he drinks nothing but water, he does not smoke, and Glouglou says he speaks very pure French."

"Glouglou is an authority who resolves the difficulty. That other monsieur is a Frenchman."

"But, monsieur, he is smooth-shaven."

"Perhaps he has been a maître d'hôtel."

"Eh! I wish one that *I* know could hope to dress as well when he retires! Besides, Glouglou says that other monsieur eats his soup silently."

"I can find no flaw in the deduction," I said, rising to go to bed. "We must leave it there for to-night."

The next evening Amédée allowed me to perceive that he was concealing something under his arm as he stoked the coffee-machine, and upon my asking what it was, he glanced round the courtyard with histrionic slyness, placed the object on the table beside my cap, and stepped back to watch the impression, his manner that of one who declaims: "At last the missing papers are before you!"

"What is this?" I said.

"It is a book."

"I am persuaded by your candor, Amédée, as well as by the general appearance of this article," I returned as I picked it up, "that you are speaking the truth. But why do you bring it to me?"

"Monsieur," he replied, in the tones of an old conspirator, "this afternoon the professor and that other monsieur went as usual to walk in the forest." He bent over me, pretending to be busy with the coffee-machine, and lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper. "When they returned, this book fell from the pocket of that other monsieur's coat as he ascended the stair, and he did not notice. Later I shall return it by Glouglou, but I thought it wise that monsieur should see it for himself."

The book was Wentworth's "Algebra"—elementary principles. Painful recollections of my boyhood and the binomial theorem rose in my mind as I let the leaves turn under my fingers. "What do you make of it?" I asked.

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His tone became even more confidential. "Part of it, monsieur, is in English; that is plain. I have found an English word in it that I know, the word 'O,' but much of the printing is also in Arabic."

"Arabic!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, monsieur, look there." He laid a fat forefinger on "$(a+b)^2=a^2+2ab+b^2$." "That is Arabic. Old Gaston has been to Algeria, and he says that he knows Arabic as well as he does French. He looked at the book and told me it was Arabic. Truly! Truly!"

"Did he translate any of it for you?"

"No, monsieur, his eyes pained him this afternoon. He says he will read it to-morrow."

"But you must return the book to-night."

"That is true. Eh! It leaves the mystery deeper than ever, unless monsieur can find some clue in those parts of the book that are English."

I shed no light upon him. The book had been Greek to me in my tender years; it was a pleasure now to leave a fellow being under the impression that it was Arabic. But the volume took its little revenge upon me, for it increased my curiosity about Professor Keredec and "that other monsieur." Why were two grown men—one an eminent psychologist and the other a gray-haired youth with a singular air—carrying about on their walks a text-book for the instruction of boys of thirteen or fourteen?

The next day that curiosity of mine was piqued in earnest. It rained and I did not leave the inn, but sat under the great archway and took notes in color of the wet road, drenched fields, and dripping sky. My back was toward the courtyard, that is, "three quarters" to it, and about noon I became distracted from my work by a strong self-consciousness which came upon me without any visible or audible cause. Obeying an impulse, I swung round on my camp-stool and looked up directly at the gallery window of the salon of the "Grande Suite." A man with a great white beard was standing at the window, half hidden by the curtain, watching me intently.

He perceived that I saw him and dropped the curtain immediately, a speck of color in his buttonhole catching my eye as it fell.

The spy was Professor Keredec.

But why should he study me so slyly and yet so obviously? I had no intention of intruding upon him. Nor was I a psychological "specimen," though I began to suspect that "that other monsieur" was.

The second instalment of Mr. Tarkington's story, ***"The Guest of Quesnay,"*** will appear in the December number.

# The Baiting of Rosenthal

**By HENRY C. ROWLAND**

**Illustrations by George Wright**

THE feud between Klein and Rosenthal had begun in Buenos Ayres over Adèle Tremont, the singer. Klein was attached to the German Legation and little more than a boy; Isidor Rosenthal was a Czechian Jew who had got rich in various West Indian schemes, from the lending of money on a pearl shirt-stud to the financing of revolutions.

To escape Rosenthal, Klein resigned his office and escorted Miss Tremont to Rio. Rosenthal, persistent in love as in finance, followed them, for he knew that Klein did not have money enough to retain the lady's interest for any length of time. Klein knew it also and it made him desperate, especially as Rosenthal was too good a man of business to fight when all that he had to do was to wait. The Jew was not afraid; it was simply that the dueling idea was not framed on sound commercial principles.

The result was that Klein waited for his chance and publicly insulted him at the club, pulled his nose, and then, when the Jew brushed him aside with one sweep of his great arm, threw a glass of wine in his face.

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HE SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY IN HIS HAMMOCK.

Even then Rosenthal would not fight, but neither would he leave the lists; he continued his not entirely unwelcome attentions to Miss Tremont. This kept Klein in so furious a state of impotent rage that the lady became frightened and accepted an invitation from the Count Stigiliano to go to Jamaica in his yacht.

Rosenthal, with a sardonic grin, threw up his hand and got back to business, while Klein, almost ruined, and, if the truth were known, heart-broken, for he was very young, German, and had really loved the woman, was prevented from suicide only by the desire to be revenged upon Rosenthal.

Eventually he accepted a position as agent of the Hamburg Line and was sent to Grand Goâves, Haiti, where he settled down to export coffee and cacao and brood over the day when he should square his account with Rosenthal, who, he learned, had taken his invalid brother Jacob to Capri.

Rosenthal's hatred was of the sardonic sort that goes with a bare-toothed grin and a twinkle of the eyes that is mostly gleam; nevertheless it was potent, as potent as Klein's, and much more effective. A year later he scored against his enemy.

Klein had loaded a sloop with coffee, on his own account, and sent her to Curaçao, where the cargo was to be transshipped to an Italian boat with a low freight tariff. Rosenthal happened to be in the Dutch colony when the sloop arrived, leaking badly from the straining received in a rough passage. The water was gaining on the pumps and the captain was frightened, for he knew that if it once reached the coffee, all would be up with vessel and cargo. The news reached Rosenthal, together with the name of the consigner; he went at once to the health officer of the port and told him that he happened to know that there was smallpox in Aquin, where the coffee had been taken on. The sloop was quarantined, pending investigation, and before her captain could procure a tug to pump, the water reached the cargo, which promptly swelled and burst the vessel open, thereby costing Klein about ten thousand dollars.

When the whole story got to Klein's ears, he turned as white as chalk and the pupils of his eyes grew so large that one could see only a rim of blue the breadth of a knife's edge. Then he got purple and the pupils contracted to pin-points, while the blue eyes themselves became glazed like the eyes of a dead pompano. A Teuton blood-rage, latent since the cycle of stone clubs and great cave-bears, seethed up in him and shook him until he grew sick and giddy. He spent the rest of the day in his hammock, his eyes bandaged and a negress fanning him. His physique could not stand the strain of such a rage as his enemy's act had stirred within him.

The following day all emotion had vanished and Klein's German brain began to calculate. To his surprise he found that he could think of Rosenthal quite unemotionally. Klein's problem was a difficult one. He did not want to murder the Jew; killing a man is a poor sort of revenge at best. On the other hand, Klein did not see how he could do Rosenthal physical damage. The Jew would not duel and he stood six feet two, weighing about two hundred pounds, most of which was heavy bone covered with great bands of sinewy muscle. His lean wrist was as thick as Klein's forearm, and he



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could have squeezed the life out of the highly strung little German with one of his hairy paws; also he was far too rich for Klein to harm in any business way.

Klein was unable to find a solution, but he decided that his best chance lay in keeping near his enemy. He learned that Rosenthal was in Caracas, so he went there, only to hear that the Jew had run over to Colon to dispose of some Margarita pearls bought from a Dutch negro, who did a sort of kite business among the pearl pelicans having illicit gems to dispose of. So Klein took the next steamer from Porto Cabello to Cartagena and thence to Colon.

The day of his arrival he saw Rosenthal boarding the train for Panama, so Klein followed. The car was packed with tourists from the Royal Mail steamer, who were making an excursion to see the canal; and in the crowd Klein, who was slender and polite, found himself jammed against his enemy's back. A man in a seat beside them vacated it to join a friend ahead; Rosenthal slid into the seat, then looked up and saw Klein. His bushy, black eyebrows and his thick mustache went up, and he bared his yellow fangs in an expansive grin.

"Py Jingo!" he exclaimed, for he usually made it a point to speak the language that was being spoken about him, "it is my old frendt, Mr. Klein!"

Like Rosenthal, Klein spoke most of the languages with which the Powers have crammed the West Indies, so he answered in English, and their conversation proceeded in that tongue.

"So . . . ! It is our practical joker, Isidor Rosenthal!"

A flash of surprise crossed the mocking face of the Jew. He had not looked for so much *sang-froid* in the young German. He made room beside him.

"Will you not share my seat? Ah, you have reference to that matter of the coffee! Py Jingo! I acted very badly! I afterward was ashamed of myself . . . because, you see, I gave way to an impulse . . . and had not a dollar to gain by it!"

"It did not much matter," said Klein. He sat down beside the Jew and pulled a Colon *Star* from his pocket. "The stuff

EVEN THEN ROSENTHAL WOULD NOT FIGHT.

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did not belong to me, although it was in my name. I was acting for a friend—a Dr. Leyden."

Rosenthal started upright; his big yellow teeth came together with a crack, and he swore a violent Czechian oath beneath his breath.

"Leyden! My good friend Leyden! There, what an ass a man can make of himself by a blind impulse! That little joke will cost me . . . how much? What did he lose? He shall have back every dollar! Leyden once saved the life of the little Jacob . . . my brother!"

Klein glanced at the Jew in surprise. He had lied instinctively, as one does to conceal a hurt given by an enemy. Rosenthal's big, savage face was seamed with lines of the most unutterable chagrin. He continued to swear softly to himself.

Klein made pretense of reading his paper. His eyes followed the English words while his ears gathered in Rosenthal's self-revilings. Klein's brain was working rapidly in German. Gentle-born though he was, all principles of honor were dead in him where his enemy was concerned. He wondered at the Jew's gullibility. Rosenthal was, as a matter of fact, a keen judge of human nature. His estimate of Klein was of a man too proud to stoop to Levantine methods, and this was a true estimate had Klein been in his normal condition.

"Look here," Rosenthal said suddenly, "how much did that little joke of mine cost?"

"A little less than ten thousand dollars," said Klein. "The boat was chartered, and so the loss of her fell upon the captain."

"And serve him right!" snarled Rosenthal. "He had no business to load a valuable cargo into a rotten vessel!" He made a wry face. "Py Jingo, but a too keen sense of humor can be expensive! Ha . . . !" He scowled, then plunged his hand into his pocket and pulled out a roll of crisp American bank-notes. "Leyden is too good a fellow to have suffer. I owe him now more than I can ever pay for his efforts with the little Jacob!"

Klein watched him in amazement as he peeled off ten notes for $1,000 each and handed them to him.

"Give these to Leyden," he said, "and tell him that, if he likes, he can add six per cent. interest for the loss of his profit."

In a state of bewilderment Klein thrust the money into his wallet.

"Do you want a receipt?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said the Jew. "If Leyden was willing to trust you, I can." He made another wry face. "Let us talk of something else."

Klein pocketed the money with an odd feeling of chagrin. The passion of his revenge seemed suddenly to have been cooled without being in any measure satisfied, and he felt himself defrauded. Presently he reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet.

"Here," he said to Rosenthal, "take your filthy money. I lied to you. The coffee belonged to me. Leyden had nothing whatever to do with it."

Rosenthal stared; his great, muddy, hazel eyes, shot with brown spots, opened wide; the bushy eyebrows went up, the big mouth fell open. Without a word, his hairy paw went out unconsciously for the notes; and, still staring, he folded them and tucked them into his pocket as if acting under a reflex. Then all at once expression swept into his wolfish face, and he threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"Py Jingo, but you aristocrats are funny! You tell me a lie to save your pride; then, still to save it, you pay $10,000 for the privilege of telling the truth! Ha, ha, ha! . . ."

Klein sat stiff as a ramrod. His face was very pale and all of his former hate and repugnance welled up until it came near to suffocating him. He had bought back his blood-lust in full measure.

"Py Jiminy!" said Rosenthal when his laughter had subsided, "I would like to give you back this money! It would spoil a good joke, but still I would like to give it back; but," he looked searchingly at Klein, "I do not believe that you would take it. You would rather get square on your own hook, yes?"

Klein looked out of the window without answering. He was reflecting curiously on the fact that the Jew's sense of injury done and received referred entirely to the monetary loss of the coffee. The matter of Miss Tremont and the affront rendered by Klein were apparently unworthy of consideration.

"Yes," said Rosenthal, nodding vigorously, "that was a nasty act of mine. I acted on impulse. I considered that you would have done as much for me. You wanted to kill me, and I wanted to ruin you. Each one to his taste. You hold that a man's money is no good to him without his life, and I that

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"PY JINGO!" HE EXCLAIMED, "IT IS MY OLD FRENDT, MR. KLEIN!"



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his life is even less than no good without money. It all comes to the same thing."

"Then you value your money more than you do your life?" Klein asked.

"By no means. It is not a question of values but of what hurts one the most, the loss of life or of money. I claim the latter, because one has longer to think about it. The loss of life is all over in a minute, like the blowing out of a candle . . . pouf!" and Rosenthal puffed his hairy cheeks and nearly blew the hat from the head of the woman tourist in front of them.

"I suppose," said Klein, "that to a man like you the loss of money gives an almost physical distress."

Rosenthal grinned. "It hurts," he admitted, "but very much it depends upon how it is done. If I gamble and lose it hurts, but not much if the game has been a fair one. But if I were to lose and discover afterward that I had been tricked . . . *Ach Gott!* . . . Py Jingo! That would be terrible! That happened to me once . . . that I was befooled, and it made me sick . . . sick to vomiting, and afterward I had such an attack of the liver that I had to go to Carlsbad for a cure."

When they parted in Panama, Rosenthal clapped Klein on the shoulder and said:

"When you want that $10,000 back, you have only to ask for it. It is nothing to me. I make it in a day, but you aristocrats are children in business beside us Jews!" He gave his harsh, explosive laugh, and just for a second the blood surged up into Klein's temples, while the gale of hatred that swept through him gave him an instant of giddiness.

Klein spent several days in Panama, but got no nearer the solution of his problem. He saw Rosenthal often and discovered that the Jew gambled every evening with one of his friends in the Hotel Marina, where he was quartered. So, to be nearer him, Klein went to the same hotel.

Then one day opportunity walked up to him with smooth steps. He was sitting on the ramparts of the old fort watching the pelicans diving for fish, when there approached a bland and unctuous individual with the look and manner of an itinerant evangelist. He was long-haired, smooth-shaven, and bulbous with the pallid fat that adversity seems to put upon some men. He stopped on reaching Klein.

"Good afternoon," he said, with a smile that revealed a set of perfect teeth. "A delightful evening, is it not?" He seated himself in an embrasure facing Klein.

"It is very pleasant," said the German stiffly. He rose to his feet with a nod and turned away.

"Pray do not go," said the other. "Let us indulge in a little discourse. Are we not both in the same predicament . . . alone?"

"But I do not find it a predicament," said Klein coldly.

"Ah, then you are not blessed with my social nature. I am of those who, like Abouben-Adhem, asks only to be written as one who loves his fellow men."

Klein paused and glanced at him curiously. The man's face was weak but intelligent. Klein's eyes dropped to the hands, which were moving nervously. They were fat, but graceful as a girl's, with supple, tapering fingers, carefully kept. They were hands with an expression, albeit not a pleasing one; a something suggesting technical skill of a furtive sort; the hands of a pickpocket, a safe-breaker, or a prestidigitator.

The man observed Klein's scrutiny and smiled. His voice lost its suave formality and assumed a vulgar tone.

"You're tryin' to dope me out by my fins," he said. "Well, pard, what am I?"

Klein flushed. "A barber?" he asked.

"Not quite," said the man. "I'll tell ye. My name's Blake an' I'm a sleight-o'-hand artist. Card tricks 're my specialty." His face grew eager. "For ten dollars, my frien', or even five dollars, I can put you next to a trick that will enable you to limit your gains an' losses in poker, euchre, or écarté only by the amount of money that your helpless adversary is willing to stake!"

The fellow's voice returned to the pseudo-educated drawl of the "gentleman grafter." Klein's lip curled in disgust and he stepped back.

"I am not interested," he said. "I never play cards. Good day."

"Say, just wait a minute!" cried Blake. "Let me show you something . . . just for fun!" He whipped a greasy pack of cards from his pocket and stepped to the broad rampart, where he seated himself. Klein lingered unwillingly.

"You know écarté?" asked Blake, shuffling. "Well, then, let's deal a few hands just as if we were sittin' in a little game, and if you pipe anything phony I'll chuck the cards into the wet an' apply for a job loadin'

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flat-cars in Culebra. Then I'll lay down a few cold poker hands, and if after that you feel like buyin' ten dollars' worth of useful education in the tin-horn line, I bet you'll never be sorry!"

Klein found himself listening to and watching a remarkable card trickster. Each of the man's supple fingers seemed to possess a separate intelligence. He could pick a card from the top of the pack with the back of his hand, hold and play ten cards as though there were but five, while on the draw he could apparently get any cards necessary to "fill." All of the while he kept up a running conversation, the tone of which lapsed in a peculiar way from that of the man of comparative education to that of the cheap, barroom gambler, or suddenly assumed the stilted expressions and popular slang of the side-show "barker." Klein was alternately interested, repelled, and amused. The creature seemed formless as a jelly-fish in all but his marvelous craft.

"But I do not understand!" cried the German, when Blake had finished. "Why do you for ten dollars teach men to swindle one another when you might gain thousands by swindling them yourself?"

Blake smiled and his shifting glance fell.

"Well, pard," said he, "to tell you the truth, I haven't got the nerve."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. When I've got a deck in my hands for exhibition purposes, I'm right at home; I defy any one to get wise; but the minute I sit in a game I lose my sand. I get shaky and nervous, and if I ain't careful I give the whole graft away, especially if I'm leary of my crowd, if I think that maybe there's a gun man in the bunch. Twice I've got mauled so's I could have passed myself on the street without recognition, and once I was nearly killed . . . but that ain't any lack of skill," he added eagerly; "it's jest becuz I'm a soft-hearted grafter and wise enough to know it. I could put *you* next so's you could win thousands, becuz *you* 're a nervy proposition. Any fool could see *that*."

Klein did not at once answer; he was thinking deeply. Presently he turned to Blake.

"You say that you are afraid," he said with a tinge of contempt; "but what if you were playing a two-handed game with a man who you knew would not employ violence, who, if he discovered you, would simply demand his money back and call you a few hard names? Would that affect your skill?"

Blake's flabby face was doubtful.

"Oh, I guess if I was sure—" he began. "Once or twice I've sat opposite some guy like myself and put it all over him; but then I'd want to be dead sure," he added. "Anyway, that kind of a man ain't apt to play for much."

"Are you known at all here in Panama?" asked Klein, his blue eyes beginning to gleam.

"No; I just got in last night, busted. Slung dishes down here from San Diego."

"I will make you a proposition," said Klein. "It is the chance of your lifetime. There is a man in this city, a big Jew named Rosenthal, who has caused me to lose a great deal of money. He is a gambler, very rich, and willing to play for almost any stake. He is big and black and fierce-looking, but he will not fight. I pulled his nose and threw a glass of wine in his face and he took it before a roomful of players. Now I will stake you with $10,000. We can play together in the Hotel Marina, where he comes every evening, and you can appear to win all of my money at écarté and then he will want to play with you and you can taunt him into playing for very large stakes. I will give you half of all that you win until my share has reached $10,000, which is the amount that he cost me. After that you can keep for yourself all that you make; and the more that is, the better it will please me."

Blake listened with his eyes upon his cards. Once or twice he lifted them in a quick, shifting glance to the German's face, then dropped them again.

"Humph!" said he, when Klein had finished. "It sounds all right, but how do you know he'll play up?" He shuffled the cards nervously.

"Because," said Klein, "he has the reputation of being the most daring gambler in the West Indies—at cards, that is. He is too clever to play the wheel or faro or any game where the odds are against him."

"You're dead sure he's sandless?" asked Blake suspiciously. "You ain't lettin' me in for no rough-house?" His flaccid face was filled with distrust.

"No," said Klein. "I believe that he has courage enough, but he will not fight; it is not his nature."

"Where's your money?" asked Blake sulkily.

"Here is a thousand in my pocket," said Klein, "and drafts up to the value of ten thousand."

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"LET ME ALONE!" HE SHRIEKED. "LET ME GO!"

Blake began to lick his dry lips.

"Let's walk along a spell," he said. "I sort of want to think it over. . . ."

In a spacious stone-walled room of the old Hotel Marina, with the lap of water underneath the window and the strum of a guitar coming faintly from somewhere in the murky distance, Klein and the card trickster sat at a table and played their profitless game.

Presently some loungers entered and watched idly until at the end of the game they saw Klein shove a fifty-dollar bill toward his opponent; then their backs straightened and they watched with interest.

Presently a heavy tread sounded on the stairs, and Klein thrust his foot against Blake's. Rosenthal came in, glanced about the room with his wolfish glare, and his eyes lighted as they fell on Klein sitting at play with the sleek-faced stranger.

"Py Jiminy!" muttered the Jew, and



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walked up to the table. "Écarté? For how much?"

Neither of the players answered.

"*Fifty dollars a game!*" whispered a man.

"Py Jingo! That is not a bad game," said Rosenthal, and set himself to watch. As a game of écarté takes but a few minutes to play, the stake was a high one.

Klein and Blake played on, Klein losing steadily. A few others drifted in to watch the play. At ten o'clock Klein had apparently lost over $800. The poor light was favorable to Blake, who manipulated the cards for practise under the eyes of the spectators. Although the game was but a blind, Klein's sensitive nature reflected the tension of the crowd. His face was pale, his pupils dilated, and he sipped nervously at the glass of beer at his elbow. No one would have believed that the play was only a lure.

At twelve o'clock Klein turned a pallid face toward his opponent. He had lost, as it appeared, $1,000. He drew out his wallet and laid down his losings in ten bank-notes of $100 each.

"Mr. Blake," he said, "this is practically all of the money that I have at my disposal. Honor will not permit me to continue a game the losses of which I might be unable to pay."

A murmur ran around the room. Rosenthal gurgled.

"He played his hands like a schoolboy," he whispered harshly. "He does not know how to discard. Écarté is all in the draw."

Blake, an able actor, shifted uneasily in his chair, chewing the end of his cigar.

"Oh, well," he said, "I don't like to clean out a good sport. You had darned bad luck, Mr. Klein. . . ." He reached for Klein's money, then thrust toward him a fifty-dollar bill. "I always leave a man a stake," he said with boorish generosity. "Panama's a poor place to go broke in . . . hey, boys?" He glanced at the crowd.

"*He's* all right," said a voice from somewhere.

Rosenthal, his big face working with eagerness, leaned over the table. To fleece a man like Klein seemed to the world-wise Jew like tearing money from a child. Keen observer that he was and schooled in human character, he read Blake's face at its real value, and it cut him to his Semitic soul to see so weak a vessel taking money from a novice.

"Would you like to play a little more?" he asked. "It is a good game, écarté."

Blake glanced at his watch. "Not to-night, thanks," he answered with a yawn. "Too late, 'n' I got to go out to Culebra to-morrow. I'm a contractor, you know," he continued with a clever imitation of a bibulous confidence which embraced the roomful. "I come down here to make a bid on movin' dirt out o' the big ditch."

"It is not very late," said Rosenthal; "only twelve o'clock."

Blake yawned, then looked the Jew over with a slow indifference that would have been insulting to a dog.

"Oh, well," he said, with another yawn, "I don't mind playing for an hour more . . . that is, if you want to play for something." He looked again at Rosenthal as though to assay him socially and financially. "You people," he said, with an easy inference of the man's unmistakable race, "don't like to lose your money very well. Better let it alone, m' friend. You're up against an old hand."

The blood rushed into Rosenthal's fierce, Mephistophelian face; his huge black eyebrows were drawn down over his odd hazel eyes with their dark-brown dots. In his anger his accent lapsed.

"*Mein Gott!*" he burst out. "I vill play you for a t'ousand a game if you like!"

Blake laughed sneeringly.

"That's nearer my figure," he said; "I wish you had it."

"I vill show you vhat I have," snarled the Jew. "It is easy to see you are a stranger in the West Indies. Do you know who I am?" He threw out his great chest. "I am Isidor Rosenthal."

Blake summoned all of his rabbit's courage to give vent to a sneering laugh. The aspect of the big Jew was alarming. The red blood burned through his swarthy skin; his face was such as a master sculptor might have cut in half a dozen deep gashes; fierce, dominant, savage, almost demoniac. The whole torso was tense, big deltoids bunching under his black mohair coat, forearms putting the sleeves upon the stretch, and his brown, gem-laden fists cracking as he clenched them.

Blake admirably hid his fright; his flaccid face was white and his eyes had the look of a child about to be chastised; yet the man was an actor, an artist in all but spirit, and he was playing for a big stake. He summoned all of his feeble courage to brazen the thing out.

"Oh, well," he said, shuffling the cards, "I'll play with you for a thousand a game if

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you like. I guess your money is as good as anybody's, if you've got it with you. I thought maybe you had it all lent out at eighteen and a half per cent."

A ripple of nervous laughter went around the room. Rosenthal, his yellow teeth shining, reached in his pocket and hauled out a bulging wallet. Klein gazed at him in amazement. Not when he had pulled his nose in the club at Rio had the Jew's face exhibited such ferocity. Then a boy was trying to taunt him into a silly act; here a craven-hearted Gentile was daring him to stand forth armed with the Jew's own weapon, money, and fight him on his own field, the field of chance.

"You are right," snarled Rosenthal, "it *is* all out at interest, but I still carry with me a little with which to amuse myself of an evening."

He began to peel off bills of $100 each; still deeper he came to the five hundreds, all with the flourish of a ringmaster and a swing that should show those present what he held in his hands. The man was in his element. He loved to show his money; not in horses nor yachts nor railroads nor ships, but concretely, stamped in official type upon negotiable paper. He gloried in the dazzling effect of absolute money, whether it crackled or rang or scintillated from the facet of a stone.

A quiver ran through Blake at the sight of the naked money so shamelessly bared by the Jew, but it was a quiver of fright rather than of lust. Klein caught the weakening flicker on Blake's face and kicked him under the table. It was like putting the spur to an able but poor-spirited hunter confronted by a brush fence. Blake began to shuffle the cards.

"All right," he said, a bit tremulously; "when you get through waving that dough around the room I'll give you a run for some of it; only"—he leaned over and reached out his fat, gracile hand—"let's have a look at one of those big uns, pardner."

It was a master insult. Rosenthal grew white about the lips and just for a second Blake's fat throat was dangerously near the grip of the Jew's strong fingers. But Rosenthal was a man of the world.

"Py Jingo!" he cried, "I see you are not used to playing with real money. Here"—he tossed the entire roll to Blake—"examine them all; I will not even count them when they come back."

His thick lips parted in a dog-toothed grin. Blake glanced at the roll, then thrust it back untouched. He threw the cards upon the table and they cut for deal, Rosenthal cutting high, which in écarté makes the deal.

"For how much?" asked Blake as Rosenthal dealt three, then two, cards to each.

The Jew shrugged. "For what you like," he said; then before laying down the trump glared at the trickster from under his black eyebrows. "Did I not hear you say something about a thousand a game?"

Blake gulped in his dry throat.

"I . . . I'm game," he answered huskily.

"Good," said Rosenthal, and they began to play.

The Jew was a born gambler; he played honestly but with an acumen that discounted cheap trickery; but Blake, although no true gambler, was no cheap trickster. He was a master of legerdemain, and his manipulation of the cards while playing with Klein under the eyes of the Jew had given him confidence.

Rosenthal, for all his experience in games of chance, did not suspect his adversary. His instincts were keen as those of a woman or a wild animal. He felt Blake's lack of force and the resulting contempt blinded him to the danger in the man. An experience of many years had taught him to associate clever trickery with cool nerve.

Rosenthal won the first game and took $1,000 from Blake. The trickster's odds were two to one; he might win on the Jew's deal; if he willed it so, he was certain to win on his own. Yet with these odds in his favor his face was ashen and bathed in sweat; and this, too, was, as far as appearance went, all in his favor, for Rosenthal chuckled inwardly at the trepidation of his adversary. Rosenthal himself was entirely honest. He could be cruel, cunning, and remorseless as a weasel, as in the matter of Klein's coffee, but he had never stolen a cent in his life, nor had he needed to do so with his genius for money-getting.

The game went on. Blake, cheating only when it became necessary, began to take thousand after thousand from the Jew. Rosenthal's savage features became set in a puzzled scowl. Perhaps because of confidence in his own skill, or because of some subtle instinct, before long he became suspicious. He began to watch, not openly, but with the baffling intentness of a cat drowsing before a stove and peering through the slits of her eyes at a rat-hole across the room. He looked less and less at the

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trickster; he appeared to be concentrating every faculty upon his own play in a desperate effort to recoup; yet his eyes, shifting and slanting under their bushy black eyebrows, did not miss the minutest detail in the movements of Blake's hands, and the trickster, conscious of this close scrutiny in some impalpable way peculiar to gamblers, stopped cheating.

Klein, closely watching the man, saw that something was amiss, for Blake was becoming frightened and could feel his assurance oozing from every pore. There was some subtle emanation from the half-tamed Hebrew that seemed to paralyze in the trickster all of the quickness of mind and hand necessary to the deception that he practised. It was simply that his weak will was squeezed of its feeble essence by the dominant vital force of the Jew. Rosenthal himself felt in some vague way his growing ascendency, and his merciless strength began to swell within him.

Blake had been cheating but rarely, whenever it was necessary to make a gradual gain, but the knowledge that he *could* win at any time had given him confidence and helped his game. Now, with the scant nerve wrung from him, he began to falter and to play in a dazed way, gray in the face, blue about the lips, the dew standing in drops under the long, straight hair falling over his forehead, while his mild, dishonest eyes were filled with the pained expression one sees in the eyes of a sheep in the shambles. Klein watched him with a nauseated loathing.

Game by game the score drifted back to its starting-point and presently a sigh went up from the watchers when, after such a juggling of fortune as few of them had ever seen before, a game won by the Jew brought the players back to their original positions.

Rosenthal brought his big fist down upon the table with a blow that made the floor tremble.

"*Mein Gott!*" he roared. "Py Jiminy! A full hour we play and I lose eighteen t'ousand and win it back again; and I have such excitements as alone are vort' all the money on the table, and my frendt here is nearly dead of heart disease, and the color of fresh caviar ar-roundt his mout'—and all wit' not'ing done!"

Blake leaned back in his chair. "I guess that's about enough," he said feebly, and his face was that of an old man. "My heart *ain't* so good as it might be, and I can't stand much nervous excitement."

"No," said Rosenthal, "you are a fool to play. You have not the nerve for a gambler, my frendt, even with Gentiles! But to play with a Jew who is afraid to lose his money and does not vant to stake much on a game . . . that is all right!" And again the harsh laugh crashed out. Rosenthal leaned forward across the table until his bearded face was less than a foot from that of the trickster.

"I tell you vat we do!" he rasped out; "we cannot afford to waste all of this time for not'ing. We play one little game for ten t'ousand dollars and stop!"

Blake reached in his pocket and drew out a bandanna handkerchief, with which he mopped his humid face. Under the table Klein was crushing his foot beneath his own, but Blake did not feel it. His brain was whirling; he pulled himself together with difficulty. It seemed as if the Jew had played directly into his hand in his daring proposal. Blake was holding the cards; it was only necessary for him to shuffle, fling them upon the table to cut for deal . . . and he knew that he would cut high. Then he would deal, and once the cards were in his trained hands there could be no question of his winning if—if—*if* he could summon the nerve to do his part!

He drew a deep breath; Klein was still crushing his foot beneath his own, and all at once Blake felt the pain of it and the faintest tinge of color crept into his flaccid face.

"All right," he said with a gulp. "Here she goes then for ten thousand! You're a better sport than I took ye for, frien'!" He began to shuffle with the beautiful and unconscious dexterity of the accomplished card-player. Rosenthal nodded and dropped his eyes from his opponent's face to the pack . . . and Blake felt the prying glance of the Jew spraying his hands like a tongue of icy flame.

He threw the cards upon the table and they cut. Blake cut a king; he was taking no chances; on this final game he was prepared to accept suspicion if only he could avoid detection. He gathered up the cards, threw them together, shuffled rapidly but with infinite care, and had commenced to deal, when something happened.

No one knew just what it was, not even Rosenthal, whose eyes were like those of a lynx; nevertheless, in the high tension of the moment the knowledge that something was amiss flashed around the table like an electric current. Only Blake knew that he had

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made a slip, that in some incomprehensible way he had missed the card on which the hand depended and that he would in some way have to get three trumps on the draw!

So he went for his trumps under the eyes of the whole roomful, and he got them, with consummate skill but with a nervous quiver of one finger that betrayed him to the Jew.

Rosenthal dropped his eyes to hide the lurid gleam in their depths. He waited, just for a second, until Blake had bunched the cards in his hand . . . and then, with a motion as quick as the blow of a leopard, his big hand flew across the table and the strong, sinewy fingers locked around the flabby wrist of the trickster and closed there in a grip of steel that bound the tendons fast, making it impossible for the man to open or shut his hand.

"Do not move!" purred Rosenthal in a tiger's bass. "If you do, I vill cr-rack your skull like a hen's egg. Ha, ha, ha! . . . vill some gentleman open this hand which I hold? I t'ink you vill find von more car-rd as there should be . . . and if there iss not I vill apologize and gif to Mr. Blake his ten t'ousand dollars on the spot!"

For a moment no one moved; then two men at Blake's elbow stepped to the table, and as Rosenthal's terrible grip relaxed, they opened the soft fist and disclosed . . . six cards.

"*Pouf!*" cried Rosenthal, blowing out his cheeks. "I t'ought so! *Pouf!*" The lamps flared as he blew out his breath.

Blake struggled to his feet, glancing warily from side to side.

"Kill the crook!" growled some one from the back of the room.

"That's right!" cried a man. "Bust in his head, the . . ."

The snarlings rose suddenly to a roar; a man thrust himself forward and aimed a blow at the trickster, but Blake, with a scream of terror, sprang behind his chair.

"Let me alone!" he shrieked. "Let me go! He can have the money! It's all a plant anyway—it's all *his* fault!" He pointed toward Klein, who was crowding toward him with the vague idea of protecting this nerveless thing whom his act had caused to stand in danger of his life.

So the German thrust forward to shield Blake from the mob, but the trickster, crazed with fear, had snatched a revolver from his pocket, and as Klein sprang forward he mistook his motive. Thinking that the German meant to clear himself at his expense, Blake aimed the weapon at his head. At the same instant Rosenthal flung himself forward, gripped Blake by the shoulder, and threw him on his back across the table. There was a loud report, a clamor of shouts and oaths, then silence, and so they stood waiting until the smoke should clear.

Rosenthal's heavy voice boomed through the murk.

"Oudt! All of you, if you do not vant to go to jail! The police are coming!"

The threat had the desired effect; the spectators slipped from the room. Most of them were men for whom the atmosphere of a police court held unsavory recollections. But the heavy stone walls of the place had retained the clamor, and presently the air thinned and revealed Rosenthal still holding the passive trickster on his back across the table, and Klein staring at him, white-faced and wild-eyed.

"Are you hit?" asked Rosenthal.

"No," answered Klein, his eyes fixed on the chest of the Jew's mohair coat, torn away beneath the arm and smoldering upon the edges, "but I am afraid that you are."

The Jew clapped his free hand to the rent and drew it away blood-stained.

"Py Jingo!" he said coolly, "but this snake haf bit me!"

Before Klein left the Isthmus he went to the French Hospital to say good-by to Rosenthal. The Jew was not dangerously hurt.

"I have to thank you for my life," said Klein stiffly. "If you had not grabbed that fool he would have fired his pistol in my face. I wish that he had, but nevertheless I appreciate your action."

Rosenthal grinned. "My boy," said he, "in a few days you will be glad that he did not. You are yet very young—too young to understand, like me, how very funny has been this whole affair. I haf laughed about it until that scratch upon my rib has bled!"

And the Jew threw back his massive head and laughed until the tears ran from his mottled eyes.

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MISS GIULIA MOROSINI.

She wears princess gowns adorned with diamond buttons, and extends her love of rich garniture to her horses.

# "The Ladies' Game"

## by Gertrude Lynch

*"Next to the gentleman's game of hunting, we must put the ladies' game of dressing. It is not the cheapest of games."*—RUSKIN.

CORALIE and I have been friends for years. Indeed, our intimacy began long ago in a certain New England village, when, as small girls, we occupied adjoining desks at school. That little Jennie B—— no, after all, I won't disclose Coralie's identity—should have developed into the most famous, the most successful, and, perhaps crowning distinction, the most *expensive* dressmaker in New York, is a fact that never fails to impress me. Not that Coralie had ever been the ugly duckling of the fairy story—far from it; but her painstaking mind and her studious industry had seemed to promise for her a future no more brilliant than the Normal School and a teacher's career. What passed for Providence intervened, however, and now our paths lie far apart. For the profession by which I exist has forced me to deal critically with those very frailties of



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modern life to which it is Coralie's business to cater. Yet, sometimes, I am inclined to think that, in her shrewd way, my friend is really the better observer, the keener critic.

It was shortly after her latest visit to the shops of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna that I accepted Coralie's invitation to dine with her at Sherry's on a Sunday evening.

We glided along Fifth Avenue in a smart little electric brougham — Coralie's latest acquisition, fresh proof of her success—past dimly lighted houses, palaces in size and suggestion. Sharper nebulæ of light fell beneath the raised shades of great windows in the pretentious hotels that seemed to punctuate the street like exclamation points. Within were glimpses of gay colors, white shirt fronts, confusion and feasting. Everywhere there was a crowd; for it was the dinner hour on New York's favorite night for dining abroad.

We waited our turn in the moving line of motors and carriages that stretched along the avenue and into Forty-fourth Street, like the curve of some splendid serpent with eyes of fire. We left our brougham at the entrance of the restaurant. The soft path of carpet brought us up the steps and within the doors, and we stood for a moment, our wraps taken from us as if by magic, to survey the kaleidoscopic groups of men and women in the great entrance hall. We threaded our way under the guidance of a head waiter to whom Coralie's is a well-known presence, past tables shining with glass and silver and crowned with roses and orchids as if for some rite. Gay hats nodded like more splendid flowers under the drooping palms, jewels flashed in the radiance of a hundred shaded lights, and the deep pulse of violins, played in a waltz, throbbed through the murmur of many voices.

The impression was of a very abandon of luxury. "Extravagance, extravagance!" I exclaimed almost involuntarily, as we sat looking about. "Think, if you dare, how much money there is in this room in mere clothes! Where do you suppose it all comes from? It's overwhelming!"

"Extravagance?" Coralie picked up the word defensively. "Yes, but it's New York, remember. Here's where the wealth of the nation centers; here's where the greatest fortunes are; why not then the most lavish expenditure? It's a matter of relations."

*Photograph by J. A. Millar.*

A $5,000 COSTUME

Made for Miss Morosini. It is lavishly embellished by sequins put on by hand and represents several months' labor.

She paused to look at a group of persons about to seat themselves at the square table next to our own. There were six—three men and three women. The former classified themselves, in their well-groomed sleekness, their pride of possession, and their air of imperturbability, as types of the New Yorker of club and Wall Street manufacture. The women, all of them gowned with studied and luxurious elaboration, had given my companion smiles of recognition.

Dropping her jeweled lorgnette, Coralie turned again to me. "I

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can't tell you where the money all comes from," she said, "but how much is spent on the clothes we see here—*that* is my subject. I know about clothes. Take these people next us, to begin with. They are all customers of mine in a way. That woman with the gray hair, who is helping her husband order dinner, has been coming to me for years."

I raised my eyes to a vision in Nile green crêpe de chine. Panels of white chiffon, charmingly embroidered with jet and opalescent beads, followed the princess lines of the gown from throat to train. The elbow sleeves were finished with ruffles of rare Italian lace, and garnitures of pearls and opals were cunningly introduced. The gown suited its owner to perfection—a woman neither young nor old—in whom the grace of youth and the dignity of middle age had met.

"That costume came from my house," Coralie was saying. "I am rather pleased with it"—a note of professional satisfaction colored her tone—"and it cost Mrs. C—— exactly $700. I consider her a very well-dressed woman, by the way, and not extravagant—as extravagance goes. She always gets the worth of her money; and if one *has* the money and chooses to spend it, what matters! I don't believe her bills for clothes come to more than $18,000 or $20,000 a year."

"Twenty thousand dollars a year! Seven hundred dollars for a frock!"

"Don't be alarmed," Coralie's hand waved back the interruption; "that is nothing unusual! The perfectly plain, perfectly simple, Doucet gown that Mrs. C——'s sister—the young girl nearest us—is wearing, didn't cost a penny less than $700, over here; and I'm inclined to think that the other woman—she's worth $10,000,000 in her own right, I'm told—paid rather more for her gown of *point Venise*; it came from Maurice Meyer's. And there are a dozen gowns of the same sort in this room. There's a woman over there—Mrs. M——, whose wardrobe, it is said, contains over three hundred gowns! She declared in a newspaper interview that she spent $200,000 a year for her clothes!

MRS. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT

And some friends at the Hollywood Horse Show. Mrs. Vanderbilt dresses simply, and her costume, including hat and parasol, probably did not cost over $150. The gowns worn by her companions cost several times that amount.

"*That* seems excessive, even to me," Coralie ran on, "but I know the possibilities. For instance, I was in the house of the three Callat sisters in Paris only last year, and I saw, with my own eyes, a New York woman order twenty-five gowns for the season. I know the prices charged there, and those gowns couldn't have cost less than $300 apiece. That represents the average for such women as are here to-night much more nearly than Mrs. M——'s $200,000; yes, and the average for gatherings such as this in other great capitals, too. For there is no truth in the common notion that American women dress more extravagantly than those of any other nation. It may be that *more* American women dress well, but extravagance is an international characteristic, not merely national.

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MRS. HARRY BROOKS SARGEANT.

At the Casino at Deal Beach, in an embroidered gown which, with the hat, could not have cost less than $500.

And I believe that wealthy Russian women, at least, spend rather more on clothes than do Americans. Their furs alone cost fortunes. Once on the train going from St. Petersburg to Paris I noticed a party of Russian women all wearing coats of sable, and not one of those coats, I am sure, could have cost less than $40,000. In Berlin, the same winter, the manager of a great dressmaking house told me that he had been at infinite pains, really scouring Europe, to get an extra sable skin to match some others used in the trimming of a gown ordered by a South American. For that skin alone he had to charge his customer $3,000! That's not an exceptional illustration of extravagance among South Americans, either. From Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres the women make their annual trips to Paris costumers. Oh, it's a mistake, believe me, to suppose that the wives of American millionaires are the sole support of the rue de la Paix."

Coralie paused, smiling at her own earnestness in defense of her countrywomen. "But I must give you more facts," she began again, "since $700 seemed to you so astounding a sum for one frock. What will you think when I tell you that a woman who wishes the name of being well dressed, as fashion knows the term, must have at least five or six of these imported costumes; also an equal number of domestic afternoon and evening dresses and of tailor-made gowns. There must be an appropriate hat for every out-of-door gown; and these cost anywhere from $50 to $100 or $200 apiece. In summer, a fashionable woman must have forty or fifty lingerie gowns, ranging from the cobweb of lace to the simple mull, costing not more

MRS. HERMAN P. TAPPÉ AND MRS. E. V. HARTFORD.

A hand-embroidered linen gown such as the one Mrs. Tappé wears will cost $300, while her hat probably cost between $50 and $75. Mrs. Hartford appears in a lingerie princess gown showing elaborate handwork, which cost in the neighborhood of $300.

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than $150. She must have morning gowns —she will pay $125 for a simple muslin with perhaps two yards of inexpensive lace on it. Half a dozen evening coats for winter, and an equal number of lace or silk for summer, are a matter of course. When the Irish lace

AN ECCENTRIC COSTUME

Made from a French model. It cost $300, while the plumes on the hat are valued at $50 each.

A HAT WORTH $100.

Which is only one of many that a fashionable woman must have. The coat, of hand-wrought imported lace, cost $3,000.

crochet coat first became popular, one shop here sold 450 in a month, no one of them priced less than $200. And the accessories are in proportionate extravagance; for lingerie, handkerchiefs, scarves, and fans $5,000 or $6,000 a year is a conservative estimate. We are living in an age of luxury, indeed; but what would you have? It is good for us dressmakers, at any rate; and one must live!"

## II

REGARDING the prices of clothes, it is of course to Paris—the habitat of the dressmaker—that we must turn for comparisons. We soon find that in almost every instance prices are higher here in America than there, even when liberal allowances for the payment of customs duties are made. For instance, the French model gown sells for from one-third to two-thirds more in New York than in Paris. Indeed, the Parisian dressmaker demands a higher price from an American professional buyer than from an ordinary French customer. There is reason in this: the dressmaker knows perfectly well that the model will be copied hundreds of times in America—that Eldorado of careless luxury —by the buyer, who will reap tremendous harvests of profit with no very great outlay.* For the model can be repeated in domestic

* The profit on simple dresses is greater than that on elaborate ones, the profit on an ordinary shirtwaist suit being almost 200 per cent. On coats and evening gowns the profit is reckoned from 75 to 150 per cent. of the cost and labor.

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AN EVENING COAT OF EMBROIDERED SATIN.

The ermine lining alone cost $1,000. The embroidery is exquisite hand-work and added $200 to the cost of the garment.

THE NECESSARY TAILOR GOWN.

The plainest tailor gown costs $150 or more. The cost is counted not so much in materials as in perfection of fit and beauty of lines.

materials; and it may even be sold again, when the exclusive dressmaker is through with it, to the wholesale dealer, who will use it as a model for his ready-made stock.

Profiting by experience, and knowing the recklessness of rich Americans in the pursuit of what they want, most of the Parisian *couturières*, milliners, and makers of lingerie have arranged a special scale of prices, which affects not only the professional buyer, but the casual shopper as well. For example, a gown that a Frenchman may secure for $150, $175, or $200 may bring $300 from an American.

Perhaps fewer New York women buy their clothes in Paris now than in the past. It had long been the fashion to bring home a season's dresses with the mark of Parisian makers on them; it still is certainly possible to get great "value" for the money spent in some of the smaller and less well-known establishments. But, nowadays, our New York dressmakers have developed wonderfully; they display real originality; indeed, one of the real leaders of fashionable New York recently declared that she is now buying her clothes in America because it is no longer necessary to get them abroad.

Coralie admits candidly that, like most other trades, dressmaking is a game—"a game," she says, "played by cautious and skilful hands. If our rival gets a good idea, a new color scheme, we must get a better one; we must know the tricks of our opponents; we must spend money without stint to keep ourselves *au fait* in the world of dress. New York is Mecca to thousands of women who come from all over the United States to buy or to obtain ideas for home consumption in the dressmaking establishments from coast to coast. Women are employed at handsome salaries by the big



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shops, merely to go about and glean ideas. Our ambition is to make it impossible for the American woman to find in Europe anything as good as she can find at home, even if she pays more for it, as she has to do."

But what gay and fashionable lady, to whom the acquisition of clothes has become a career, their wearing an art; whose husband or father encourages her because he regards her appearance as an asset, a tangible proof to the world of his prosperity and devotion; who haunts the houses of Redfern, Lichtenstein, Hickson, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Ward, Jacqueline, Carroll, Oaksmith, Louise, and the rest, ever gives a moment's thought to the relation of cost to value? *Clothes* she must have, for every place, season, climate, hour, and occasion, and she gets them where she can best please herself, her husband, her friends, or, if she live in the limelight, her public.

Above all things, as the desire for elaborate dressing grows, she feels that she must not be distanced in the race; and so, as if in answer to Kipling's plea, though for a far different object, she "buys, buys, buys"—each gown to be worn but a few times and cast aside. Of the various costly accessories, a pair of gloves is worn but once; and delicate shoes, made of imported leather to match the tint of a fabric, suffer a similar eclipse after a début in a ball-room. For many women pride themselves on never wearing a cleaned garment. After a couple of wearings they will send an imported gown to a second-hand dealer, receiving a $100 bill for the creation that may have cost $800. The dealer sells it to an actress starting on her tour, to the society leader of a small town, or to a member of the demi-monde.

On the other hand, the woman who patronizes the cleaning establishments spends there from $1,500 to $1,800 a year. For when one pays $20 to have a lace gown cleaned after a single wearing; when gloves by the hundred and blouses fifty at a time are sent to be renovated, it does not take long to reach a sum that parallels the salary on which many a man supports a family.

A moment before, Coralie had spoken of "credit."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that an American woman who could afford to spend $50,000 or $60,000 a year on clothes would demand a favor of this kind of a dressmaker?"

Coralie's shrug was expressive.

"The names of society leaders must be on the books of a successful house; and the knowledge that these debtors will not be unduly embarrassed is often the reason for their patronage. For an establishment to insist upon payment is considered an acknowledgment of weakness. Resort to litigation results in a cabal, formed by the woman sued and her friends, who withdraw their custom to place it with a rival firm whose tact and capital can better stand such emergencies. Sometimes a woman is carried on the books of an establishment to the extent of twenty or thirty thousand dollars.

"In dealing with this question of credit, the Parisian is cleverer than are we," Coralie continued. "A woman who seeks to establish credit with him is met suavely, but she cannot obtain immediate attention. She is made to feel that an audience in a couple of days is a favor. The time is taken advantage of to find out her husband's position; if he is 'safe,' an unlimited credit is graciously accorded. If, on the other hand, the woman is the stage comet of the season, or an actress whose extravagance is notorious, the subject of a cash settlement is broached very guardedly, so that no offense can be taken, and is suavely insisted upon."

Constant attention to dress has borne its logical fruit: the incessant desire for acquisition, the daily passion for buying has become a well-recognized form of dissipation. A woman goes into a shop with the possible intention of buying a single hat; she comes out the not wholly satisfied possessor of a dozen! Indeed, any clever saleswoman, reading the unmistakable signs of this habit in an eager and wandering eye, may dispose of almost anything she chooses to such a customer. She will tell you that it is not unusual for a woman of wealth and fashion to order ten or fifteen gowns at an establishment that the latter will declare she entered merely to "look about." Who can say that this same passion has not led her elsewhere with equally lavish results?

For it is not only the high-priced dressmakers that one must consider in discussing the extravagance of American women. In New York City alone are 4,800 firms that manufacture ready-made garments for women. Many of these are designed from imported models. Sixteen hundred gowns a day have been sold in a shop that gets its supply from one of these places.

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"You mean," I questioned, "that when we buy a $50 gown in a Sixth Avenue department store, we are really buying a French gown so far as essentials are concerned?"

"Certainly," said Coralie, "for there are only a few dressmakers in this country who are daring enough to originate. Manufacturers go abroad for models. Yet, on the other hand, the French often borrow from American customers their original ideas. Years ago, when pretty Juliette Paquin appeared one famous day at Armenonville in a simple white linen suit with Eton jacket, distinct among the elaborate gowns that represented millions of dollars, she said frankly to her admirers that she had taken the idea from an American girl. It is not only our American dollars, but the clever caprices of American customers that have helped in making these establishments."

A New York woman, whose extravagance in dress is equaled by her candor, once explained—she did not seem to think an "excuse" necessary—that she regarded any criticism of her expenditure as uncalled for.

"I dress as well as my taste and my income allow, for two reasons," she is reported as saying. "The first is a woman's reason: I like to look well. And the other is this: It is the best way I know of to do good with the money that fortune has so kindly bestowed on me!"

There is, of course, a grain of truth in this last statement. The circulation of great sums of money certainly conveys a benefit at large. It makes employment possible and insures the acquirement of the necessities of life by many. But in the case of a profession so dependent as is that of the dressmaker on long credits and large surpluses of capital, it is easy enough to see that the profits go to the sharp brains, the calculating heads of the business. Certainly the little tailor on the East Side of New York who received *six dollars* for the entire making of a suit that the Fifth Avenue tailor who employed him sold to the wife of one of our Presidents for $200, has small reason to be satisfied with *his* share of the profit! Nor can the little apprentices in a fashionable establishment, who get from $3 to $5 for a week of toil, feel any particular enthusiasm for this especial manner of distribution.* Indeed, the women whose energies and attention are turned to the subject of dress are seldom of the type that stops to think of *reasons*, economical or altruistic. So if, in their kindly and careless sowing, some of the seed fall on good ground, why, let us be simply grateful and not ask a question that philanthropists and cynics alike have never been able to answer.

## III

"CORALIE," said I, when we found ourselves in the trim little brougham again, rolling almost noiselessly downtown, "you have given me a strange jumble of facts and fancies. Tell me, isn't there anyone whose dress is not worth computation in figures, whose jewels are not described in newspapers, who can walk unseen and talk unheard, and who does not insist on dining in public every night of her life?"

Coralie laughed and patted my hand. "Of course there is, my dear, and there are many more than you think! There are women who rarely see the inside of Sherry's, and of whose existence the paragrapher is quite ignorant, yet who are figures of power, influence, and authority in the world of society. Only the other day, in speaking of this very subject, a woman of wealth, position, cleverness, and fashion, who is noted for the beauty of her own gowns, is said to have declared that among her acquaintances she knew of many who dressed admirably on $5,000 a year.

"But women of this sort," Coralie went on, "cannot be called typical of modern American civilization. Although they stand for the best side of it, if you will, and certainly the most conservative, they do not represent the great restless entity that we call New York. My dear, it isn't New York alone; it's Chicago, it's Pittsburgh, it's a score of individual civilizations that merge in this great metropolis of ours."

"One thing more, Coralie," I interrupted, "before you develop some startling conclusion on these broad lines; does this extravagance in dress, to which it would seem that American women are all too prone, tend in any way to the demoralization of the American man?"

Coralie laughed. "How can it help doing so?" she cried. "It is from the American man

* The scale of wages is practically the same in the majority of the large American establishments, and the staff may number from three hundred to five hundred persons. Apprentices earn from $3 to $5 a week; helpers, from $6 to $10; sleeve-hands and figure-models, from $15 to $25; and saleswomen, from $15 to $50. Ordinary designers get from $1,500 to $2,000 a year, and expert and exclusive designers are paid from $5,000 to $10,000.

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that the necessary money comes; it is, perhaps, largely to please him that it is spent in this way. And, if he is the source and the beneficiary, why shouldn't he, by all that is just, be sometimes the sufferer? Undoubtedly, certain bankruptcies, separations, divorces, and even suicides may be laid at the door of many a woman whose passion for fine clothes has led her to desperate expedients. I remember hearing of one millionaire in the West who really *was* reduced to poverty by his wife's love of dress. But I do not believe that instances in which this extravagance has been the direct cause of disaster are very common. There are all too many other and larger ways," she added knowingly, "in which a man may ruin himself without the aid of our poor sex. A woman isn't necessarily extravagant merely because she happens to spend great sums of money. She is extravagant, as far as real harm is concerned, only when she spends beyond her income. I've seen wives and daughters of poor professional men who in their limited way were far more of a drain on the family resources and a far more serious menace to the family integrity than many rich women. It's all a question of *degree*, and if we can only hold to some just sense of proportion—in this ostentatious, fast-moving age I grant you that's not an easy thing to do—I don't believe that we shall ever find ourselves beyond the reach of remedy."

From the top of the steep steps at the door of my little house, I stood a moment looking into the night. Already, with the ever lessening whir of Coralie's brougham, the impressions of the evening were taking their proper places in the background of my memory. The gorgeous room, the scent of flowers, the esthetic grace that refines even our hunger, the rhythm of violins against murmuring voices, the rosy lights that fell in splendors of form, color, and radiance—the whole riot of luxury, at once barbaric in its splendor and ultra-modern in its manifestation, seemed gradually to crystallize into an entity.

"Ah," I thought, "it is a wonderful thing, this luxury! It means the possession of ease, comfort, and beauty. Does that imply the absence of anxiety, care, and ugliness, I wonder? I'm afraid not; for, in its excess, luxury spoils not only itself but its good qualities, and demands the payment of an inevitable penalty. It is right that those who have much should pay much; but how about those who work that others may possess? Is there a payment for them to make, too, in this strange system of life's economy?"

And, suddenly, I was reminded of the poor little child who, working in a shop every day for a wretched wage, turned drearily from the artificial violets over which she was toiling. "I hate flowers," she said, "and I wish God had never made them, so that I needn't have to do this!"

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# The Swamp Dogwood

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

THIS is mine hour and my glory. See
These red, red leaves of mine that bar thy way!
Thou knowest me; for 'twas not yesterday
I found thine arms and paid thee for the glee
Wherewith my stems were torn. In amity
I warn thee, then, from far; this wild display
Of these my leaves' incarnadined array
Is wrought thus for a sign 'twixt thee and me:

That in thy circuits thou shalt know me well;
And when at summer's end there is the dull
Bassoon-call of strange insects in the lull,
And every marsh is brimming with the stale
Of long sun-harrowed months implacable,
Beware of me, lest madness end thy tale.

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# Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

*Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good"*

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE OFFICE BOY IN HIGH FINANCE

IN this world," says the old philosophy, "man may not get something for nothing, but renders a return for all he may acquire."

But where? Not in the fertile regions of high finance, certainly. There to get valuable properties and to pay nothing for them is the essence of the game.

True, you cannot always play that game without disagreeable half-hours, but sitting tight and abiding in your faith in the American tolerance, you shall still win at the end. As you may observe in this story, told here to illustrate other phases of the ability that distinguishes the successful man in these pleasant regions.

In New York we have banks that are called banks and banks that are called trust companies, the difference lying in a more liberal attitude of the law toward the banks that are called trust companies. Many trust companies have been organized in the last twenty years, and some of them have had historic careers. One, called the State Trust Company, was founded in 1890 by Mr. Willis S. Paine, as a kind of collateral enterprise of the American Surety Company, of which Mr. Paine was a director. The business of the American Surety Company being chiefly to bond employees and to indemnify employers, the premiums from its policies constantly produced for it a considerable stream of ready money. Now to have ready money instead of credits to handle is a great thing in the Wall Street game. One that has control of the investing of much ready money can do well and lawfully although the money be not his. The gentlemen back of the American Surety Company thought it was a great deal better to invest the premium money than to have it in a bank subject to somebody else's investing. But the law rigidly restricts the investing of insurance funds by insurance companies. Hence the utility of a trust company that is really a branch of the insurance company but operates under another name—an advantage thoroughly appreciated by the big life-insurance companies in the palmy days before 1905.

The capital stock of the State Trust Company was $1,000,000, subscribed at 150, so it began business with a surplus of $500,000 in addition to its capital.

In order to secure permanently the control of the trust company by the insurance company, and to perfect the alias under which the insurance company was also to do business as a bank, more than one-quarter of the trust company's stock was held in the treasury of the surety company, and with more than another quarter there was created that beautiful and efficient device, a Voting Trust. That is, the subscribers to this part of the stock surrendered their voting rights to trustees that were bound to vote as the surety company might direct. Mr. Paine was president of the State Trust Company and a majority of the trustees were connected also with the American Surety Company.



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For some years the State Trust Company sailed an even and uneventful course, being reputed a good conservative institution and performing agreeably its functions as the banking alias of an insurance company. In 1898 it had a surplus and undivided profits of $1,250,000, and deposits of $10,000,000, having paid six per cent. dividends and kept on the windward side of the law. But in that year the Whitney-Ryan syndicate, under the inspiration of Mr. R. A. C. Smith (a gifted gentleman with a career in connection with the business side of the Spanish-American war) secured possession of the American Surety Company and therewith, of course, control of the State Trust Company.

It is well to control a trust company that is making good dividends, but better to own it, particularly if you have many schemes and design to use the trust company as a financial adjunct of your scheming. The syndicate had the one-quarter block of stock. This it used as a nucleus. It then went to the other stockholders and persuaded or coerced them into parting with one-half of their holdings at 200, which was about the current price, promising that after the programmed reorganization the price would be raised to 400, so that the half each stockholder retained would then be worth as much as his entire holdings had been worth before. Next it effected on the Real Estate Exchange some ostensible sales of the stock (made by one syndicate member to another) at 400, which established a market rate at that figure. Then it borrowed money on the stock as collateral, at or near this artificial price, and with the money thus obtained it paid for the stock it had secured from the other stockholders—a small but pleasing illustration of the game before referred to, and tending to show that no man need go without any property if he will take the right way to get it.

### ENTER ABRAM KLING

Among the original stockholders of the State Trust Company and directors of the American Surety Company was one Abram Kling. He had 190 shares in the trust company and 400 in the surety company. He said that one day Mr. Ryan called him on the telephone and cordially invited him to sell one-half of his holdings in the trust company. He declined. Subsequently he gave the following version of the rest of the conversation:

Mr. Ryan—Well, in that case, Mr. Kling, if you refuse to sell, you understand, we shall have to remove you from the board of the surety company.

Mr. Kling—You go to the devil.

Whereupon, he said, he hung up the receiver.

Immediately afterward he was dropped from the directorate.

### "PROMOTERS' PARADISE"

Mr. Kling clung (to speak in the manner of a conjugation) to his stock, and observed the sailing of the reorganized company. He may have had other motives than pure philanthropy; I do not know. It may be admitted that in these days pure philanthropy seldom journeys in New York below Fourteenth Street. And he may not have been the only person that for unpublished reasons regarded with suspicion the new owners. Anyway, neither Mr. Ryan nor Wall Street was yet through with Mr. Kling, whose name was destined in the next few years to become reasonably well known to both.

Meantime, the syndicate took possession of the ship and put in charge thereof officers dependable for syndicate purposes—Mr. Walter S. Johnston as president, and a serviceable secretary. On the new board of directors appeared the names of some gentlemen already well known to us—Elihu Root (now Secretary of State), Thomas F. Ryan, H. H. Vreeland (president of the Metropolitan Traction Company), William C. Whitney, P. A. B. Widener, and R. A. C. Smith. Of these, Mr. Root, Mr. Vreeland, Mr. Ryan, and Mr. Smith were also directors in the American Surety Company.

The office of the State Trust Company was No. 100 Broadway. So was the office of the American Surety Company. So also was the office of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan. So also, pleasantly enough, were the offices of many stock companies, real, imaginary, plausible, potential, projected, prospective, and decoy, that the syndicate found useful to it in its business. The more companies, the easier becomes the application of the Formula for Wealth and the issuing of securities for other people to pay. Some of these companies were schemes of an exceedingly light and airy nature, having, in fact, no other substance than some sheets of paper. Captain Gulliver would have found much subject for remark among them, for they strongly recalled the Island of Laputa. They gave to No. 100

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Broadway a certain distinction not, perhaps, wholly desirable for serious enterprises whose object is ordinary business and dividends. The place was known as the "Promoters' Paradise."

### FIVE HOURS OF HOUSE-CLEANING

Under its new management the State Trust Company seemed to fare excellently well. Its deposits increased; so did its loans. It gathered much money of other people for the disposition of the syndicate. It was known as the financial agent for many of the syndicate's multifarious enterprises. It was a bank of deposit for the syndicate's Metropolitan Traction Company. To the outside world it looked like a portly and well-conducted institution; inside its doors, as we know now, business went swimmingly and to the satisfaction of the gentlemen whose ability, energy, and foresight had created much of the property out of nothing. In November, 1899, the state bank examiner looked upon the company's affairs and said that they were good, and the company's statement, January 1, 1900, showed that its deposits had increased nearly $5,000,000, for on that date it had $14,829,116.55 of other people's money to deal with and total resources of $17,122,411.57. Its profits in the preceding year had been $830,920.50, and it had paid six per cent. dividends. All was well, therefore, at No. 100 Broadway.

Suddenly, in the midst of this fair day and cloudless sky, a bolt fell. On January 11, 1900, Mr. Kling presented to the Governor of New York a long communication in which he made specific and very grave charges against the management of the State Trust Company, and petitioned for the appointment of a commissioner to investigate the company's affairs. He declared that the directors, in violation of the express mandates of the law, had repeatedly lent to themselves the company's assets; that they had lent money to themselves under other persons' names upon questionable or worthless security and upon none at all; that they had lent to individual borrowers sums in excess of the legal limits, and that their general course had been lawless and such as to imperil the safety of the institution and the stability of business. These charges, if true, were enough to send the whole board of directors to the penitentiary for long terms.

Mr. Kling not only delivered his petition to the governor, but what was still worse, the next day he made it public. The governor was much stirred by the revelations it contained. He declared at once that he must know the facts and all of them, and to that end he appointed as a special commissioner to investigate the company, former Adjutant-General Avery D. Andrews, of New York City. General Andrews had been a member of the Police Board under the Strong administration, and in the incessant squabbles of that board had taken some part. In more recent times he became one of the directing spirits of the Asphalt Trust, rather unpleasantly prominent in the Venezuelan troubles. His instructions in the State Trust matter were to go to the bottom of it "no matter whom it might affect."

Now the State Trust matter properly belonged to the official care of Mr. F. P. Kilburn, who was then superintendent of the State Banking Department. For some reason not officially disclosed, the governor totally ignored Mr. Kilburn and entrusted all his house-cleaning to General Andrews. Whereupon Mr. Kilburn started upon an investigation of his own. There were thus two inquiries proceeding at the same time, while the New York newspapers, taking the scent, conducted a third.

General Andrews finished first. His appointment was telegraphed to him on the 12th, and he began work on the 13th. His investigation lasted somewhat less than five hours. He then ceased from his labors and returned two documents. One was a report on what he had found, and the other was a personal letter asking to be relieved from further research in the matter.

### PUBLIC REPORTS SUPPRESSED

This seemed to press and public a startling turn in the affair, and great curiosity was aroused as to its occasion. People generally felt that here was something exceedingly strange and even mysterious, and they desired to know more about it. The public curiosity was not gratified—at that time. General Andrews was relieved according to his request; no one was appointed in his place; his report was locked up in Albany; and Superintendent Kilburn's report coming in shortly afterward, that, too, was consigned to oblivion. In spite of all demands, the government refused to make either public, to give any idea of the contents of either, or to take any action on either. The only information disclosed

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was that both reports had found the company solvent.

Meantime, the third investigation, that of the newspapers, directed toward burrowing into the specific allegations of Mr. Kling, seemed to establish in the State Trust Company a condition rotten almost beyond precedent and lawless enough to demand stern retribution. Mr. Kling had affirmed many astounding things about the management, giving picturesque details and illustrations, and of these at least the following seemed to be undeniably true:

### A REVELATION OF ROTTENNESS

1. The company had made a loan of $2,000,000 to one Daniel H. Shea, and this loan appeared to be either unsecured or supported by very questionable collateral. On inquiry, Daniel H. Shea was found to be an office boy in the employment of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan and in receipt of a salary of $15 a week.

2. This loan was $900,000 in excess of the limit fixed by the law, and was further illegal because it was really made (in violation of the express prohibition of the law) to directors of the company. That it was so made was explicitly acknowledged by three of the directors, who, upon the publication of these facts and upon some signs of rising popular wrath, returned to the company the shares they had received of the loan.

3. There was a loan of $435,470.48 on insufficient and doubtful collateral to Louis F. Payn, who was the state superintendent of insurance. The State Trust Company was owned by the Whitney-Ryan syndicate; so also was the American Surety Company, which, as an insurance concern, was directly under the official supervision of Mr. Payn and capable of receiving benefits at his hands, a fact that made this loan, which was improper in other ways, look and smell exceedingly ill.

4. There was a loan of $412,000 to William F. Sheehan, also on very doubtful security. Mr. Sheehan was, and still is, a person of great influence in the Democratic Party of the State of New York. He was also of counsel (though not often appearing in court) for the Metropolitan Traction Company and for Mr. Thomas F. Ryan.

There were reasons to believe that this was far from the extent of the questionable transactions.

Some of the papers now renewed their urgent demands that the state administration should make public the Andrews and Kilburn reports, or at least one of them. This the state administration still refused to do, although urged on every ground of duty and obligation, and although in the beginning there had been a promise that the public should know everything of interest concerning the company, and General Andrews had been ordered to go to the bottom of the inquiry "no matter whom it might affect." Mr. Kilburn and General Andrews as steadily refused to give an inkling of the nature of their discoveries. A very strange but most potent influence seemed to have mastered all the authorities. In New York City the district attorney and in Albany the attorney-general declined to act. A committee of the State Assembly was induced to demand a copy of the Kilburn report, but by the time it was produced the committee had voted 6 to 5 to return it with the seals unbroken. A demand for a legislative committee of investigation was similarly ineffectual. And against this blank wall official inquiry seemed to have come to an end.

### NO PENALTY FOR BIG CRIMES

Yet for some days the developments gave to the story daily a worse aspect. That loan to Louis F. Payn, for instance, seemed a thing that absolutely demanded more light upon it. Men recalled that the State Trust Company was owned by the owners of the Metropolitan Traction Company, and that certain advantages secured by the Metropolitan Traction Company at Albany the previous winter made it inappropriate for that company to deal much or openly with politicians. In those days the Third Avenue Railroad was still an independent concern and was engaged in fighting the Metropolitan. Both companies secured what they were pleased to call rights in Amsterdam Avenue and a furious battle began between them for the possession of that part of the people's highways. Mr. Payn was a political leader of much power in the state; that is, he was supposed to "swing" several votes in the legislature, where the deciding contest was fought. For reasons never divulged, the Third Avenue Company counted securely upon the support of Mr. Payn, and with the votes that he "swung" it expected to have a majority narrow but sufficient. But when the final vote came, to the amazement of the spectators the votes that Mr. Payn was said

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to "swing" appeared in the Metropolitan Traction column, and the Third Avenue Company was defeated.

Soon afterward, a trust company owned by the Metropolitan Traction Company lent to Mr. Payn a very large sum of money on very inadequate security. To the average man this fact would seem to constitute a situation that no public officer sworn to enforce the law could ignore. Particularly when the money thus lent was not the money of the Traction Company, but of depositors that had innocently confided it to a trust company in ignorance of the fact that this trust company was an alias for a surety company, and the surety company was an alias for the traction company, and the traction company was an alias for something else. And again, particularly when such loans, made in utter defiance of the law, threatened the whole structure of business confidence.

Yet at Albany would no man move.

In the criminal courts of New York City that month there were tried and sent to prison hundreds of men whose offenses against the law and society were trivial compared with these. Therefore, it appeared, the machinery of justice was in regular working order.

Yet in New York against these offenders would no man move.

## CHAPTER IX

### ADDITIONAL LIGHT ON THE JUDICIOUS MIXTURE OF POLITICS AND BUSINESS THAT IS ESSENTIAL TO THE BEST PLAYING OF THE GAME

BAD as all this was, worse remained behind. On the 12th of March the New York *World* managed to secure, in some surreptitious way, a copy of the Kilburn report (so sedulously suppressed at Albany), and published it, practically in full. The whole country gasped at the official confirmation it contained of the worst charges made by Kling or hinted by the newspapers. There seemed no longer a chance to doubt that the official investigation had been muzzled because of "the prominence of the persons involved," who now stood forth in a white light, painfully conspicuous. They were:

Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, now Secretary of State, a director in the State Trust Company, long the personal and confidential adviser of Mr. Whitney and Mr. Ryan.

John W. Griggs, then Attorney-General of the United States.

Thomas F. Ryan.

William C. Whitney.

P. A. B. Widener.

R. A. C. Smith.

Anthony N. Brady.

### DIRECTORS' LOANS TO THEMSELVES

It appeared that of the $14,829,116.55 of other people's money confidingly deposited with this trust company, $5,133,270.48 had been swept into improper or utterly illegal loans for the benefit of the gentlemen whose ability, energy, and foresight had created something from nothing.

Among these loans were the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| Daniel H. Shea | $2,000,000.00 |
| Moore & Schley | 1,000,000.00 |
| Louis F. Payn | 435,470.48 |
| Anthony N. Brady | 285,000.00 |
| William F. Sheehan | 435,000.00 |
| Metropolitan Traction Co. | 500,000.00 |

It appeared that the loan to the office boy Shea had been negotiated by Elihu Root, director of the company, member of the executive committee, and its personal and confidential adviser, and that it had been kept off the directors' minute books.

"Beyond all question," said the report, "this loan was illegal, because excessive and because, in part, it was made directly to directors of the company."

Illegal! Well, is it possible to conceive of anything more illegal? For how reads the law upon this subject?

"No loan shall be made by any such corporation [trust company] directly or indirectly to any director or officer thereof."—General Banking Act, section 156. Passed in 1892.

And further:

"Every director of a moneyed corporation who wilfully does any act as such director which is expressly forbidden by law, or wilfully omits to perform any duty imposed upon him as such director by law, is guilty of a misdemeanor, if no other punishment is prescribed therefor by law."—Penal Code, section 603.

It appeared further from the report that the collaterals securing the Sheehan loan were "not currently quoted," and that Mr. Kilburn could not estimate their value, which was, of

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course, a polite way of saying that they were rubbish. It appeared further that this loan was in reality made in the interest of—what, for a guess? Why, our old friend the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, the corporation that afterward became so popular that the people gathered to hang some of its advocates. The United Gas Improvement Company got that loan and was to repay it, presumably out of the money gathered in such questionable ways in Philadelphia. But the United Gas Improvement Company was the syndicate, and the syndicate (and Mr. Root) composed the directorate of the State Trust Company. So that when we have traveled the circle of ability, energy, and foresight we have nothing but the directors (in violation of the law) lending their depositors' money to themselves.

It appeared further that the loan of $285,000 to Anthony N. Brady was without security of any kind, and that Mr. Brady, who was and is the autocrat of that popular and favorite institution, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit, was the close associate of the syndicate in many of its operations.

And it appeared further that the loan of $500,000 to the Metropolitan Traction Company was without security of any kind, and that the Metropolitan Traction Company was the syndicate.

All this was only the beginning of the story. Examination of the collateral reported as securing some of the loans showed remarkable things. Thus, in the case of the loan of $435,470.48 to Louis F. Payn (who was perfectly well known to be of small means), the collateral had at the most a nominal value of only $350,000, so that $85,000 of the loan was not even nominally secured. Most of the collateral that was deposited consisted of the so-called securities of corporations like the New York & North Shore Railroad, which, astonishing as it may seem, were the doubtful and obscure properties of the syndicate itself.

### THE POOR NEGLECTED LAW!

Hence, it was to be assumed that none of the securities deposited had ever been owned by Mr. Payn, and that the whole transaction was merely a blind to cover something else, some other operation, very likely with other people's money. Nor is even this all. Besides these alleged securities, which were to the loan exactly what a Raines Law sandwich is to a Sunday drink, there was a check for $100,000 made by the Metropolitan Traction Company to the order of Louis F. Payn and marked "construction account." But Mr. Payn, who is merely a professional politician, never had anything to do with any "construction" work for the Metropolitan and never could have had. Moreover, it is perfectly well known that the "construction account" is among railroad companies a common and favorite disguise for rebates, graft, boodle, and other illegal payments. No one could doubt therefore that here was something more than suspicious.

Nor is even this all. The check to Payn was an advance or an accommodation, and in the law of the state (the poor old forgotten and neglected law!) corporations are forbidden to make such advances or accommodations. *So that here was lawbreaking.*

### LOANS TO THE OFFICE-BOY TYPE

Again, the State Trust Company held $500,000 worth of the stock of the Metropolitan Traction Company, and, by the law of the state, trust companies are forbidden to hold in excess of ten per cent. of their capital the stock of other corporations. The capital stock of the State Trust Company was $1,000,000; ten per cent. out of that would have been $100,000. *So that here was lawbreaking.*

And again, the loan to office-boy Shea was in excess of the legal limits. *So that here was lawbreaking.*

And again, the last statement of the company declared that the loans on personal notes were only $10,000, whereas the loan to Anthony Brady and a loan to Miner C. Keith were on personal notes. *So that here was lawbreaking.*

But, indeed, there seemed to be no end to the lawlessness that had rioted at No. 100 Broadway. Nobody believed that the so-called "Moore & Schley loan" had been made for Moore & Schley, and examination of the other "loan cards" revealed the names of many friends of the syndicate (some of them penniless) that under various devices appeared to have been favored with large amounts on syndicate or other airy collaterals. All of these transactions had exactly the look of the Shea loan; that is to say, so far as one could judge, the obscure borrowers that apparently had been entrusted with great wealth were mere dummies or lay figures to cover further illegal advances to the

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directors of the company. We need not here go into these matters, but I offer another list of loans and the securities therefor that will to the discerning tell its own story:

| *Borrower* | *Amount* | *Collateral* |
|---|---|---|
| John W. Griggs | $14,000 | Chicago Union Traction |
| John W. Griggs | 8,000 | Electric Storage |

(Mr. Griggs was then Attorney-General of the United States. Union Traction is the final company by which Mr. Yerkes looted the street-railroad service of Chicago. Electric Storage was one of the syndicate's stocks.)

N. D. Daboll $35,000 1,000 American Tobacco

(Mr. Daboll was secretary of a syndicate company. American Tobacco is owned by Thomas F. Ryan.)

Miner C. Keith $70,000 Unsecured notes

(This loan has never been explained. Mr. Keith was not generally known in Wall Street.)

Sharp & Bryan $100,000 Securities of various syndicate decoy companies

Henry P. Booth $60,000 Bonds of the American Mail Steamship Company

(The American Mail Steamship Company was a syndicate concern and Mr. Booth was one of its directors.)

Alden M. Young $76,000 Various securities

(Mr. Young was employed in one of the syndicate offices at No. 100 Broadway.)

W. A. Marburg $81,400 Chicago Union Traction

(Mr. Marburg was a director in the American Mail Steamship Company.)

H. G. Runkle $309,260 Chicago Union Traction and other stock

(Mr. Runkle was secretary of the American Mail Steamship Company.)

R. C. Peabody $80,000 N. Y. Gas and Electric and other securities

(R. C. Peabody was a brother of G. F. Peabody, who was a director of the State Trust Company.)

David B. Sickles $12,250 American Surety and other securities

Many of the securities supporting the loans made by the company were securities of companies floated by the syndicate or promoted by individual members thereof, and some of these startled the conservative element in Wall Street when it was found that money had actually been risked upon such stuff. Thus, one of the companies had no property, no rights, no business, and no existence except upon paper, and others were recognized as exceedingly dubious enterprises. A list of securities on which loans had been made by the State Trust was submitted to the loaning officers of four reputable trust companies of New York. Each declared instantly that his company would not under any circumstances advance a dollar upon such collateral.

### WAR OVER ELECTRIC VEHICLE

One of the syndicate companies, Electric Vehicle, seems at the time to have had too little attention, for it played a momentous but silent part in the drama and had a history both interesting and illuminative.

Several years before the State Trust Company moved into the center of the stage, Mr. Isaac L. Rice, of New York City, became the owner of many valuable patents on storage batteries for electricity. To use them, he formed and was president of the Storage Battery Company, which had close business relations with the original Electric Vehicle Company. Between them a contract was made, stipulating that the Electric Vehicle Company should have the right to use the patents owned by Mr. Rice, and that the Storage Battery Company should furnish mechanical equipments to the Electric Vehicle Company at a discount from the market prices.

Among the ventures of the syndicate, which had now ramified in a hundred directions, it had secured possession of an electric automobile concern at Hartford, and it found, therefore, that it needed storage batteries. This drew its attention to Mr. Rice's company, and in a short time Mr. Rice found that the syndicate was undermining his control. He resisted, but vainly and, seeing what was at hand, retired to the Electric Vehicle Company, of which he became president, while the syndicate took possession of the Storage Battery concern.

Its first purpose, of course, was to get cheap storage batteries for its Hartford factory, but as soon as it was in possession it discovered the contract by which the Storage Battery Company, its heirs and assigns, was bound to sell storage batteries at a cheaper price to the Electric Vehicle Company than to anybody else. This would, of course, defeat the very object the syndicate most desired, so the syn-

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dicate declared that it would not recognize nor be bound by the contract. Mr. Rice insisted (as was his indubitable right) that the contract was perfectly legal and proper and must be enforced. The syndicate gentlemen responded that they would not observe it anyway. A bitter row ensued. Mr. Rice purposed to enforce the contract in the courts, which would probably have been not to the fancy of the syndicate. Anyway, Mr. James R. Keene was called in to try to effect a settlement without litigation. He met the gentlemen of the syndicate, Mr. Elihu Root, their confidential adviser, and Mr. Rice. Mr. Keene considered the financial condition of Electric Vehicle and finally proposed a compromise that would secure Electric Vehicle financial assistance and give the syndicate in effect some of the advantages it demanded. The capital of Electric Vehicle was $10,000,000, of which $4,000,000 in preferred stock was in the company's treasury. The syndicate agreed that its Storage Battery Company should take over the $4,000,000 of preferred Electric Vehicle stock then in the Electric Vehicle treasury, at a price that was less than its market value. This stock was to be held by the Storage Battery Company. Then Electric Vehicle was to issue $2,000,000 of additional common stock, which the syndicate was to purchase at par, thus effecting to all practical intents an amalgamation of the two companies.

### SYNDICATE SLIPPERINESS

Accordingly, on May 13, 1899, the Electric Vehicle Company issued $2,000,000 of additional common stock, which the syndicate took. It also possessed itself of the $4,000,000 of preferred stock that had been in the Electric Vehicle treasury. Instead of placing this $4,000,000 of preferred stock in the Storage Battery treasury, the syndicate placed there $2,000,000 of the preferred stock and the $2,000,000 of new common stock that had just been issued, and thus had the remaining $2,000,000 of preferred stock to manipulate. It was to carry out this deal that the $2,000,000 loan was made through office-boy Shea, the money thus secured from the State Trust Company's resources enabling the syndicate to make a $6,000,000 transaction and secure possession of the Electric Vehicle Company.

As an interesting corollary of this narrative, it may be mentioned that for his services in bringing about the treaty of peace, Mr. Keene was promised 2,500 shares of Electric Vehicle stock. This promise was never kept. Subsequently, without informing Mr. Keene, the syndicate made a beautiful move by which the $2,000,000 in cash that had been paid into the treasury of the Electric Vehicle for the $4,000,000 of preferred stock, was deposited in the State Trust Company, thus bringing the money directly back to the place from which it started. This working of the game, coupled with the refusal to pay him for his labors, undoubtedly nettled Mr. Keene. It was afterward asserted that he instigated the attack of Kling and secured the information that Kling laid before the governor.

### OFFICE-BOY STORY, CONTINUED

There was still much more to the story of Daniel H. Shea, office boy. Mr. Kilburn in his report quoted the full text of the obligation on which an office boy secured $2,000,000. It read thus:

To the State Trust Company.

*Gentlemen:* Please take up and pay for 20,000 shares of the preferred stock of the Electric Vehicle Company which will be delivered to you by that company at par, and hold same for my account. I will reimburse you on demand for the amount paid, with four per cent. interest from the date of payment and all expenses, including revenue stamps.

Daniel H. Shea.

We hereby guarantee the performance of the above promise.

P. A. B. Widener,
Thomas F. Ryan.

On this extraordinary document Mr. Kilburn made the following significant comment:

"President Johnston testified before me that the guarantee was made at the time the loan was made, but by this I think he must have meant to be understood that the guarantee was made at the time the obligation was given by Mr. Shea and the transaction transferred from advances to loans."

Which was the only reference in the report to the highly interesting fact of the transfer from "advances" to "loans" and the only hint at another state of facts still more important. For the New York *World* charged (and was never contradicted therein) that the advance to Shea was really made at an earlier date, that it had then no endorsement of any kind, and that there had already been a default in the interest, which had been added to the principal.

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Nothing but devious twistings and turnings whichever way one looked!

Mr. Kilburn, reviewing some of these things and obviously trying to put the best face upon them, says in his report:

"If the individuals merit severer treatment the courts are open, and public officials may be called upon to take cognizance of illegal acts."

But no public officials ever took cognizance of these illegal acts, though repeatedly called upon. *Here were a dozen instances of open, defiant, and wanton violation of the laws that are made to preserve financial honesty and to protect innocent depositors, laws fundamental to the essential security of business; and yet against the men guilty of these offenses not a public officer lifted a finger nor said a word.* More than that, it was well understood from the first that no one would be punished for these crimes, and that so far as these offenses were concerned the law was a thing of shreds and patches.

### THE SYNDICATE FRIGHTENED

And yet from the first there was a strange terror upon all the eminent gentlemen concerned. Mr. Kling's petition was made public on January 12th; the newspapers began to get hold of the basic facts in the case about the 14th. On the 15th Mr. Whitney paid back the $300,000 that had been his share of the Shea loan, and on the next day Mr. Widener returned his portion. It appeared that on the day of the publishing of Kling's petition a frantic effort had been made to reduce the Payn loan, and even after General Andrews had begun his investigation, $100,000 had been hastily paid in to reduce the illegal loan to the Metropolitan Traction Company. One member of the syndicate, who had enjoyed much political experience and influence, sent a New York politician to Mr. Kilburn with an urgent plea that the superintendent should do as little in the matter as possible. Mr. Kilburn violently expelled the politician from his office. Yet the gentlemen could hardly have been in fear of the penitentiary they had earned; they must have known they were in little danger of that. Mr. Elihu Root, now Secretary of State, was daily in communication by telephone and otherwise with Albany, and the syndicate knew Mr. Root well and had a reasonable faith in his ability and success in such delicate affairs. It was something else that shook them all with visible alarms, drove them to restitution, and finally to the most extraordinary steps to cover their tracks.

### "BLUFFS"—FEEBLE AND FRANTIC

Some of the men involved in the mess tried to "bluff" a way through the situation by averring loudly that the attack on the State Trust Company had been made to rig the stock market or was malicious and unjust. But reporters to whom these statements were made tell me the men that made them talked like men with unstrung nerves and that chill concern looked out of their eyes the while. In a way almost pitiable, they seemed to have lost their heads, and in the stress of their painful situation to be no more "kings of finance" nor "captains of industry," but very ordinary persons trying with cheap and foolish devices to escape the consequences of their own misdoing. In their confusion they even attempted to defend the office-boy Shea loan. First they said it was secured by a large block of valuable stock, very valuable. What stock? Electric Vehicle stock. But as Electric Vehicle was now known to be one of the side issues of the syndicate, that would hardly do. Then they said that the loan was all right because it was guaranteed; but a belated guarantee on a loan without consideration or real security, made by gentlemen that are obtaining the proceeds of the loan, hardly seemed worth bothering about. Finally, one of the officers of the company said the loan was all right because it was secured by a deposit of Consolidated Gas bonds. This made a stir, Consolidated Gas being a very valuable security. Investigation showed that these so-called bonds consisted of promissory notes issued by the Consolidated Gas Company when, at Mr. Ryan's direction, it took over the New York Gas & Electric Light, Heat and Power Company, both companies being syndicate concerns, and that this transaction occurred subsequent to the Shea loan. What really happened between the two gas companies is too long and too remote a story to tell here, but the alleged interposition in the Shea affair was at most a mere matter of bookkeeping, was too late to avail anything anyway, and was, as a matter of fact, grotesquely absurd because the directors had made confession of the real nature of the loan when they made restitution—a singular indication of the fright that had seized upon the gentlemen making this blunder.

Further signs of trepidation were seen in

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the hurried rush of the syndicate to secure its fortifications at Albany. When Mr. Charles P. Bacon, Kling's attorney, found that Elihu Root had persuaded the state administration to take no steps in the matter, and that the prosecuting officers were resolved to protect the lawbreakers, he appealed to the attorney-general to begin an action to revoke the Trust Company's charter. To all impartial minds this seemed a reasonable proposal. The company had openly and in many dangerous ways violated the law. Nothing was clearer than that it existed to gather funds from the unsuspecting public and deliver such funds to the mills of the syndicate. As the law officers refused to punish the men that had done these things, therefore the game had best be stopped, the house closed, and the tools broken up.

But the syndicate's move upon Albany forestalled any such action—it has always had the most marvelous success in getting what it wanted at any seat of government, big or little. In this case the law department would take no action and the legislation demanded in the interest of the depositors was blocked by a band of expert lobbyists.

One of these, a man named Dinkelspiel, was particularly active at Albany in the syndicate's behalf. Mr. Bacon observed him at work one day and protested against his methods, which were exceedingly frank as well as energetic. Mr. Bacon said he would call the matter to the attention of the authorities and have Dinkelspiel put off the floor of the house. Dinkelspiel said:

"You make me tired."

Which, I suppose, was true, for he was never interfered with by the authorities.

### EXIT STATE TRUST COMPANY

The legislature declined to interfere in behalf of the public, and the syndicate put in its track-covering measure. It was a bit of clever bill-drawing, pretending to amend the banking act and really authorizing the State Trust Company to lose its identity by amalgamating with the Morton Trust Company, whereof the chief owner is Mr. Ryan. "The real purpose of this bill," said Mr. Bacon bitterly, "is to enable the State Trust Company to burn its books and destroy the evidence contained in them." But he wasted his breath in protests. Under the active guidance of the Republican whips, the bill went through with a rush. And so, behind the respectable figurehead of Levi P. Morton, the State Trust Company passed from sight.

And with it disappeared the evidence in the books. For this was what the syndicate, with such manifest signs of agitation, was striving so frantically to bring about. It had received one lesson; never has it needed to be taught anything twice.

### WHAT WERE THEY AFRAID OF?

As to what would have happened if Kling had not suddenly thrust his petition into the wheels, that is a matter of opinion. There is not the slightest doubt that the money of the depositors had been used to help the syndicate in some of the ramifications of its enormous operations. One may believe that the syndicate intended to replace the money it had taken, or one may believe that eventually, but for the appearance of Kling, the Trust Company would have been depleted and ruined. There are precedents for either supposition. But however that may be, this combination was caught with its hand in the till and was obliged to make abject confession, hurried restitution, and an extremely awkward and humiliating exit from the premises. When the man in your community that has prated most about law, order, the welfare of society, and the sublimity of honesty is discovered some night in somebody else's chicken coop, he presents a very unseemly spectacle, and so did certain gentlemen of the syndicate. When with much good-will they kicked the obdurate Kling out of the American Surety Company, they never dreamed what was in store for them. And when Kling, who had been watching all the time from a crack in the coop, suddenly leaped at them out of the dark with a constable, there was a shriek of agony and such genuine terror that it was literally a trembling syndicate that the constable held up to the world's scornful gaze.

But what was it that the gentlemen were so much afraid of?

Let us not consider too curiously of this, but fix our admiring attention on the services to society and the ability, energy, and foresight involved in breaking the law, evading prosecution, and diverting to our own profit the money entrusted to us by others. For therein lies much instruction concerning the golden palace and other subjects pertinent to this inquiry.

"*Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?*" will be continued in the December number.

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# The Heroism of Mr. Peglow

By E. J. RATH

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

EVEN though the door to the inner office was closed, the ears of Simeon Hobby could not escape from the maddening peck-peck-peck that came from beyond it. For at least the tenth time that afternoon he straightened up wearily from his desk, sighed, and shook his head slowly. Then he looked in the direction of Mr. Peglow, who was shifting restlessly on the top of his high stool. There was some satisfaction in knowing that Peglow shared the misery.

Mr. Hobby wondered if ever again the firm of Hobby & Hoople would know the joy of quiet, peaceful concentration, safe from the distracting peck-peck-peck that issued from behind the glass door. For three months now he had been unable to figure an estimate, write a letter, or even read a newspaper except to the accompaniment of Miss Pickett's typewriter.

For sixty years Hobby & Hoople had prospered, in spite of the fact that their correspondence was not typewritten. The original Hobby and the original Hoople were dead these many years, but the firm, which was now none other than Simeon Hobby, solely and exclusively, had never seen any reason to change its sign. It was not much given to change, in fact. It had the same office, the same furniture, the same habits. It was highly respectable, deservedly prosperous, and enjoyed such a fame for conservatism that some people said it was old-maidish.

The buying of a typewriter and the employment of a young person to manipulate it had been a matter of long and serious consideration by Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow. By birth, instinct, and long training, Mr. Peglow was even more conservative than his employer. Together, he and Mr. Hobby had grown up in the business, one to become the firm, the other its chief clerk and bookkeeper. Together, they had pursued an even tenor of commercial placidity. Mr. Peglow was little and thin and bald. Mr. Hobby was comfortably fat. They shared a serenity that nothing had ever disturbed—until Miss Pickett came.

It was Mr. Hobby who was really responsible for her. In a deferentially shy manner Mr. Peglow had let it be known that he considered her advent a dangerous innovation. He might even have carried the day had he been firm, but Mr. Peglow was far too considerate of his employer's desires to dream of anything like open opposition. So, in a moment of weakness, Mr. Hobby had yielded to the insidious advance of that thing called Progress. Henceforth, the letters of Hobby & Hoople would be typewritten.

Miss Pickett was young and brisk and smiling, in sharp relief to the dinginess of the office. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow did not mind that so much—although when two men have passed the fifty-year mark together, without marriage, they are apt to be "set." It was the noise that hurt. That was something to which they had given no consideration. But for three months now they had been able to give consideration to little else.

They had never spoken to each other about it. Secretly, Mr. Hobby pitied Mr. Peglow, whose annoyance he had furtively watched for some time. Secretly, also, Mr. Peglow had observed the misery of his employer, and his grief had an added poignancy because he realized that, at the crucial moment, he had failed to be sufficiently outspoken against the impending evil. Miss Pickett, who observed nothing of their distress, conscientiously pecked away at the typewriter with what seemed to be a daily increasing ardor.

On this particular afternoon Mr. Hobby watched the trim figure of Miss Pickett depart from the office with a feeling of relief. Then he was seized with sudden resolution.

"Mr. Peglow," he said quietly.

Mr. Peglow slipped from his high stool and approached his employer's desk.

"Sit down, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby.



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Mr. Peglow sat down, with full understanding that something of importance had happened.

"Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby, folding his hands across his waistcoat, "Miss Pickett has now been with us for three months."

"Yes, sir," confirmed Mr. Peglow.

"And we are having our correspondence typewritten."

"Yes, sir."

"Is our business increasing, Mr. Peglow?"

"It is normally good, sir," said Mr. Peglow conservatively.

"What I am getting at," explained Mr. Hobby, "is whether, as a result of having our correspondence typewritten, we are increasing the volume of our business."

"Hum," said Mr. Peglow reflectively. "I—I think it's about the same, sir."

The house of Hobby & Hoople remained silent for several moments, thinking deeply. At last he observed:

"I have been watching you at odd times, Mr. Peglow, ever since Miss Pickett came."

"Yes, sir."

"I think she annoys you."

"Oh, indeed," protested Mr. Peglow, "I am sure Miss Pickett is quite ladylike."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby hastily. "I did not mean that. Miss Pickett is, indeed, a genteel person. What I mean is, I think the noise of the typewriter is distressing to you."

Mr. Peglow shrugged his shoulders.

"I think it distracts your mind," continued Mr. Hobby.

THE ORIGINAL HOBBY AND THE ORIGINAL HOOPLE.

Mr. Peglow waved his hands in a deprecating way.

"In short, I think you no longer work in comfort, Mr. Peglow."

"Um-m—well—possibly," admitted Mr. Peglow.

"And do you know that I have the same feeling myself?" said Mr. Hobby, eying his chief clerk.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow promptly.

Mr. Hobby looked surprised. He did not know that Mr. Peglow had been observing him. After another pause he cleared his throat and said very firmly:

"We both owe a certain duty to the house of Hobby & Hoople, Mr. Peglow."

"We do, sir; most assuredly."

"The duty of always doing our best," added Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow confirmed it with a nod.

"On the other hand, Mr. Peglow, the firm"—Mr. Hobby always spoke impersonally of the firm—"owes to us an opportunity to do our best work. It owes us quiet and freedom from interruption, and a fair chance."

"Yes, sir; I think so, sir."

"But we are not getting that opportunity, Mr. Peglow," said his employer, with sudden and significant emphasis.

Mr. Peglow nodded his head mournfully.

"We are being annoyed," continued Mr. Hobby.

A shrug.

"Our nerves are being destroyed," added Mr. Hobby, in further indictment of the firm.

Another shrug from Mr. Peglow.

"Very good, then," said Mr. Hobby. "The duty of the firm is clear. We—I—shall dismiss Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow gazed out of the window and felt uncomfortable. Never in his day had the firm of Hobby & Hoople discharged anybody. Lifetimes were spent in its service, rather. The very idea of a discharge was a shock to Mr. Peglow. To be sure, Mr. Hobby had softened the word, but he could not soften the fact.

"The firm owes it to us, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby judicially. "I shall dismiss Miss Pickett to-morrow. Er—how long do you think it is customary to give notice?"

Mr. Peglow shook his head helplessly, for this was another innovation.

"A week?" asked Mr. Hobby doubtfully.

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The chief clerk spread his hands in a gesture of doubt.

"Two weeks?"

Mr. Peglow pursed his lips, but made no gesture.

"Very well; it shall be two weeks," decided Mr. Hobby. "Thank you very much, Mr. Peglow."

It was quite nine o'clock the following morning when Miss Pickett arrived. Mr. Peglow had been at his desk for an hour, and Mr. Hobby was already immersed in the morning's mail. As Mr. Peglow nodded a good morning to Miss Pickett, he felt a vague sense of pity for his employer. Presently he saw the young woman come out of the inner office with her notebook and seat herself beside Mr. Hobby's desk. Then he bent over his books and shut his ears against the world.

HE SHUT HIS EARS AGAINST THE WORLD.

After a little while Miss Pickett went back to her office, and the peck-peck-peck of the typewriter again disturbed the serenity of the firm. Mr. Peglow wondered how she had stood the blow. It seemed to have produced no discernible effect; rather, there appeared to be an added note of cheerfulness in the racking sound that came from behind the glass door. Nor was there any sign the next day, nor the next, nor, in fact, all that week. Each morning Mr. Peglow would greet Miss Pickett gravely, almost sorrowfully, and each morning she would be smiling as gaily as the day before. It was inexplicable.

A second week began and Mr. Peglow found it necessary to consult his employer on a most unusual matter.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said hesitatingly, "but shall I remove Miss Pickett's name from the pay-roll after this week?"

Mr. Hobby made no answer for a minute. Then he said:

"Sit down, Mr. Peglow."

Mr. Peglow sat down and waited.

"I—er"—began Mr. Hobby, with averted eyes—"I—well, the fact is, Mr. Peglow, I have not yet discharged Miss Pickett."

"Ah!" said Mr. Peglow, in mild astonishment.

"No," continued his employer. "You see, Mr. Peglow, there was a difficulty. I could not discharge her without sufficient cause. That would be unjust, and the firm of Hobby & Hoople cannot afford to work injustice to any one."

"Certainly not, sir."

"So I have been looking for a reason."

"I understand," said Mr. Peglow sympathetically.

"Can you think of a reason?" inquired Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow thought for a moment and then shrugged his shoulders.

"We must have a reason, Mr. Peglow."

"Yes, sir; of course. I was just thinking——"

"Yes?" said Mr. Hobby eagerly.

"Well," said Mr. Peglow uneasily and with a sense of guilt, "I was thinking that Miss Pickett is not always very punctual in the morning."

"You have spoken a truth, Mr. Peglow," declared his employer, nodding his head. "Miss Pickett is not punctual. Yet punctuality is one of the fundamental laws of business. I am glad you mentioned the matter. I shall dismiss Miss Pickett for not being punctual."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow, returning to his books.

A moment later he heard Mr. Hobby's bell tap gently. Miss Pickett came out of the inner office with her notebook and slipped into her accustomed seat.

"I shall not dictate, thank you, Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby.

Miss Pickett lowered her pencil from its poise.

"Miss Pickett," began Mr. Hobby, with an effort.

"Yes, sir?" said Miss Pickett encouragingly.

"Hem," coughed Mr. Hobby, gazing at his desk. "There is something I very much regret to mention, Miss Pickett. It is that—how shall I put it?—that—er—that you are not what I should call quite punctual in the mornings."

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Miss Pickett nodded her head in confession.

Mr. Hobby coughed again. "Really, you know," he added, "it is unpleasant to be compelled to speak of these things, but——"

"You are quite right to speak of it, Mr. Hobby," said Miss Pickett.

"Thank you, Miss Pickett," said her employer gratefully. "I felt sure you would agree with me. You see, our hour for beginning business is eight o'clock. It is quite necessary that we should get things under way by that time. And it would not be right to make exceptions in favor of anybody."

"Certainly not," assented Miss Pickett, nodding vigorously.

"Even though you are a young lady," added Mr. Hobby. "It would not be fair to others."

"Of course it wouldn't, Mr. Hobby."

"I hate to say it, you know," continued Mr. Hobby hesitatingly, "but——"

"You were perfectly right to say it, Mr. Hobby," broke in Miss Pickett. "I am glad you did. I shall do better in the future, sir."

"Wha—what?"

"I shall be down promptly at eight hereafter," said Miss Pickett resolutely.

"But I—that is, you see—" stammered Mr. Hobby.

"I can do it very easily, sir," said Miss Pickett, "and I am grateful to you for calling my attention to it."

Mr. Hobby gazed vacantly at a pile of papers on his desk and seemed bereft of speech. He stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Is that all, sir?" asked Miss Pickett, gathering up her notebook.

MISS PICKETT THUMBED THE PAGES OF HER DICTIONARY PERSISTENTLY.

"You are quite sure you can do it?" asked Mr. Hobby sadly.

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. It will be no hardship at all."

"Very well, Miss Pickett. That is all just now, thank you."

Miss Pickett retired to the inner office. For many minutes the head of the house of Hobby & Hoople sat immersed in thought. Then the peck-peck-peck of the typewriter aroused him and he sighed wearily.

Three days later Mr. Peglow approached his employer with the self-effacing, deferential manner that always cloaked him.

"Shall I make the change in the pay-roll, sir?" he inquired.

"Not yet, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby in a subdued tone.

The chief clerk did not permit himself to express astonishment.

"You see, Mr. Peglow," explained the firm, "the circumstances are somewhat changed. Miss Pickett has promised to be punctual in the future."

"I see," said Mr. Peglow, with an understanding nod.

"Which removes the cause for dismissal," added Mr. Hobby.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow ruefully.

At that instant the typewriter in the inner office began a new staccato movement, and Mr. Peglow and Mr. Hobby looked at each other sympathetically.

"Can't you think of another reason?" asked the head of the firm, squirming.

Mr. Peglow appeared to think deeply. The task was most unpleasant, but he realized that it was necessary.

"I might suggest, sir," he said, at length, "that Miss Pickett does not always spell accurately. That is, not habitually," he added hastily.

"Thank you, Mr. Peglow," said his employer. "Now that I come to think of it, I have noticed the same thing. Miss Pickett, indeed, spells quite badly. Our correspondence should never be misspelled."

"No, sir; of course not."

"Therefore, I shall dismiss Miss Pickett for faulty spelling."

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Mr. Peglow sighed and returned to his books, while Mr. Hobby, firm in his resolution, immediately sent for Miss Pickett.

"Sit down, if you please, Miss Pickett," he said, waving her to a seat. He took a letter from his desk.

"This letter, Miss Pickett," he began, "is addressed to one of our oldest customers, the firm of Gammidge & Tillson."

Miss Pickett indicated her comprehension with a nod.

"Gammidge & Tillson," repeated Mr. Hobby. "But I find that you have spelled Gammidge without a 'd.'"

"Did I?" asked Miss Pickett, in a tone of surprise. "Why, so I did. But now I think of it, sir, I have always been spelling it that way."

"You have, indeed," said Mr. Hobby, his task lightened by the frank admission.

"I never knew there was a 'd' in it," added Miss Pickett.

"You didn't?" exclaimed Mr. Hobby in amazement.

"You never told me," said Miss Pickett simply.

Mr. Hobby showed traces of embarrassment.

"I—I guess you are right, Miss Pickett," he said, fumbling for another letter. "We will pass that over, if you please. It was quite my fault; I should have told you. But here is a letter where the case is quite different. Here, where you make us say 'we would beg to state that we are shipping to you,' etc., you have spelled 'beg' with two 'g's' and you have put only one 'p' in 'shipping.'"

Miss Pickett leaned over and examined the letter.

"So I did," she said apologetically.

"And down here," continued Mr. Hobby, "you have spelled the word 'transmit' with two 't's,' and 'quote' as if it were 'quoit,' and you have put but one 'l' in 'respectfully.'"

Miss Pickett again examined the letter with interest.

"I am a bad speller," she admitted. "A dreadful one."

"I fear so, Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby in a regretful tone. "Yet it is necessary that our correspondence should be correctly spelled."

"Of course it is," declared Miss Pickett. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write that letter all over again."

Mr. Hobby looked startled and began hastily:

"But, Miss Pickett, spelling——"

"I know; I know, sir," interrupted Miss Pickett, nodding her head vigorously. "Spelling is very important. I always did have trouble with it. But I've just thought of a scheme."

"Yes?" said Mr. Hobby faintly.

"Couldn't you buy me a dictionary?"

Miss Pickett's eyes were sincere and appealing, and as Mr. Hobby met their friendly gaze he faltered.

"Even a small dictionary would do," added Miss Pickett.

Mr. Hobby turned an uneasy glance in the direction of Mr. Peglow. That faithful little man was bent low over his ledger. The head of the firm stirred nervously in his seat, and then said, in a low voice:

"Certainly, Miss Pickett. You shall have a dictionary to-morrow."

"That will be lovely," said Miss Pickett gratefully, rising and picking up the offending letter. "Did you say there ought to be two 'l's' in 'respectfully'?"

"Yes, two," said Mr. Hobby, turning to his work with a sigh.

The following morning Mr. Peglow unwrapped a large package at the office. When his employer arrived he hastened to announce:

"A dictionary has been sent to us, sir. Doubtless there is some mistake."

"No, there isn't any mistake," said Mr. Hobby humbly.

"Is it meant for us?" asked Mr. Peglow in surprise.

"It's for Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow, mouth open, gazed at his employer for several seconds. Then he shook his head slowly from side to side and went back to his stool.

The pecking noise from the inner office continued to destroy the peace of the firm of Hobby & Hoople. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow endured it in silence, as a sort of penance. For a fortnight they spoke no more of it. Each knew that the other's heart was full, but each possessed such an acute sense of delicacy that he refrained from allusion to an unpleasant topic. Miss Pickett continued to be conscientiously punctual in the mornings, and thumbed the pages of her dictionary so persistently that spelling became a dead issue. There was more typewriting than ever now, for Miss Pickett wrote each letter twice. From the original copy she would carefully compare doubtful words

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with the bulky volume at her elbow; then she would rewrite each letter in accordance with the accepted standard of orthography. The educational value of the undertaking was great—for Miss Pickett—but it was wrecking the nervous systems of Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow.

"Cannot you think of any other reason, Mr. Peglow?" asked his employer one day, when his mood had become desperate.

"For what?" asked Mr. Peglow, temporizing weakly.

"For dismissing Miss Pickett."

Mr. Hobby brightened.

"Yes, I could, I suppose—and, by Jove, I will! I will do it at once. Miss Pickett! No, no, Mr. Peglow; remain here, if you please."

Mr. Peglow shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as Miss Pickett appeared with her notebook.

"Er—Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby.

"Yes, sir?"

"Mr. Peglow and I"—it was cowardly to bring Mr. Peglow into it, but his employer felt the need of moral support—"Mr. Peglow and I think—that is, we have come to the conclusion—that the typewriter is—er—why — By the way, what was it we were saying about the typewriter, Mr. Peglow?"

"WHERE DID YOU EVER GET THE IDEA THAT THE TYPEWRITER NEEDED A NEW RIBBON, MR. PEGLOW?"

Now, Mr. Peglow gladly would have been of assistance, but he could think of nothing, so he shook his head to signify that fact.

"But, don't you see," said Mr. Hobby, "that you and I cannot stand this much longer? You are going to break down under it. So am I. We shall never become accustomed to it. We are too old to learn. We must think of some other way."

"I wish I could," said Mr. Peglow unhappily.

"But you must," declared Mr. Hobby, with unwonted emphasis.

Mr. Peglow thought long and deeply, and then said:

"Couldn't you just do it on account of the real reason?"

Mr. Peglow gazed at his clerk in amazement. Mr. Peglow was slightly flushed. Had he been anybody other than himself, his expression might have been interpreted as one of defiance. The head of the firm ventured to look at Miss Pickett. Then he groveled.

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"Does it need a new ribbon?" he asked, swallowing hard.

"Why, I hardly think so," said Miss Pickett, puzzled. "I put on a new one yesterday afternoon."

Mr. Hobby bent his head over his desk and began to examine minutely a letter that he had just signed.

"So you did; so you did," he murmured. "Where did you ever get the idea that the typewriter needed a new ribbon, Mr. Peglow?"

"I—I don't know, sir," said Mr. Peglow awkwardly. "Perhaps I was mistaken."

"Yes, you were mistaken," said Mr. Hobby almost severely, still examining the letter. "The ribbon seems quite new. I guess that's all, Miss Pickett, thank you."

"AH!" EXCLAIMED MR. HOBBY, "SO SHE WENT IN HAPPINESS AND NOT IN SORROW."

Miss Pickett went back to the inner office. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow ventured to look at each other. Not a word was spoken. The chief clerk sighed eloquently and returned to his high stool. The firm shook his head slowly and bent over his desk.

They endured another week of it, during which Mr. Peglow made no further allusions to the pay-roll. What they suffered neither confided to the other, though each continued his surreptitious and sympathetic observations.

Then, late one day, Mr. Hobby summoned his chief clerk.

"Mr. Peglow," he said, "I shall not be here to-morrow."

Mr. Peglow looked incredulous, for this was another innovation.

"No," continued Mr. Hobby. "And I shall not be here probably for several weeks."

Mr. Peglow stood in mute amazement.

"I am going away, Mr. Peglow," said the firm wearily. "Going away for a rest. My nerves demand it. I can endure it no longer. You will have to look after the business."

Mr. Peglow bowed his head submissively.

"There is one other thing," added Mr. Hobby. "I have been thinking of it for a long time, Mr. Peglow. I am going to make you an offer of partnership."

Mr. Peglow was too overcome for speech. There was an almost painful silence, broken only by the peck-peck-peck from the inner room.

"You have long been a faithful employee, Mr. Peglow," his employer continued at last. "I have reached the point in life where I wish to share the burdens—and the profits—of the business. I can think of none so deserving as you."

The chief clerk was still speechless.

"Therefore," said Mr. Hobby, "I intend to make you my partner—on one condition."

He looked up at Mr. Peglow very gravely, then over his shoulder to see whether the glass door was closed. After that he leaned forward and whispered hoarsely:

"On condition that you dispense with that—that noise."

Mr. Peglow swallowed hard, his face showing an expression of mingled joy and anguish.

"Mr. Hobby," he began, "I am so deeply grateful to you that I cannot find the right words to say. But——"

"Good-by, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby abruptly, rising from his chair, slamming down the lid of his desk, and reaching for his hat. "Good-by, sir. I am going at once. I may be gone a couple of weeks—or a month; I don't know. I leave it all in your hands."

He seized Mr. Peglow's unresisting hand, wrung it warmly, and walked briskly out. Mr. Peglow gazed after him stupidly. A partnership! The dream of his life was to become a reality. No longer would he be *with* Hobby & Hoople; he would be *of* them. He drew a deep breath and straightened his little figure manfully. He glanced about the dusty office with the old feeling of tenderness, and an entirely new sensation of proud

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possession. Then his eye fell on the glass door and his ear caught the sound that came from within. The joy faded out of his countenance and he became a picture of dejection. For a full minute he stood thus, his hands twitching nervously. Then Mr. Peglow did something that no man had ever seen him do before. He doubled up his fist, raised it over his head, and shook it in impotent rage.

The head of the firm of Hobby & Hoople was gone for a full three weeks, during which time he wrote not a single letter to Mr. Peglow, greatly to that gentleman's alarm. Then he appeared one forenoon, as suddenly as he had departed. Mr. Peglow found himself whacked heartily on the shoulder, and whisked about to view a rejuvenated Mr. Hobby, ruddy and smiling and almost boyish.

"And how are you, Mr. Peglow?" said the firm heartily.

"I am well, Mr. Hobby, and I am indeed glad to see you, sir."

"You are looking fine," commented Mr. Hobby. "Has everything gone all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I think so."

Mr. Hobby swept a glance around the office and nodded his head, as if in confirmation. The door to the inner office was closed. No sound came from beyond it, although he listened almost fearfully. Then he tiptoed toward it softly, listened again, and finally opened it and entered.

There was nobody there. The typewriter stood pathetically on Miss Pickett's desk. He ran his finger along the top of the frame and found it thick with dust. Another layer of dust coated the dictionary. Mr. Hobby contemplated the scene for a moment and then sighed deeply.

Peglow had done it, after all. Peglow was a braver man than he. There was something unpleasant in the thought. Peglow was his partner now. Why shouldn't Peglow have been brave? He had a motive, an ambition. For the sake of the ambition he had—Mr. Hobby tried not to think about it. Of course, he wanted Peglow for his partner, but he disliked to reflect that his desire had been won in such a way. At any rate, it was his own fault, and he reproached himself for it. He never should have made such a condition. He had forced Peglow to do it. He had shirked his own duty, and had offered the performance of it as a sort of bribe to another. The old-time silence of the office no longer seemed so joyful as it did in other days. Actually, he seemed to miss that maddening peck-peck-peck.

Mr. Hobby stepped into the outer office again and closed the door behind him softly. Mr. Peglow was laboring over his accounts, his conscience apparently easy. The head of the firm studied his back in silence for half a minute. Then he said almost sharply:

"Mr. Peglow!"

"Yes, sir?" said Mr. Peglow, slipping off his stool.

"I believe you are my partner now, Mr. Peglow."

The little man dropped his eyes modestly.

"By that I mean," said Mr. Hobby, "you have—er—dismissed Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow did not lift his eyes, but made a slight inclination of the head.

"Would you mind telling me, Mr. Peglow, how you accomplished it?"

"Why," said Mr. Peglow, in a low voice, "Miss Pickett left to be married."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Hobby, his face brightening. "So she went in happiness and not in sorrow. I am glad, very glad, sir."

Mr. Peglow himself looked pleased.

"And whom did she marry?" inquired Mr. Hobby, with polite interest in the affairs of his late amanuensis.

"Me," said Mr. Peglow, with a blush.

The head of the firm of Hobby & Hoople stared open-mouthed at the junior partner. Mr. Peglow's eyes fell again and he shifted his weight to the other foot. There was a long, embarrassed silence. Then Mr. Hobby roused himself and stepped forward impulsively. He seized Mr. Peglow's hand in a viselike grip, shook it violently, and turned to his desk without a word.

Five minutes later he paused midway in the task of opening a pile of letters, and muttered:

"I wonder why in the world I didn't think of that myself."

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# The Newest Land of Promise

## Exodus of a Million Farmers Annually into the Southwest

By G. W. OGDEN

Illustrated with Photographs

*EDITOR'S NOTE.— The Southwest alone is recruiting one hundred thousand men each month to the army of American prosperity. And ninety-six per cent. of these are American born. Practically all of them go from the territory lying between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. Their cry is "A quarter-section and independence," and some of them, from the cities, add "Let the foreigners have the packing-house jobs." This movement is not a boom. It is the nation maintaining its balance; moving on to the last frontier. Where a million immigrants settle in the cities, a million American citizens, obeying the call of awakened manhood, go back to the land. Within ten years all the available cheap lands will be occupied, but they will be occupied by men and women grounded in the best traditions of Americanism; they will produce the surplus foodstuffs that insure us a balance of trade. This means continued national prosperity. Mr. Ogden gives us a brilliant picture of the movement.*

IMAGINE a million people sixty years ago shifting from east to west yearly over the Oregon trail by wagon and ox-team! What a furor such a migration would have occasioned, what an epoch it would have marked in history! A few thousand in a decade of those far years made history of a most impressive and lasting kind. But in our time a million people shift each year from between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, and disappear—as the turgid flood of the Red River sinks from sight in the desert sands—absorbed by that deep-breathed, level-horizoned country which lies down yonder under the haze of the Southwest.

Almost a hundred thousand a month stream through Kansas City and St. Louis, the gateways that ward the highroads leading out into the great Southwest, and ninety-six per cent. of them are American-born. Nor is this all. It is but one branch of a divergent stream, which splits its current at the edge of what was once the "plains," the other branch running up into the Northwest, as this one bends down into the mesas and vegas and llanos of a more salubrious clime.

What is the meaning of this migration—this apparent unrest and discontent? wherein lies the cause? what is the effect?

In homely phrase, it is the people of the country swarming. It is the nation maintaining its balance; the increase pouring out, like liberated flocks, into new pastures; the pioneers of the plow moving on to the last frontier. It is the unprecedented race for cheap lands, the last of which, suitable to the needs of husbandry, are disappearing at a rate that in ten years—many well-informed persons say five—will have absorbed them all.

The past two years have witnessed a wonderful awakening in the Southwest, and especially in Texas. The railroads, which formerly built into the Southwest for the purpose of handling the live-stock traffic, lately became plagued with the notion that they were overlooking something. As a result of their cogitations, they became active in inducing the immigration of agriculturists, and to their wonderfully well-organized and far-reaching bureaus of information and advertising the quick growth of this new empire is primarily due. Twice each month "home-seekers' excursions" are run, tickets from the principal gateway cities being sold at a great reduction. One Western railroad has carried as many as ten thousand land-seekers on a single excursion into Oklahoma and Texas, conveying them in special trains.

On home-seekers' days, all trains on the roads reaching the Southwest from Kansas City, the assembling-point, are run in several sections each, supplemented by many specials



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of from seven to ten coaches. Much of this travel goes into the Pecos Valley of New Mexico, much to Arizona, but there are several great trunk lines pouring into Texas, and Texas is the center from which this marvelous transformation is spreading.

Modern methods in empire building have caused vast changes in Texas during the past two years. The biggest cattle-ranches in the state have been cut up and sold, or are being sold, and hundreds of comparatively big ones which remain are being surveyed and staked. The farmer is coming, and the day of the long-horn is past. In place of the lean-flanked steer is found the complacent white-face, round and comely and sleek; in place of the belted, ammunition-weighted cowboy, the bland German farmer who raises Bermuda onions on the shores of the Rio Grande. A recent journey from Amarillo to El Paso, from El Paso to Nueces Bay, did not discover a man who wore his weapons in sight.

The whole Southwest is changing, fast. In the Panhandle, the cattleman has given place to the cattle-raiser (a significant distinction in Texas), and in the southwest gulf coast country the truck-gardener has pushed him out of the plain entirely, or driven him, by virtue of example, to put his hand to the plow. In Texas a "truck-patch" is any kind of a farm not devoted to cotton. It may comprise five acres or five thousand, but unless it grows cotton it is a truck-patch, just the same.

But to come back to the text. This is a big country—BIG, when a million people can go trapesing around over it and not cause anybody to get up from the supper-table to see what's kicking up all the dust. And a million is only part of the army hustling out to set the stakes *mas alla*, as the Mexicans say—hustling out and humping off into the chaparral and flat leagues of prairie, to grow more wheat and corn, cotton and alfalfa, and the fifty-nine other useful varieties of crops—there are sixty-three in Texas—to make the nation bigger and happier, and fatter and better.

Land hunger laid its grip on the nation about three years ago, and for two years it has been acute. Its first symptoms were apparent in the jostling rush into the opened Indian lands of the Northwest, where the rule was ten candidates for every quarter-section the government had to parcel out. This seemed to bring the people to a realization of the situation, of the undeniable fact that public lands worth having were practically all entered, that cheap tracts were disappearing like snow before a chinook.

There are several potent factors to be considered as leading up to this situation, to this growing scarcity, this unprecedented demand. Foreign immigration, indirectly, has a bearing, but only in so far as it crowds the industrial marts of the East and pushes American-born men—who find it harder and harder, more painful, more degrading, to adjust their ideas of manhood and freedom to the ever-growing exactions of capital—out into the open; out into the promise of a chance at life where it is not all give on their side and all take on that of the other man. But as for the foreign-born taking away the American's birthright of land, it hasn't come to that to any great extent. Government figures show that out of the total of 1,100,735 immigrants who entered our ports in the year ending June 30, 1906, only four per cent. found their way into the Southwest. Ninety per cent. of them remained in the East, that is, east of the Alleghanies, crowding just that many others a little farther along toward the fringe of the West. As for the Southwest, it would welcome any kind of foreigner, save a yellow-tinted one, who would turn his hand to the soil.

Another cause—and it is the biggest one outside the shifting of practical farmers from expensive land to cheap—is the discontent among the wage-earners of the cities of the middle states. The biggest demand on real-estate dealers in the Middle West to-day is for small tracts within reach of market. The easiest kind of a trade to make to-day is city property for farm land. The increased cost of living, out of proportion to the increase in wages; the socialistic propaganda, which is enabling men to weigh scientifically the cause and effect of industrial conditions; the realization that, as long as a man must stay in the producing class he would better arrange it so that the greater share of his product may benefit himself; the awakening of the manhood in men—all these tend to call them back to the ground.

"A quarter section and independence" is the cry of the shop-worn, shambles-wasted toilers who are at last beginning to come into their own. It's a big thing for the muscle and the nerve of this country. It will do more toward solving the labor question than unions and associations; it will breed a new race out on the prairies; it will cut down the output of spindle-shanked, sallow, anemic children.

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"A quarter-section and independence for us! Let the foreigners have the packing-house jobs!"

Land is being sold in the Southwest on conditions which, assuredly, place it within the reach of any man disposed to own it. Large companies which acquired the land several years ago, or the owners of ranches, and in some cases railroad companies, are prepared to sell almost any sized tract on a small initial payment and long time on the balance. If a man doesn't want a section or a quarter-section, he can get what he does want, even down to ten acres. This amount, in the truck-gardening gulf coast country of Texas, where he may grow anything from beans to bananas, is enough to make him rich. And Texas and Oklahoma can take care of five million people yet without crowding. All over Texas they're wearing "five-million" buttons now, setting that as their mark for 1910.

The men who are developing the Southwest come mainly from the middle states east of the Mississippi River, and from Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska on the west. For the most part they have been pioneers in the communities they leave who have profited by acquiring cheap lands. These lands they have farmed and improved and grown comfortably rich from, and at last they have sold them at big prices to the overflow from the East. To such men as these, and their sons, coming into the Southwest, land at from $10 to $25 an acre is cheap, and they have the adventurous spirit and the tried courage for facing a new country and hewing it into shape, together with the restless desire to be always crowding on, which is so eminently lacking in the far Easterners who supplant them.

When they go into the Southwest seeking a new location, they are met at Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, or Omaha by the real-estate men with whom they have been in correspondence, and are conducted on the home-seekers' excursions — an agent having in charge from five to one hundred prospective customers—to the localities they desire to inspect. But the thing hasn't the aspect of innocents being led to the slaughter, as past impressions of speculative real-estate dealers would naturally lead one to believe.

For these home-seekers are men—and not infrequently women—who know land values, not only from the standpoint of the seller, but thoroughly from the standpoint of the buyer. The question is not whether you are asking an unreasonable price for your land, based on what you paid for it a year ago, Mr. Agent, but what it is worth to me. The matter of buying a section, or ten sections, of land comes down to an exact and equitable exchange of values. There is no flurry, no excitement about it. The brass band, red-lettered canvas, and free refreshment methods of the town-site boomer have no place in the peopling of the Southwest.

Of course the city man, who doesn't know land, must depend on the integrity of the land agent, or on the information supplied him by the railroad. The railroads guard his interests, too. They want producing people along their lines, and are careful to inform all inquirers fully regarding whatever locality they may desire to visit. So there is practically no blind buying.

The railroads assume the speculative load in latter-day colonization. Vast amounts of money are spent by them in rendering accessible lands that are straining their fecund acres toward the hands of the husbandman; in spanning leagues that may lie untouched and unprofitable for a generation, to tap the promised abundance of a region beyond. It isn't a game that bunco can enter, because it doesn't pay to build a railroad for the mere purpose of selling off land. It is the product of the land, under skilful manipulation, that makes a railroad pay.

There is here none of the slow development that characterized the old West. Oklahoma has accomplished in fifteen years what it took Kansas forty to attain. In the first place, these modern frontiersmen generally have the railroad to carry them to their new homes. Then it transports their machinery and goods to them; and it carries away their first crop. No need to stint the output because of lack of market. The land may be urged to its greatest capacity from the very start; there is the market, north and southeast and east, calling for all that the new land can give it; there is the new railroad, panting to carry the riches away. As a result, prosperity sits at the table with the colonists of the Southwest from the beginning. You will find a bank in many a town where there is neither a saloon nor a church.

The farmer who is tired of growing $15 crops on $100 land; the young man who has a little capital and enough grit to face the rawness of the first year or two, will find in the Southwest riches more certain than the sun-cursed sands of Death Valley or the bleak

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A PARTY OF HOME-SEEKERS AND THEIR AUTOMOBILE.

wastes of Alaska can offer, where, at the best, only one in thousands finds reward for his travail and heart-sickness. There is sure prosperity, and ease, and affluence, in a clime blessed by nature, for every man who will put forth the effort to attain them.

Oklahoma has such a friendly face. It smiles an invitation, in all of its great expanse, in every mile, at every beaten cross-road, to get right out of the wagon and make yourself at home. There is something familiar and homelike in the landscape, no matter where you hail from, that just makes you take a long breath and want to stay. The invitation is so cordial that it causes thousands of home-seekers, who set out with the intention of going farther, to cheaper lands, to break their journeys and cast their lines in Oklahoma. Here cheap lands are a thing of the past; that is, as the term is understood among investors. Twenty dollars an acre is as low as the price drops within profitable reach of transportation, and $50 is about the average for farm and fruit land well located.

Oklahoma has been the land of the speculator to a greater extent than any other territory in the Union. Its history is one of successive rushes, dating from the first on April 22, 1889, down to the latest, April, 1904, when the Oto, Ponca, and Missouri reservations were opened. The speculator came with the dawn of opening and left with the sunrise of solid development; capital followed, like blackbirds along a fresh-turned furrow, at the farmer's heels, and Oklahoma grew mighty at one well-gathered bound.

The railroads made Oklahoma, just as they made Kansas and Colorado. There is no gainsaying that. In spite of all their reprehensible features of financial sculduggery, there are always good men somewhere around the railroads, working honestly, and for big ends. So we must give the railroads credit for our lubberly brother, Oklahoma. His railroad facilities, together with the best of the nation's youth who came to him, put him in the seventh grade in shorter time than territories ordinarily require to finish the primer. Here a man commonly buys a farm, pays for it with the first crop, builds a big house and barn with the next, then settles contentedly down to enjoy the plush parlor set and the mechanical piano on the yearly increase.

It is said that there is a claimant for every quarter-section in Oklahoma, proper. This being the case, the wonder grows where all the newcomers find standing-room, until investigation reveals the fact that thousands are leaving Oklahoma annually for the promise of something better beyond. You always find that kind of people, everywhere. You would encounter them in the promised land, going through the motion of hitching up and driving on. Oklahoma is to-day a land of thrift and rapid fortunes, and the sifting-out process makes room in it each year for at least a fifth of the migrating million whose course we are following.

The territory holds everything within its borders necessary to make it an independent principality. Cut off from all the world, it would suffer no want that its own resources could not supply. The streets of its cities are



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being paved with its own asphalt; its business houses, schools, churches, and court-houses are built of its own granite and marble, held together by its own cement; its people cook and heat with its own coal and gas, while its oil, poured out in the greatest volume ever discovered anywhere, goes out to illuminate and lubricate the earth. In the production of cotton it ranks sixth among the states. In 1906 it produced one million bales, and this year will probably bring it up to fourth place.

Oklahoma very nearly overlooked cotton, too. The northern men who came in with the rush didn't think of it as a cotton country, didn't think of it as much of anything, in fact, when they saw the red soil, red as a clay bank where a log pile has been burned. It remained for a band of obscure Georgia negroes, in dire misfortune, to discover its cotton qualities and give it one of its chief sources of wealth.

It was along about 1890 that a negro, E. P. McCabe, ex-auditor of Kansas, with two associates, acquired 320 acres of land near Guthrie, laid out a town site, and induced some 2,000 negroes from the South to settle there. But the town, having nothing to support it, was a failure; the inhabitants were scattered. Still, a few remained, some of them even acquiring land which the white man had passed over as worthless. One day in the fall of 1892 a committee of these negroes visited Guthrie and laid before the business men of that city a wonderful story of cotton. Recognizing in the black-jack soil a close similarity to that of the Georgia cotton lands, some of them had planted a few seeds, which, somehow, had clung to their effects when they migrated to the new country. The result had been a prolific yield of extra-fine cotton, and the committee had come to Guthrie to solicit aid in sending South for seed enough to plant crops the following spring.

No one knew about cotton in Oklahoma, and for a long time no one would listen to them. But at length they found a man who was interested. He drew others in, a carload of seed was bought and distributed among the negroes, and in the spring of 1893 the first cotton crop was planted in Oklahoma.

Oklahoma is, right now, the marvel of the world as a producer of petroleum. Though the oil-wells are located in the Creek nation of the old Indian Territory, they will be in Oklahoma under statehood. Already the people write it "Tulsa, Oklahoma." The great Glenn pool, the most extensive petroleum deposit ever discovered, lies near the city of Tulsa. From an eminence in the pool it is possible to count 250 derricks, standing, it seems, as thick as bean poles, and the field is still only fairly blocked out. In earthen "tanks" and great steel receptacles are stored millions of barrels of crude oil, and the wells are more than half idle for want of an outlet for their product.

OKLAHOMA CITY AS IT WAS IN 1889.

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OKLAHOMA CITY AS IT IS TO-DAY.

There are $2,000,000 turned loose in Tulsa every month, $2,000,000 in a town of 15,000 people. Somebody is getting some money there; you can figure it up yourself. The freight business of the 'Frisco railroad at Keifer, the oil-field station, runs about $160,000 a month, the passenger traffic $15,000 a month, and it is all handled in a box car standing beside the track. Oil speculators from all parts of the earth are there; grafters and boomers and sure-thing men from East and West throng the one slant, raw street of the town of Keifer during the day, returning at night to the comforts of Tulsa and the two-per-cent. alcohol beverages which an indulgent government allows to be sold within the territory of its wards.

The Creek Indians are fast becoming rich from royalties, and many a simple-minded white man, who scarcely realized the possibility of his action when he secured a lease on oil land, has become suddenly burdened with the worry of much wealth. Frequently they are more harassed by the constant care of their money than ever they were by the load of poverty they have so suddenly cast off. One fellow was encountered in the mud-spattered street of Keifer with $18,000 in currency bulging his pockets, which he was afraid to trust to a bank. There is room in the Indian Territory—as it is still known in other parts of the United States; down there it is all Oklahoma—for a multitude of energetic agriculturists. Very soon, under the provisions of recent enactments, most of the lands held by the Indians may be disposed of by them. In anticipation of the inrush which must surely follow, certain companies and wealthy individuals are already on the ground, binding the Indians up in leases. It is another conspiracy against the poor man. When the time comes for him to drive into the new country, he will find all the land lease-covered. If he gets any of it he will have to pay dearly.

In the Middle West there is little public land left. Missouri has less than 90,000 acres subject to homestead or cash purchase from the government, and the one-fourth of that suitable to cultivation is bound in by rugged hills, much of it 100 miles from a railroad. The Kansas public lands, what few are left, are isolated, also, and well out to the extreme western corners of the state. Arkansas has plenty of land, much of it so uneven that a man can graze his flocks on both sides of it, they say down there, but it is far from railroads, and does not meet the requirements of the colonist of to-day.

For the home-seeker of these times is not seeking a refuge, merely. He wants a good many of the comforts of life, and a few of the luxuries. He is a man of the minute; he means business. Quick and reliable means of transportation are essential to his success; therefore, he would rather pay $20 or $40 an acre for the right kind of land near a railroad than to homestead it in the Ozarks of Missouri



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or Arkansas, or in the arid fastnesses of New Mexico or Arizona. There are more men among the colonists of the new Southwest who go there with a thousand to twenty thousand dollars, than who attempt it with one hundred. This fact accounts for the tremendous growth of the Texas Panhandle.

Any time you want to, you can draw a continuous straight line 900 miles long in Texas. It would be undignified to descend to such a scale of comparison as Rhode Island when speaking of Texas. Six states as big as Iowa could be cut out of Texas, and good measure given to each of them. There is more corn land in Texas than in Illinois, more wheat land than in the Dakotas, while in the matter of fruit lands Texas has California submerged and heaped over and buried out of reckoning.

The piece of Texas called the Panhandle is the neck in the northwestern part of the state. It contains about 25,000 square miles, or nearly one-third the area of Kansas. It is a short-grass country, similar to west-central Kansas—where, within the memory of a not very old man, it was said that corn and wheat would never grow—and it has been a grazing-land for a long time. It used to be a country of rangers, rascals, rattlesnakes, and remittance men, and the biggest cattle-ranch on earth was there.

The cattlemen liked the Panhandle—and they like it yet—although they used to sit and spit in the hotel lobbies at Omaha and Kansas City and curse its name. It took five acres there to maintain a steer, against two in Kansas, they said. It was a place of bitter winds, prairie-dog holes, and no rain. Why any man that wasn't there wanted to *go* there, beat them! And that kind of talk went for a good many years. The stockmen had the farmers bluffed. But a man named Campbell, of Colorado, with a little dab of whiskers on his chin and a turmoil of new ideas in the back of his head to balance them, got to fooling around in that nice level country with certain experiments.

This Campbell has a way of tilling semi-arid lands and getting amazing crops without irrigation. He makes no secret of the method, which he calls "dry farming." Briefly, the plan is to work the top of the soil with disk plows and harrows until it is a bed of dust. This acts as a mulch, just as straw, but far more effectually, and prevents the rapid evaporation of the moisture from the soil. The rainfall is stored in this manner, and then the seed is sown. The Campbell method has produced fifty bushels of wheat to the acre in the Panhandle of Texas, and corn, oats, alfalfa, Kafir corn, and milo maize in like proportion.

Some of the far-sighted cattlemen, seeing the result of these experiments and the inevitable consequences, caused a break in the traditions of their caste by cutting up their ranches and offering them for sale. Immediately the flood of immigration, which Oklahoma had ceased to absorb, broke over the Panhandle, and land values took an enormous leap. The cattlemen sat back and chuckled. It was all right; let the suckers come. Selling land that cost them a dollar for from four to eight dollars would do; they could stand that indefinitely. They thought they were getting even.

Then along came another crowd of far-sighted men, who snapped up the big ranches, all they could buy, at the $4, $7, and $8 prices. That was less than three years ago. Many of them have sold out entirely at a minimum of $15 an acre, and much of the land brought $20. The stories they tell of land fortunes are staggering, but they have the banks and mansions, Japanese servants and automobiles, to prove them.

The X I T ranch in the Panhandle is the biggest cattle-ranch in Texas; therefore, the biggest in the world. It is the property of the New York Land and Cattle Company, and comprises ten counties, as the letters signify—Ten In Texas; and this vast tract of land was given in payment by the state of Texas thirty years ago to the company which built the magnificent state-house at Austin. Texans, as well as a good many others, believed in those days that they had made a bargain. The cattle company grazed its herds over this land for many years, free of taxes, and to-day it is being cut up and sold in tracts varying from 1,000 to 5,000 acres. The land near railroads is bringing from $15 to $25 an acre.

The LX ranch was another big one. Three years ago it contained 1,200 unbroken sections; to-day it is all sold in comparatively small tracts. A colony of German farmers from Missouri bought seventy sections of this land.

Scores of smaller ranches have been sold out, and the range stock-grower, who depended on the open prairie to feed his herds all the year, is being speedily eliminated. The Panhandle is undergoing an adjustment;

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A CHOCTAW LAWYER AND CAPITALIST.
L. C. Hill and his seven children, all famous hunters.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A NEW HOME IN TEXAS.



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under the new order the old cattleman will have no place there. The expert growers of blooded beef cattle, from Iowa and Illinois, are coming into his kingdom. Five years and the Panhandle will see him no more.

A great wheat country is coming on there. In a little while the Panhandle yield will figure in the world's output as prominently as that of Kansas. The people are streaming thither; all that is required is a year to break the sod and get it in shape for grain.

Amarillo is the metropolis of the Panhandle. Up there they pronounce it just as it is spelled in English, although it is a Spanish word and pronounced, properly, Am-a-ree-o. But don't go calling it anything but Amarillo—or Amariller, if you prefer—up there. It's too far north. Down in San Antonio they know better, but in Amarillo they think you're trying to strain the amenities. Anyway, the word means yellow, which is not at all inappropriate for the town. Things are a bit yellow in Amarillo, but not the yellow of insincerity. The tint might properly be charged to the intoxication of rapid growth. They're the same way in Oklahoma, a little heady, a little rash about tilting the ash end of their cigars up toward their noses, a little frothy, but sincere. Five years ago nothing but a name; to-day a population of 14,000, and a rich agricultural country developing all around it. That's Amarillo. Its hotels and boarding-houses are always full, swarming with home-seekers. If you want to make sure of sleeping in Amarillo, make your reservation some days ahead.

A FARMER'S HOME IN OKLAHOMA.

Home-seekers' excursions are usually timed so that they reach Amarillo in the early morning, and the first sight of that flat country, with the sky pressing down against it sharply and evenly on every side, is overwhelming. It is something like coming suddenly, for the first time, to the brink of a tremendous cañon and looking down. A man feels that he needs some time to grow before he sets his hand to any other business. But a day among the real-estate men, tearing here and there in quivering automobiles to look at land, helps to familiarize one with this new country. A man believes he may get big enough to grasp it in time.

When twilight falls over the somber flatness of the Panhandle country, it is gray and vast, with the awesome sweep of the sea. The wind comes treading over it out of the dim southeast and steals into the stranger's heart and works its charm. In the morning he wakes and wants to stay. It doesn't seem, somehow, to require the stories of forty-nine bushels of wheat to the acre, or of four cuttings of alfalfa, a ton and a half to the cutting, to convince him. He seems to know at once that he has but to strike the iron into the heart of the land and the fountain will gush forth.

It is a long leap from the Panhandle to the gulf coast country around Corpus Christi and Brownsville, and there is such a change in the face of nature that it is hard to conceive how one state may be big enough to admit the diversity. From short-grass and alfalfa and grain, to sugar-cane, cassava, oranges, bananas, and the boring intensity of a tropical sun, is like a change from Kansas to Florida. But Texas doesn't have to exert itself to give its people climatic extremes.

Along the southwestern gulf coast of Texas, another lodging-place for northern immigrants, a marvelous transformation is going forward. This region is becoming the winter garden of the North and East, and an industry, unique for Texas, is growing up there with astonishing rapidity. There the truck-gardener has, indeed, pushed the cattleman out of sight. Not much remains of him now, save the names of his ranches, which are being parceled out at an average of $25 an acre to energetic incomers from the North.

The southwestern gulf coast was once believed to be as unarable as the Panhandle,

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THE SINEWS OF OKLAHOMA.
"Boomers" at Lawton, waiting to join in the rush for land.

owing to a stinted rainfall. It was a grazing-country, some of the big ranches of Texas being located there, among them the King ranch, through which it was possible to ride forty miles in a straight line. The herbage was indifferent, from seven to ten acres being required to maintain a steer. Land was cheap, almost too cheap to bother about owning at all, and things went along at a picturesquely indifferent pace until somebody tried irrigating a little patch of ground. The awakening was violent and sudden.

THREE SPECIAL COTTON TRAINS COME TO OKLAHOMA CITY EACH DAY DURING THE RUSH SEASON.



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Three years ago a bit of a railroad, with a name almost as long as its main line—the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico, it is called—was finished between Brownsville and Corpus Christi, being the first section of the road that now reaches Houston. At that time there were five houses in which white people lived on the 150 miles of road between Brownsville and Corpus Christi. Now there are above 20,000 heads of families, landholders, living in the same area, tilling the productive soil. Of these, 16,000 settled within the past twenty months.

Some of the ranchers, convenient to water transportation, had been growing sugar-cane a long time before the railroad came, and now sugar-making appears to be one of the destined large industries of this prolific state. The lower valley of the Rio Grande, for a distance of 100 miles inland from the gulf, is said by sugar-cane experts to be the most favorable spot in the United States for the cultivation of that plant. Owing to its extreme southern latitude, 400 miles south of the Louisiana cane-fields, the crop may develop fully without danger of frost. Planters in the lower Rio Grande valley give their cane a full twelve months to mature, against eight or ten in Louisiana, where frost is always a menace later than October. The combined richness of the Texas soil, unequaled even in Cuba, and favorable climatic conditions, place the yield of this region above that of Hawaii. A planting of cane-"joints" will yield in Texas profitably for eight years, against three years, at the extreme, in other cane-growing sections of the United States.

Texas has great plans for coming into the sugar-market of the United States, and coming in strong. Great plantation companies are being organized, and the most extensive irrigation works on this continent are under process of construction in the Rio Grande valley. Refineries are springing up there, and the companies building them are offering every inducement and assistance to industrious men of small means to come in and begin producing cane. The poor man's chance lies down there to-day on the Texas frontier.

Another big business in the Rio Grande valley is that of growing Bermuda onions. It is a recent industry there, but Texas holds the market for Bermuda onions in her hand to-day, so far as the United States is concerned. The planters who are engaged in this business are organized under the name of the Western Texas Truck Growers' Association, and they pay an exclusive agent in San Antonio a salary of $10,000 a year to market their product. One grower at Laredo made from this year's crop of twenty-one acres, $350 an acre, net. Others in the onion belt realized as much as $400 an acre, net, and this from land which some of them bought five years ago for a dollar and a half an acre.

Truck-gardeners in the vicinity of Kingsville, Mercedes, and Corpus Christi have done as well with cabbage, tomatoes, cucumbers, and other green stuff, which they ship North and East during the winter months. The evidences of Nature's prodigality are stunning to the home-seeker who goes wading through fields of green vegetables in January. It is a land of such palpable richness that the newcomer is undecided upon one particular only—that is, where he shall stoop and begin filling his sack. The long-headed Iowa and Illinois farmers who visit this peculiarly favored region almost invariably invest in land. Ground at $30 and $40 an acre, which will give a yearly return of not less than $100 per acre, net, looks good to them.

All the southwestern gulf coast country of Texas must be irrigated in order to make it productive. Water underlies it in a broad river, which is reached at depths varying from 500 to 1,200 feet. This underground river has its source far enough north to cause all the artesian wells which tap it to flow. The water comes forth from the deepest wells quite warm, and must be cooled for drinking.

Two years more will find this portion of Texas a thickly populated, wealthy district, with land values more nearly based on the productiveness of the soil than at present. Greater progress is being made there than in Oklahoma, owing to the fact that the land buyers are generally well supplied with money at the beginning. They are for the most part the sellers of high-priced land in the North, and they are not obliged to await returns from their new possessions to improve them.

Like the West, and extreme Southwest, this country long hid its generous heart under a grim and forbidding exterior, concealing its riches until the time when man should need them most.

Just a little while and the journey from sea to sea will be one unbroken picture of cultivated lands. Even now almost every mountain glade has its tenant, almost every mountain stream pours out its waters upon some green spot where the far-blowing seed of a crowding, restless race has lodged.

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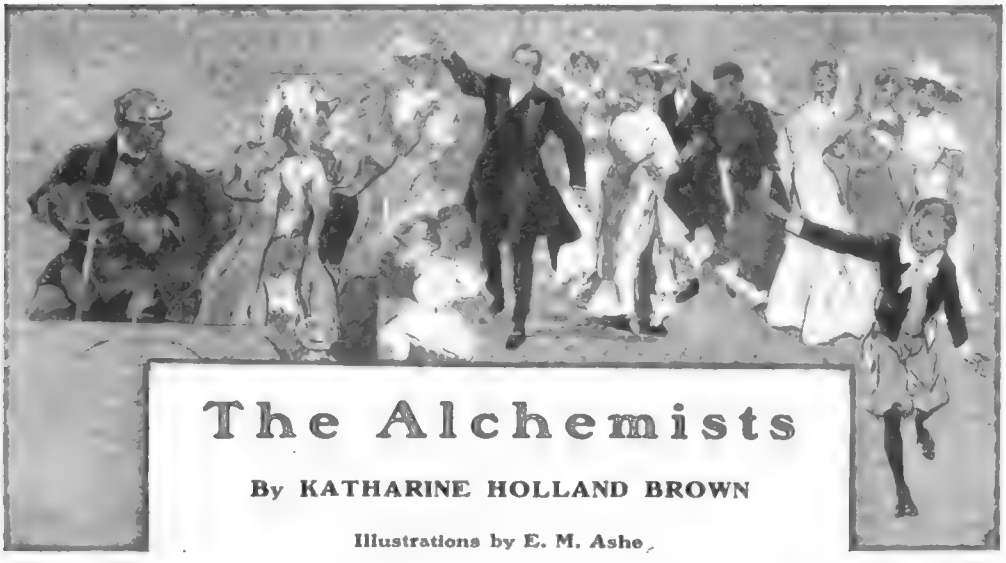

# The Alchemists

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Illustrations by E. M. Ashe

THE last flurry of guests stepped from the broad Georgian portico, and trailed rainbow draperies across the shallow marble steps and through the silence of the deep garden to the wide rose-screened terrace that overlooked the sea. The two groups already assembled, standing in admirably careless differentiation, casually aloof, viewed their coming with a fleeting glance, then turned their faces again toward the great house, silent, intent. The bishop fidgeted with his prayer-book, and balanced first on one stout gaitered leg, then on the other, petulantly conscious of the moist rheumatic turf. The bride's mother, serene as an ivory goddess, drew a shade closer to her husband and looked up, smiling faintly, into his dry, impassive face; the little gesture had the effect of a flawlessly executed bit of classic pantomime. A swift breeze tossed the wreathed white orchids on the impromptu altar, then faltered and fell silent, as if the day itself drew a quick, hurrying breath of anticipation. For it was now close upon the Hour.

Ranked as they were, in these two groups, so sharply defined and so inimical, yet seemingly so chance in their division, the wedding guests were as two grim, powerful phalanxes, met on the common ground of a deep mutual demand, yet armed and watchful, even in the face of their neutrality. Dutifully their faces had put on the holiday ease, the bridal cheer, like smiling masks. But here and there a mask had slipped awry, and the face of truth revealed itself: alert, fear-stricken, infuriate, exultant.

The bridegroom's clan stood massed against a tall rose hedge, flaunting, hostile, forlornly ill at ease. His elder sister, a splendid overblown beauty, arrayed as for a Court presentation, towered to the fore. Her regal head flung high; her shrewish crimson lips pouted, arrogant. With slow, dark, insolent gaze she stared disdainfully past the group across the lawn, up the broad flower-strewn path down which the bride's pageant must come. At her elbow shuffled her husband, pasty-cheeked, fretful, slinking. His dull eyes, set deep in puffy hollows, blinked peevishly; the crown of his pink bald head barely grazed his wife's imperial shoulder. With his loose, podgy body, his aimless hands, his greedy mouth of a fish, he seemed a ludicrous blood-brother to the fat, spoiled English pug which, escaping the servants' vigilance, now sniffed at his heels. One was irresistibly tempted to throw the two a bone, and watch them snatch.

The bridegroom's father, suffocating but defiant, in unwonted pomp of Prince Albert



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and circumstance of rigid linen, clenched his broad mottled fists, and stared into vacancy with straining, cruel eyes. The bridegroom's mother cowered behind her daughter, a scared little shadow against the younger woman's sumptuous bulk. She stared toward the westering sun with blank, belligerent eyes; her stubbed little hands, betraying for all her care the pitiful toil-scars of her youth, picked and fluttered among her stranded pearls. Utter terror, the blind, craven fear of her caste, the dread of the stabs They could give, those cool, proud, pitiless Others, pulsed in her heaving breast. Yet she stiffened her twitching mouth, and wryly smiled. . . .

Her husband never glanced her way. He stood as at the head of his forces, chest erect, harsh mouth unblenching, the very mark and pattern of grim, merciless triumph. To-day his was a world of triumph. This supreme, this transcendent marriage for his boy, his only son, his darling, was the last tourney, the final field. After all his years of struggle, of heaped defeat, of slow, heart-sickening toil, the conquest now lay in his hand. And all the fruits of conquest were for the boy, the boy alone. For himself—it did not matter. Whether the locked gates of the World-Rulers should ever open to him, was of small account. For now his mighty wealth, flung like a battering-ram against the weakened fortifications of this loftier household, had forced those gates for his son; and the splendor of this master-stroke outweighed twice over all that it had cost.

True, the price had been heavy; a sum made up of laden days and endless slaving nights, of hurtling combats, ruthless hand to throat, of lies and theft and inmeshed treachery. However, the sum was paid. Across from him, gray, exquisite, assured, stood the man who had crouched to snatch that price, to save his own worthless name. And in return this man had yielded this daughter, the girl-bride, who, with the magic of her beauty and her lineage, was to make all ways smooth for this, his son.

. . . For the moment, he forgot his rôle of the complacent parent: he passed a wavering hand across his forehead, wet as with the sweat of his long fight. Conqueror though he was, the chill of the failure that might have been, caught at his halting breath. Coward to his blustering throat, he shrank and trembled before the face of this victory that he had spent his soul to win.

Across the sweep of turf, clustered at gracious ease around the flower-wreathed sapphire of the fountain, loitered the bride's people, stately, debonair, bland. Her mother stood in lily silence, one slim hand resting upon her husband's arm. In her far youth she had been a woman nobly planned for sweetness and for honor. But with her sweetness was interwoven the dull indolence of thought, the calm indifference to every duty, that tarnished all her race. With gentle, vacillating hands, she still clung to the outworn illusions of her girlhood; and in her wilful blindness she could not see how tattered they had become. Fair, listless, charming, shallow as the fountain-basin at her feet, she stood among her guests, and waited for the bridal of her child.

The bride's father held his pose with immovable self-control. Now and then faint amusement glinted across his mouth. As he stood facing the blossomy wedding altar, his flat cold eyes half shut, his narrow temples drawn in languid scrutiny, he gave the impression of a man so atrophied by some inexorable inward force that scarcely a vital pulse remained. That ruling egotism which was the key to his nature, whose imprint was stamped on every line of his face, had crushed out every finer sense. Like the mystics of the Orient, he went self-slain. Among all the men and women gathered to-day around him, he counted not one friend; for he bargained with life empty-handed of even the smallest coin of patience or regard. Even this man opposite, his opponent, so soon to be hatefully tied to him by the indissoluble bond of their two children, he had humiliated and affronted, day after day, year upon year. Until at last—and again that baffling laughter slackened his thin gray mouth—until had come the incredible turn of the wheel, which had lifted this bustling vulgarian, this newcomer, to the farthest heights, and had thrown *him*, heir of stately centuries, dazed and helpless at the feet of this ignoble master. . . .

He slid his tongue stealthily along his parched lips. If it had not been for this miscreant's son, and his instant wild infatuation for Edith, he would now stand face to face with ruin. And worse than ruin. Shame—ostracism—judgment——

However, the fool's determination to advance his son had bought rescue. He could felicitate himself upon his own wise handling of the affair. Clutching at the straw of chance, he had invited his enemy and

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THE WEDDING GUESTS WERE AS TWO GRIM, POWERFUL PHALANXES.

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all his enemy's impossible family to his house, as guests; and the boy's first sight of Edith had saved the day. It was a part of this miraculous good fortune that the boy, despite his odious forbears, should be so presentable; and Edith was absurdly satisfied. She had been a bit puzzled by her family's instant and bewildering consent, the eager haste with which the wedding had been arranged. However, the turmoil of preparation left her scant time for thought. That was quite as well. She need never know how dark had loomed the menace that her all-conquering fairness had turned aside.

A gust of music drifted down the sunset slope. As if drawn by its airy swing, the guests turned to face the flowered path. Two by two, pacing in happy rhythm, came the choir of boys in white, singing the bridal hymn. The low sea-wind called its antiphony to their linked pure voices, chanting remote and passionless, sweet as April birds. Behind them, the bridesmaids, a fair rose-garden in flight; then, in quaint Old-World fashion, the bride in the midst of her maids, her lover at her side.

The guests pressed forward gently. The bride's mother decorously bowed her lovely

"COME ALONG, HONEY. WON'T THE FAMILY GASP AND GURGLE WHEN THEY FIND WE'VE RUN AWAY!"

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head. Slowly, in the gold silence of the failing day, the ancient, noble ordinance began.

"No, we don't really need any more confetti, thank you. There's a gallon down my neck, as it is. And we're not going to take Peters along to run the car, either. Jimmy and I are going to Beech Hill all alone, just we two." The bride pushed her rumpled floss of curls from her eyes, freed herself from the distracted embrace of half a dozen bridesmaids, and swung into the driver's seat. "No, we'll be all right on our wedding-trip just by ourselves. Truly!"

"But Jimmy won't watch his steering-gear with you along!" "And he'll scorch! He always does!" "And he'll spill things, or break things, or else run over somebody." "Oh, Jimmy, do be careful!"

"Jimmy will be careful," vowed the bridegroom, leaping up beside her, with a little laugh of sheer delight. His serious sun-browned face was flushed and afire; his black eyes overflowed with rapturous sparkles. "No scorching, no breakdowns, no murders, no nothing. Good-by, everybody! And a Merry Christmas, *and* a Happy New Year!"

He dodged the heavy rose-sheaf aimed at his head by an excited bridesmaid, and flung up his free arm to shield Edith from the farewell storm of blossoms and confetti. As though borne on viewless mighty wings, the great car leaped beneath his hand. Down through the last sunset afterglow it sped, across the spray-drenched lawns, then plunged deep into the folding shadows of the twilight woods.

"This isn't so bad," he ventured, after a while.

The car had dropped to a long rocking swing, easeful as the lift of an anchored boat upon the summer tides. The narrow white road gleamed like a ribbon of silver between far darkening fields. The late sea-fog drifted, gray trailing smoke, before their faces, cold and sweet, and soft as down. Away to the east, two vast white stars pricked moveless flame against the dusky amethyst of ocean and sky.

"No, this isn't so bad," assented the girl. She freed one strong brown hand from its glove, and slid it dexterously beneath his own upon the wheel. "You were a dear, Jimmy, to insist on our leaving Peters behind. It's loads more fun, just ourselves."

The boy did not reply. His fingers tightened on her hand; but his dark gaze turned steadfastly to the east, where, side by side, the two great stars flamed ever deeper, twin beacons against the thickening night.

"Thatcher Island lights," breathed the girl. Her sweet face grew wistful; for a breath she leaned her cheek against his arm. "Jimmy, dear! Won't you just always *love* them! *Do* you remember?"

"Remember? Remember what?" drawled the boy maddeningly. He ducked her instant infuriate blow with lightning skill, then wheeled with the same movement to silence her tempest of reproach with masterful kisses.

"Jimmy, you little beast! To think you'd even dare pretend that you'd forgotten—that you *could* forget!" She pushed him away, and plucked at the crushed folds of her veil, with airy preening. But again her eyes grew grave; her rosy laughter dimmed.

"Do you know, Jimmy, ridiculous as it sounds, I—I almost wish we were going there now? Just we two together—and the sea, and the wind, and the stars! It would be almost as wonderful as it was—Then. That other day."

"Would it?" pondered the boy, under his breath. He slackened the car to a creeping pace. Then he turned to her, gravely smiling.

"Do you honestly think you'd like it, over there, Edith? Wouldn't it be lonesome, and cold, and scary, after a while? You know there's not a soul on the whole island but the lighthouse-keeper; and that little fishing-shack of mine is all of a mile from the lights, at that. And it's a regular tepee; no furniture, no telephone, no wall-paper——"

"Oh, Jimmy, you stupid, that wouldn't matter. But— Oh, Beech Hill will be glorious, I know, Jimmy. And your father was a darling, to fit it all up for us, and give it to us for our very own. And we'll just adore it, every minute, that I know. And it'll be grand and splendid, and we'll feel like people in some wonderful play. But I couldn't help thinking what fun it would be if we could run away from all of it, Beech Hill and everybody, and just stay by ourselves, all alone there—just we two!"

"Honest, Edith?" The car had stopped now. The boy faced her, eyes aglow, brown cheeks deep crimsoned in the waning light.

"Honest true, Jimmy, dear. And yet—Why, Jimmy, what *are* you speeding so for? You'll break— Why, how did we happen to

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come down this way? You've forgotten to take the cross-road! Why, Jimmy, we're on the beach road this minute!"

The boy did not answer. Braced and intent, he hung over the machine. The girl sat back, a little dazed. The car was swooping ahead now, licking up the long beach miles like a flying dragon. Soon down a rutted sandy path they sped, then straight across a fallow field, invisible daisies and grasses lashing against the wheels. The car swung to the right, bumped down a sharp declivity; the heavy wheels slithered through grinding tide-wet sand, and jarred and thumped over bits of driftwood. The fitful night-wind tossed cloud-spray in their faces; the drone of the far fog-horn pulsed throbbing through their ears.

Sharp on the rim of the little cove, the car halted. The boy leaped from his seat, and cried a resounding hail.

"Thar in a minute!" came the deep reply, fog-muffled to an echo.

The boy put up his arms.

"Come, dear."

"Jimmy!" The girl drew back. Wonder and delight mingled in her wide eyes.

"Come, dear. It's all right. Yes, I schemed for this, all the way through. Peters took over everything that we'll need, this morning. The shack is all ready for us. I knew you'd stand for it—but I hadn't dared hope that you'd ask for it, your own self. I might have known you'd want just what I wanted, though. You—you *peach*!" His rapt calm broke down in a burst of ecstatic schoolboy chuckles, mischief, and noisy joy. "Come along, honey. Won't the family gasp and gurgle when they find we've run away!"

Hand in hand, like two truant children, they scrambled down the slope to the dory waiting below. Against the night, the broad oars plashed through amber fire; hand in hand, they sat in silence through the long enchanted hour.

The fishing-shack was swept and ordered. Their food lay spread upon the rough pine table. In the black cleft of fireplace a low driftwood fire glowed with magic flame against the deep-sea chill. They peered and pried through the tiny rooms, like rapturous explorers; they ate and drank, serving each other; they laughed and exulted. The moments slipped like jewels through their clasping hands.

"This isn't so bad, is it?" he whispered once again. Wrapped in her plaid, they paced the strip of sand below the door. Before them rolled the great harbor, black, heaving, breaking into silver flashes beneath the gaunt white moon. Mile upon mile to the southward, at the farthest tip of the vast horn of the bay, shone a faint distant luminance; her stately sea home, lapped in shimmer of fountain mist and cloaking forest shadow, infinitely away.

Together they looked back at it, a little wistfully. The girl's soft mouth took on a childish droop.

"It doesn't seem quite fair, does it, Jimmy?" she whispered. "To think we're having all this, and they don't even know how happy we are—what it all means! I hope mother isn't lonely for me. And I hope poor daddy isn't too tired. Weddings always bore him so, he says. Dear daddy!"

"I'll bet my mother is pretty near all in, too," said the boy gravely. "Mother—mother never has gone about so very much, and she tires too easily. She's rather too shy, and stand-offish, I think, sometimes. And so is Sis. Sis holds everybody at arm's length, she's so lofty. I tease her abominably about being so stuck-up, now she's married to a title. But Reg isn't such a bad title; he's only a little slow. And Sis is a mighty square old girl, bless her heart. You'll learn to love them both, Sis and mother, even if you do feel a bit strange now. And they'll just worship you. They can't help themselves. And father—oh, father's himself, and nobody else. But he's all right, even if he is—different. He's the best ever. He—he's *bully*. You'll understand him before long. And he thinks you're the whole thing."

"You don't quite understand my father, either," the girl reproached him gently. "You always act as if you were just a wee bit afraid—or hostile——"

"Well, I did stand in awe of him, at first. He's so jolly placid, and gray, and slow, and those broad A's of his always do make me quake in my boots. It was all about you, you see. I didn't dare hope he'd ever let me even think of you. I can't believe it yet. Isn't it all too wonderful! It can't be true! That they really would——"

"My dear people!" The girl still looked out across the sea.

"*Our* dear people," he whispered, leaning his cheek to touch her own. Together they looked back, tenderly, with blinded angelic eyes. To them, it was forever, should for-

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THE MOMENTS SLIPPED LIKE JEWELS THROUGH THEIR CLASPING HANDS.

ever be, their House of Love, the place where they had found their white-starred Eden. Mercifully holden by their own innocence, their eyes beheld in it no shadow and no flaw. Neither harsh greed, nor cruel reckoning, nor slow web of low-flung trickery, could they see. The golden aura of their love illumined all those smirched lives to the unstained radiant seeming of their own. Its heavenly alchemy transmuted even the darkness behind them to fair light.

The girl leaned to him, with a little clinging gesture. The man looked down at her; the color dropped swiftly from his face, leaving it very white beneath the tan. He pulled her closer to him. His boyish face grew suddenly older, graver, purer; upon it flowed a light that made it almost sublime. The girl looked up unknowing, a little awed; then the wonder in her gaze changed to secure content. Silently, like two children, they kissed and clung, rapt in the glory of the new day opening before them, blind to the shadow-world that lay behind.



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# A Damsel in Distress

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

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Illustrations
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EUPHROSYNE leaned back in the crotch of the old apple-tree that was her chosen refuge in time of trouble and gave herself up to the luxury of brooding over her woe. Being so deplorably miserable was the next best thing to being very happy; but the child was too young to know that. It is only late in life that one quotes, "*Ah, les beaux jours quand j'étais si malheureuse.*"

About one thing Euphrosyne was quite positive. She must not hate her little sister. That would be wicked, and the blood of a long line of Puritan ancestors ran in this small woman's veins. Moreover, if she should hate Maia, it would be just like the horrid little thing to get crippled, or die, or something, and then it would be awful to have hated her.

The ground was familiar. Euphrosyne had been over it often; for that four-year-old sister, though lovable in the rare intervals when she was good, was very, very horrid when she was bad, and she was bad most of the time. Whatever her older sister held dearest, that the baby invariably set her heart upon having, and she always got what she wanted; for she had a system, a system solidly founded upon precocious observation of cause and effect.

The one fundamental law of the Converse household was that the scholarly father who shut himself in his library day after day, and whom his motherless bairns encountered only at the dining-table, must not be disturbed. Janet, the old nurse, housekeeper, general factotum, went on tiptoe past the library door. Euphrosyne hushed her voice to whispers in the hall. Maia's method was different, quite different. Whenever any one crossed her or withheld what she wanted, she sat herself down on the hall floor, before the study door, and howled lustily. The expected promptly happened. The closed door was sure to swing open abruptly and reveal a coldly irate father whose one desire was, not to administer justice, but to secure quiet. Since the youngest of his offspring was the only one who dared to disturb his peace, it was vitally important that she should be suppressed; and the quickest and most effectual way of suppressing her was to give her what she wanted. Hence, Euphrosyne's tears. One by one, her most cherished possessions had been handed over to the obstreperous baby, at her father's stern command. To-day, even the beloved doll, with real hair, and eyes that would open and shut, had been surrendered; and the forlorn little mortal in the apple-tree felt that she had plumbed the uttermost depths of grief.

A big apple, sun-warmed to rosiness, hung just within reach of the Woeful One's hand. She picked it and sank her teeth in it appreciatively before she remembered that she was too unhappy to find consolation in apples. It is hard for even grown-ups to be consistently tragic; and childhood is a buoyant age. After all, Euphrosyne argued, she might as well eat the apple. Of course it wouldn't taste very good and she was just as miserable as ever; but there was no use in wasting a perfectly good apple. Perhaps it would make her sick to eat it when she was so sad, and, if she should be sick, perhaps she would die. It was an attractive idea, and she fell to composing death-bed utterances, deeply religious but calculated to make Maia and Janet and her father writhe in the pangs of remorse.

"FROZZIE!"

The call came clearly to her ears, across the neighboring hedge, and her sullen little heart gave an extra throb of resentment. Her name was one of her heaviest crosses. It is an awful thing to have a father steeped in Greek sentiment and without consideration for the feelings of posterity. Maia was bad enough; but everybody called the baby May; and that was really rather nice—not stylish like Gladys or Dorothy but a sensible, pretty sort of name. Euphrosyne had always felt that, if her father



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was determined to make her Greek, he might have chosen a name capable of being shortened and sweetened for every-day use. What could one do with "Euphrosyne" save shorten it to "Frozzie?" Such a horrid, untidy sort of a nickname! Its owner loathed it.

"FROZZIE!"

Euphrosyne looked across the hedge into Dr. Wilson's garden, where her chosen friend of friends, Rhoda Wilson, stood among the asters, her upturned face brimming with excitement.

"Have you heard about the party?" Rhoda asked in her high treble. Euphrosyne felt a sudden surge of returning interest in life.

"No; where?" she answered, leaning down from her perch, at hazard of life and limb.

"At Gladys Marbury's. It's going to be grand. They're going to have ice-cream and things from Boston, and a real band to dance to, and all sorts of surprises, and a young lady who just manages children's parties is coming to run everything."

"How d' you know?"

"The Marbury's cook told our Ellen."

"Hasn't anybody got invitations yet?"

"Oh, no; the party isn't till a week from Saturday."

For a moment Euphrosyne looked relieved. Then she sighed—a sigh that made her checked pinafore heave stormily.

"Well, I won't be invited."

Rhoda inclined to optimism.

"Oh, I guess Gladys will invite you," she said encouragingly; but Euphrosyne shook her head.

"No, she won't. It's different about you, because your father's the Episcopal rector and you have lovely hair ribbons and everything; but I couldn't expect her to invite me."

MAIA'S METHOD WAS DIFFERENT.

A voice from the rectory called Rhoda, and she ran away down the garden path; but turned to shout farewell and encouragement.

"I wouldn't wonder a bit if Gladys asked you. She isn't a particle stuck up and she told me Friday that she thought you were real sweet, even if you did look kind of queer."

Euphrosyne accepted the sting in the tail of the compliment cheerfully for the sake of the phrase that went before. That Gladys Marbury should notice her at all was much. That she should call her "real sweet" was good beyond belief. Rhoda must have misunderstood—but if she hadn't—if Gladys had said just that— The little girl in the ugly pinafore leaned her cropped head back against a convenient pillow of rough bark and gave herself up to rose-hued dreams. If Gladys had said "real sweet," why perhaps— The wind swayed the arms of the old tree and the dreamer, cradled in them, spun wonderful hopes and visions, until, from far away, sounded the tinkle of a tea-bell, which sent her scurrying houseward.

As she trudged to school the next morning, the golden glamour of possibility faded from both hopes and visions. Of course Gladys wouldn't ask her. Why should she? She was a wonderful creature, that Gladys. Euphrosyne had adored her ever since the first day she drove up to the school in an amazingly smart little cart, handed the reins to a groom in livery, and announced to Miss Curtis, the teacher, that her family was going to stay at the Oaks until Christmas and that she was to attend school while they were there.

It was Gladys herself, not the pony and cart nor the groom, that had moved Euphro-

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syne to passionate admiration. Here was the little girl of her dreams, the little girl who was all that Frozzie had longed to be. Gladys was slender, fair, graceful, golden-haired, beautifully dressed. Her thick blonde hair curled softly and was tied with wide, lustrous ribbons, her stockings were fine and showed no darns at the knees, her shoes were beautiful, her finger-nails were rosy and shiny and immaculately clean, her lips, when she smiled —and she did it very often—parted to show two rows of pearly white teeth, and her manners—well, her manners outsoared praise. Small wonder that the beauty-loving little grub in the ugly school frock—chosen from a remnant counter by Janet for wearing qualities rather than esthetic merit, and made up by that same dour Janet with a view to economy of labor—fell down before this Fairy Princess and worshiped her. There were other worshipers, and most of them were more self-confident and aggressive than Euphrosyne. They made the Beautiful Being from the Oaks the center of a clique; and, though Gladys herself was prone to smile impartially on all her schoolmates, her court circle drew hard and fast lines between the elect and the unworthy. Euphrosyne was among the unworthy. To be sure, Rhoda and other good friends were within the lines; but children are shocking little snobs, and even these friends, while recognizing Frozzie's merits, admitted that her clothes put her beyond the pale of the Gladys cult.

Euphrosyne had accepted the verdict without a murmur, and she realized now, as she hurried toward the little white schoolhouse, that she had been silly even to dream that the Fairy Princess might step down from her throne and hold out a gracious hand to the least of her subjects. She stopped behind the big elm tree to pull off the brown wristlets which Janet insisted upon her wearing to school for the purpose of saving her frock sleeves from wear and soil. How she hated those wristlets! They were the sign and symbol of all that shut her out from court circles, and the strength of her feeling about them had led her to the unusual length of deceit and disobedience. Wear them before Gladys? Never. Better to perish under punishment here and hereafter. She tucked the offending wristlets into her pocket and joined a group in the school yard. Everybody was talking about the party. Rumor of it had spread like wild-fire, and invitation possibilities were being discussed in hushed voices by eligibles and non-eligibles.

The Fairy Princess drove up in her red-wheeled cart, and a number of the insolently sure ran forward to greet her effusively. Euphrosyne looked at the adored one from afar and made no sign; but her wistful little face grew more wistful, and her kissable little mouth drooped mournfully at the corners.

Rhoda Wilson came running along the road from the rectory and joined the group of courtiers. Then, suddenly, the Princess said something. Euphrosyne could not hear what it was, but the attendant satellites melted away and Gladys and Rhoda stood alone, talking earnestly together. A moment later, both looked searchingly around the playground, and, locking arms, strolled across the yard to where a small girl sat digging her heels into the ground and staring gloomily at the holes they made. Her mind was concentrated upon the advantages of having a clerical rather than a scholarly father. Of course Rhoda was a dear; but if her father hadn't happened to he a rector—and just there Rhoda's voice spoke her name, and, looking up, she saw the rector's daughter and the Fairy Princess standing before her. Her eyes widened to the point of caricature, her voice stuck in her throat; but Rhoda was smiling happily and the Princess was smiling, too, in the friendliest fashion.

"Some way or other, I haven't got very well acquainted with you," she was saying, half frankly, half shyly. "I thought you didn't like me, but Rhoda says it's just a way you have with strangers. I wanted to ask if you'd come to my party. Mamma is going to send invitations; but I thought I'd like to invite you specially, because I was afraid you wouldn't come unless I got you to promise."

Didn't like her! Wouldn't accept an invitation to her party! Euphrosyne's brain reeled; but her big eyes were smiling radiantly and her mouth had lost its mournfulness in a riot of dimples.

"I'd just love to go," she said eagerly, "and it's sweet of you to ask me."

The school-bell rang and—marvel of marvels!—the Princess slipped a friendly arm around the waist of the despised plaid frock, and Euphrosyne found herself walking into the schoolhouse with royalty, while her world turned topsy-turvy and playmates who had snubbed her looked on with undisguised envy.

Just how she got through that school day she hardly knew; but, when school was dis-

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SHE SAW THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER AND THE FAIRY PRINCESS STANDING BEFORE HER.

missed, she shot homeward like an arrow from a bow. She must know her fate at once. Surely Janet and father couldn't be cruel enough to say "No."

In the front hall she dashed full into Janet with Maia at her heels.

"Save us!" gasped the woman, when she had regained her breath. "What's happened that you come into the house like a wild Indian?"

Euphrosyne's cheeks were red, her eyes sparkling. She did not waste time upon apologies for assault and battery.

"Oh, Janet! Gladys Marbury is going to have a party, with a band and ice-cream and things from Boston, and she's asked me—and she wants me to be a special friend of hers—and, oh, Janet, you do think father'll let me go, don't you?"

The Scotch woman's grim face softened a little. She loved these wee lassies whose young mother, dying, had left them in her care; and, if her régime was harsh, it was so from conviction, not from cruelty.

"And why shouldn't she want you for a special friend? Your grandfather was college president when hers was skimming soap in a factory. There's no reason why you shouldn't go to her party, if you choose to forget that her family came up from nothing. I'll ask your father for you to-night."

Just here Maia created a diversion.

"I 'ants to doh pahty!" she announced vociferously. "'Ants to doh pahty!"

Euphrosyne's happy face fell. She had a swift premonition of impending woe. "Stop that," commanded Janet in ferocious but muttered tones. Maia's "tantrums" were a sore trial to her, and her disciplinarian soul rebelled against the accepted method of dealing with them, but even she stood too much in awe of the cold-eyed, thin-lipped scholar to argue with him.

"Stop that, you young screech-owl," she repeated, stooping to pick up the screaming child and carry her away; but at that moment the study door opened and Mr. Converse stood surveying the scene.

"Janet, who has upset that child?"

"She's upset herself, sir, and I *do* say—" began the woman, taking her courage in both hands—but Mr. Converse cut her short.

"What is she crying about?"



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"Well, sir, Miss Euphrosyne's invited to a party and the baby wants to go, too, and——"

"Ridiculous!" The word came with a snap and warmed the cockles of Euphrosyne's heart; but she had misunderstood.

"Ridiculous that I should be interrupted in my work by such trivial matters. Maia will be ill if she is allowed to cry like that, and you know nothing disturbs me like illness in the house. Euphrosyne will take her sister to the party, of course."

"But, father, it's a very special party and she isn't invited and——"

"That's a matter of no consequence among children. You heard what I said. You will take your sister or you will stay at home yourself—and don't allow another scene of this kind to occur outside my door."

He was gone, and Euphrosyne was staring at a closed door—a door behind which not only her father, but a radiant vision of transcendent joy had vanished. Janet laid a not ungentle hand in sympathy upon one of the small heaving shoulders, but the child shook it off and ran out of the house, valiantly choking down the sobs that rose in her throat. She couldn't cry before any one and she *must* cry.

The orchard was not remote enough for a grief like this. She ran past her favorite apple-tree without giving it a look, burrowed through an opening in the hedge, crossed the road, climbed a fence, tearing a yard or two from her skirt in transit, and plunged deep into the shadowy woods beyond. She was trespassing; but the owner of Waldhurst was never at home and all her life she had trespassed here, unchidden. On she stumbled until the road was left far behind and the woods grew hushed and mysterious. When she came to a little brook, gurgling over gnarled tree-roots and mossy stones, she threw herself, face downward, among the thick ferns along its bank and let the smothered sobs have their way. She was a quiet child and even her crying was not noisy; but all the lavish misery of childish grief was in the choking sobs; and a young man, sauntering among the trees, stopped to listen to the alien sound mingling with the brook's low chuckle. As he listened, his surprise melted into sympathy. A child somewhere and in trouble! Dudley Martin loved children in an inconsequent, bachelor fashion, and he hated unhappiness wherever he found it. Stepping across the little stream, he followed the sounds of woe, until he came upon the small girl among the ferns.

"What's the matter, little woman?" he said gently to the checked gingham back.

Euphrosyne sat up suddenly, disclosing a tear-stained babyish face and tragic wet eyes. She had not heard him coming, and astonishment checked the fount of her tears.

"Nothing," she asserted mendaciously, in a small, wobbly voice.

The man smiled down at her, but the smile was one of sympathy, not of amusement. That smile had won him many things from women of all ages, and it worked its spell upon the heart-broken little woman at his feet.

"It's about the p-p-p-arty," she said, with a catch in her voice. He sat down on the ferns beside her; and, some way or other—she scarcely knew how—she found her cheek resting against a rough but comforting coat lapel and an arm holding her cozily in a crook made for that purpose.

"Now tell me all about it," the man said, with such an air of being used to cuddling her and hearing about her troubles that it seemed quite natural to tell him—and she did.

It was a long story. She had to tell him about Gladys, and there was so much to say about Gladys; and then she had to make him understand about father. It seemed hard for him to understand about father and, when he did, he muttered something between his teeth, but she couldn't hear what it was. At last, however, he knew the whole dreadful truth, and Euphrosyne felt amazingly relieved by the telling.

The man gave her a gentle little hug of sympathy and whistled softly for a moment or two.

"No chance of your father's changing his mind?" he asked abruptly. Euphrosyne shook her head.

"Nor of the baby's changing hers?"

"No; she never stops till she gets things. Course I can't take her. Gladys didn't invite her. I'd rather die than take her when she isn't invited. There aren't going to be such little girls there. I—I'll just have to stay home—and nobody will ever invite me again, and Gladys will be mad; and I've never been to a real party." She hid her face against the tweed-clad shoulder and cried again, while the man patted her back encouragingly.

"Couldn't she be bribed?"

"Bribed?" Euphrosyne stopped crying and turned a questioning face toward him.

"Yes; couldn't we give her something she'd rather have than the party?"

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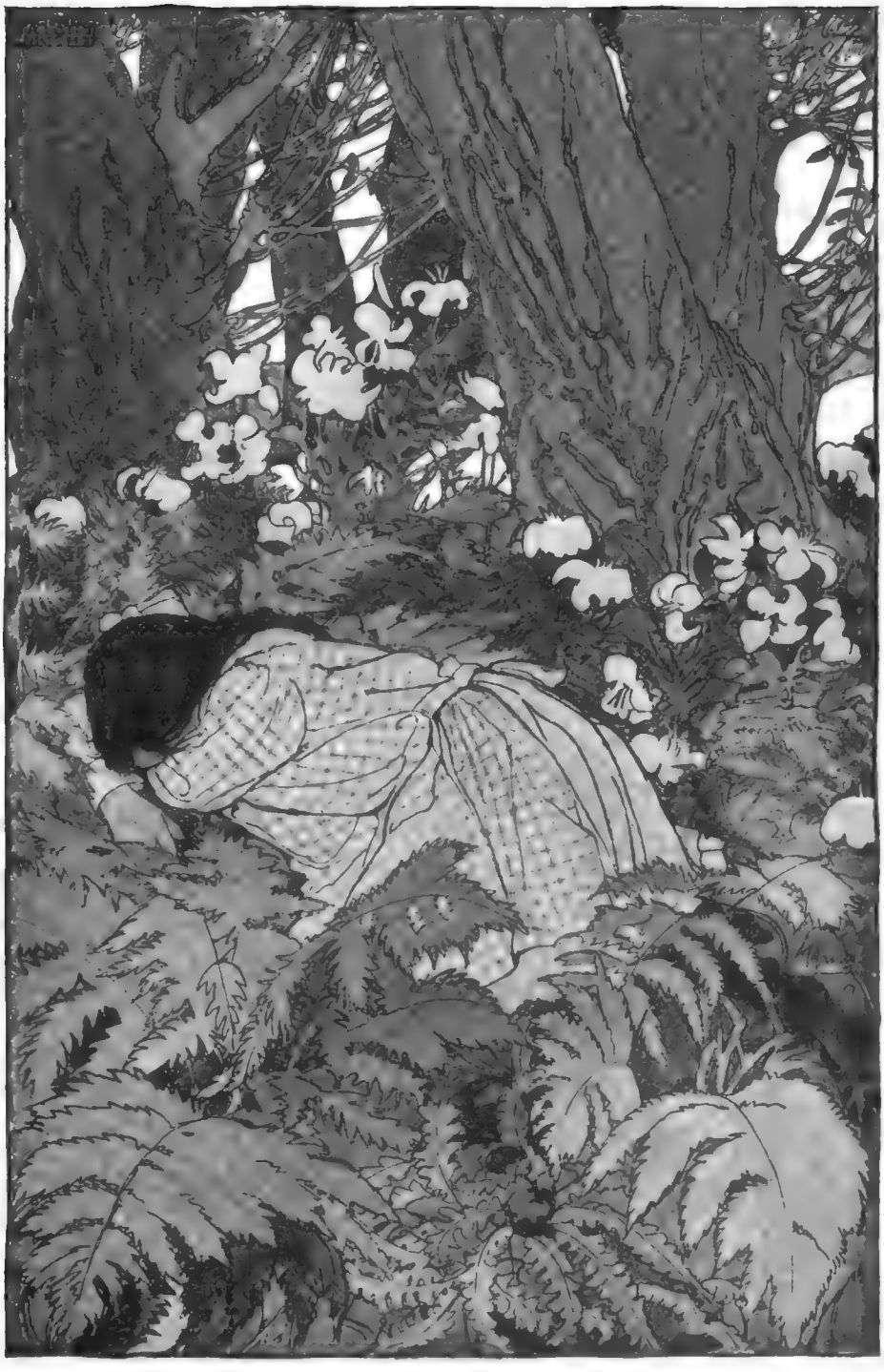

SHE LET THE SMOTHERED SOBS HAVE THEIR WAY.



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"I don't know of anything. She's got all my things, anyway, and——"

"But she hasn't got all my things. Not by a long sight. When is this party?"

"Next Saturday."

"Oh, we have lots of time! What's your name, little one?"

"Euphrosyne." She would have hated him if he had laughed, but he didn't.

"Why, she was the goddess of joy, wasn't she?" he asked quite seriously. "It won't do at all for you to cry. What's your father's name?"

"Richard Ordway Converse."

"Oh, he's the Greek shark, isn't he?"

Euphrosyne didn't altogether understand; but she knew and hated the word Greek, so she nodded.

Once more the young man lapsed into silence, but finally he laughed.

"It will jar Dixon," he said to himself—"but I guess it will do the trick." Then he patted the round little head on his shoulder.

"Cheer up. I have a scheme. Has that baby ever been to Boston?"

Euphrosyne, great eyed and wondering, shook her head.

"Has she ever ridden in a big motor car?"

"No, sir." The wonder was growing, but hope was springing in its wake.

"You would rather go to the party than do anything else?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, you are going. Now don't bother that little head another minute. It's all settled. That baby is going to scorn your party. She wouldn't go with you at any price."

"WELL, I'M YOUR KNIGHT," HE ADDED. "A GAGE, LADY! A GAGE!"

The small girl's face was breaking out in smiles, but her eyes were still incredulous.

"You can't."

"I can."

"How?"

"Never you mind. I'm a wizard at rescuing damsels in distress."

She caught at the phrase.

"Like Sir Lancelot?"

"Well, more or less like Sir Lancelot."

"Are you a knight?"

"Fair Lady, I am."

"Knights don't wear clothes like those."

"They do nowadays. Where did you find out so much about knights?"

"Father left a book in the sitting-room once. It was spelled perfectly crazy; but it made sense after you got used to it—and it was lovely—all about King Arthur and beautiful ladies and fairies and fighting and Sir Lancelot and lots of things. And then, just as I was in the very best part, father came along and took the book away. It's in the study now and I'm not allowed in the study."

She told it all quite cheerfully; but once more the man said something bad-tempered under his breath.

"Well, I'm your knight," he added, springing to his feet. "Sir Dudley of Waldhurst, at your service. A gage, Lady! A gage!"

She looked up at him with puzzled eyes.

"A knight must wear his lady's favor," he explained; and, stooping, he tore off a tiny shred from the pinafore hem with which the fence had worked such havoc. Smiling down at her, he drew the little piece of checked gingham through his buttonhole and fastened it there.

"Run home, lady mine, and trust me. The baby won't want to go to your party."

She sped swiftly away through the woods. Once she stopped to look back. He was standing where she had left him and he waved a friendly hand.

For several days nothing unusual happened in Euphrosyne's little world; but the child went breathlessly, waiting for a sign and

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dwelling 'twixt hope and fear. Then, late one afternoon, as she and Maia were making acorn dolls on the front stoop, a gorgeous, big red motor car swooped down the street and brought up suddenly before their gate. Maia dropped her acorns and scrambled to her feet, half frightened by the apparition; but Euphrosyne sat still, a vivid color creeping into her cheeks. Her knight had kept faith with her. He was coming up the walk. What, oh what, was he going to do? She was prepared for anything, but her heart beat fast as she screwed up her toes inside her shoes to steady her courage. And, after all, nothing startling happened. Sir Dudley hardly looked at her; but he stopped where Maia stood poised chubbily 'twixt retaining curiosity and impelling fear, and he smiled at the baby—the smile that had won Euphrosyne's confidence in the woods.

"How do you do, baby?" he said, very politely; and then, dropping into a confidential tone, he added: "Could you tell me of any one who would eat some chocolate creams I happen to have in my pocket?"

Maia promptly abandoned all idea of flight.

"Ess!" she said condescendingly. "I tould eat 'em." The man looked surprised, but pleased.

"I KNOW TOMEBODY TOULD EAT TANDY!"

"Could you really? Now that *is* lucky. Wasn't it fortunate I thought of asking *you* about it?"

He brought out a bag from one of the pockets of his big motor coat and handed it to Maia, who put two chocolates into her mouth at once and momentarily lost the power of speech.

"Is Mr. Converse at home?" asked the visitor.

Euphrosyne sprang to her feet.

"Yes, sir. I'll ask if he can see you."

"Thank you—if you will kindly give him this card."

Mr. Converse usually resented being interrupted and Euphrosyne delivered the card in fear and trembling; but as he read the name and the few lines added in pencil, her father's face cleared and took on an expression of flattered interest.

"Show Mr. Martin in," he said; and Sir Dudley was welcomed to the sanctum sanctorum, an honor seldom accorded to guests, while out in the hall a small, excited girl watched the study door.

A half hour later Mr. Martin went down the path to his car, accompanied by his host, who was talking earnestly, and who shook hands with the departing guest in a fashion almost cordial.

At the tea-table that night Mr. Converse spoke to Janet about the caller of the afternoon.

"Young Mr. Martin was here to-day, Janet. Yes, Mr. Martin who owns Waldhurst. He hasn't been here before in years — traveling most of the time, I gather. He is just back now from a year in the Orient with a friend — a young Professor Dixon of Harvard. The professor had come across some early Greek manuscript about which he was in doubt, and knowing me by reputation, Mr. Martin took the liberty of asking me to clear up the matter. A very agreeable young man, very agreeable, indeed. I wish he might settle down in Waldhurst. It is refreshing to find in a young man of this generation a proper reverence for a superior intellect. He has left the manuscripts with me and will come back for them Friday afternoon. Please remind me of that fact on Friday morning."

"Yes, sir," said Janet.

Euphrosyne listened, steeped in guilt but happy. She didn't understand, but she had faith. Maia listened, too, and made a mental note to the effect that Friday was chocolate-cream day.

Immediately after dinner on Friday, the two children settled themselves upon the front stoop of the Converse house; but it was not until four o'clock that, with a whir, a roar, and a dying groan, a motor car stopped at the gate, and Sir Dudley, dispenser of chocolates, Greek manuscripts, and succor for damsels in distress, came briskly up the walk. Maia met him half way.

"I know tomebody tould eat tandy," she announced in a guileless, impersonal manner.

"Will you look her up and give her these with my compliments?" asked the man gravely.

"Ess, I will."

The greedy baby toddled away with the

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bag, and Mr. Martin turned to Janet, who appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Converse said to show you in, sir."

"Thank you."

Once more the little accessory before the fact waited, while the wheels of fate spun round. Maia came back without a bag and with a smile of repletion upon her baby face. It was a long time before visitor and host came out into the hall; and, when they did, Euphrosyne held her breath. Surely something would happen now. The party was but twelve hours away.

SUCH A HURRYING AND SCURRYING AS THERE WAS.

"It has been a pleasure," her father was saying, with a frosty little laugh that tinkled sharply like ice against a glass. "I am delighted to have cleared up the difficulty for the professor. If he should be in this neighborhood at any time, I should be glad to go over the matter with him in person. Thank you. I seldom make visits but I shall be glad to see you whenever you can find time to drop in, and I should be much interested in seeing those other manuscripts if you should ever have them here."

He was almost effusive. Even Baby Maia looked at him wonderingly. Then she transferred her attention to the young man who leaned over to put a hand under her fat chin and tilt her face up toward his.

"Did you ever have a motor ride, baby?" he asked.

Maia shook her head and rolled a wary eye toward her father, whose theory that, in the presence of company, children should be neither seen nor heard, had been impressed upon even her volatile infant mind.

The visitor turned abruptly to his host and smiled his frank, disarming smile.

"I'm tremendously fond of children, sir. I wonder if you would put me still further in your debt by making this little woman over to me for a while to-morrow. I'd like to give her a ride in my car, and I'd be very careful of her. My chauffeur could drive and I could just look out for her. We could go down to Boston and get a big doll and — I'd really take very good care of her, sir."

If he thought that the baby's father was hesitating from any concern as to the safety of his child, the petitioner was altogether mistaken. Sheer surprise had reduced Mr. Converse to silence, and he stared incredulously at the speaker. That any one should actually desire a child's society for an afternoon was beyond his understanding, and this young man had seemed a very rational fellow, too, serious and intelligent beyond his years. However, since he had his weaknesses and since a longing for Maia's company was one of them, there was no particular reason why he should not be indulged.

"It is very good of you, I'm sure. You are quite welcome to her," said the fond parent, in a tone from which he failed to eradicate all the contemptuous amazement.

"Would you like to go, baby?" asked the man in the motor coat. Maia looked as surprised as her father—also a trifle suspicious. She was not used to amiability in men and she "feared the Greeks bearing gifts."

"In vat?" she asked, pointing a chubby finger at the car.

"Yes."

"Fast?"

"Well, pretty fast."

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"And a drate bid doll?"

"Yes."

"Wiv open and shut eyes?"

"Certainly."

"In Boston?"

"Yes."

"Well, I dess I'll doh," said the young lady, with infinite condescension. Euphrosyne gulped down a very large lump in her throat.

"I'll come around about two o'clock tomorrow," Mr. Martin said as he hurried away.

It never occurred to Mr. Converse that his older daughter might have been included in the treat; but Janet, when she heard of the affair, resented hotly the slight to her favorite bairn.

"Well, I must say I don't think much of his heart or his manners, if he is a millionaire," she announced stoutly, when she had heard all the story from the two children, Euphrosyne acting as narrator and Maia coming in, like a Greek chorus, with echoes of the important phrases.

"He never said a word about taking you, Miss Euphrosyne? Well, of all the——"

Euphrosyne pulled the irate woman's head down and whispered something in her ear.

"Oh!" said Janet, with sudden comprehension. "Oh, you'd rather—I see, I see." Then she added diplomatically, with a sidelong glance at the triumphant Maia: "Well, it's a great thing for the baby, and a shame that you can't go, too."

The day of the party dawned cloudless and bright; but no word of the important function was spoken in the Converse household. Maia had quite forgotten the affair in her brilliant prospects; Mr. Converse never burdened his mind with details which did not immediately affect him; and Euphrosyne and Janet cannily refrained from reminding the baby of her original plans for the day. There was no knowing. Even the motor ride and Boston and the big doll might not prove counter attractions strong enough.

At two o'clock Sir Dudley appeared and bore off his dimpling and excited young lady; but as he went he turned to smile at a small girl who was watching from the dining-room window, and he gave a friendly little pat to a queer shred of blue and white checked cotton that he wore in his buttonhole.

Such a hurrying and scurrying as there was in Euphrosyne's little room when the automobile had disappeared in a cloud of dust! Such remorseless cleaning and scrubbing, such brushing of stubborn hair and pinching of ruffles and shining of shoes slightly scuffed at the toes! Janet had laundered the little white frock with consummate skill. Janet produced, too, from some unknown source, a blue sash ribbon of surpassing grandeur and a little gold locket which Euphrosyne's mother had worn to child parties in old Boston town. And this same grim but loving Janet escorted a happy little girl, somewhat awed by consciousness of her own elegance, to the door of the Marbury house.

"Indeed, your mother's daughter doesn't go to parties without a maid to take her and fetch her," she said haughtily, when Euphrosyne protested.

That was a glorious afternoon, an afternoon to furnish dreams for years to come. Euphrosyne's cup of joy was full, pressed down, running over. Didn't Gladys choose her for partner in the very first game, and didn't she sit between Gladys and Rhoda at the table, and didn't Mrs. Marbury call her a dear little thing and ask her to come and see Gladys often, and weren't there paper caps and favors and baskets of candy to carry away? But the best thing of all was awaiting her at home.

Maia, tired, dusty, but garrulous and gay, was sitting on the steps when her sister came back from Wonderland. In her arms was a doll almost as large as herself and beside her lay a white package. She boiled over into recital of her adventures as soon as Euphrosyne and Janet came within hearing.

"And vere was a chicken and we wunned wight over it and it said squawk, and vere was ice tream at a drate bid hotel, and vere was dolls and dolls, and vis was ve vewy biddest one—and vat's for oo!" She came to a sudden full stop and pointed at the white package. Wonderingly, Euphrosyne sat down upon the steps, untied the string, unwrapped the paper, and brought to view a large volume bound in blue. One glance told her what it was, for the words "King Arthur" shone bravely golden against the blue. For a moment she hugged the book to her heart. Then she laid it gently upon her knees, and, as she did so, it opened at the fly-leaf. There, written in clear, round letters, she read:

"FOR THE LADYE EUPHROSYNE,
FROM HER FAITHFUL KNIGHT AND TRUE FRIEND,
DUDLEY OF WALDHURST."

And the afterglow of that day of happiness was better than its high noon.

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*Photograph by Hall, New York.*

JOHN DREW AND BILLIE BURKE IN "MY WIFE."

# The Players

GUN-PLAY drama seems to be the thing. No fewer than six such explosive plays opened the present theatrical season in New York, and still there's more to follow. The daily slaughter is frightful, and the expenditure of ammunition so prodigal as to console cartridge manufacturers for the absence of actual war.

There isn't a boys' gang in the country that plays the game of "Follow My Leader" so conscientiously, so enthusiastically, as theatrical managers. Any play that makes a real success is bound to be trailed by many that try for a similar appeal. Western drama has had first place for several seasons, and it appears to be more popular than ever. William A. Brady, one of the most astute of the managers, says that the vogue of this kind of play is largely due to President



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Roosevelt, who has done so much to arouse interest in the West and to make out-of-doors attractive.

In these advanced days, when one rather expects to hear babes babble about psychology —so familiarly is the word bandied about— gentlemen who think professionally and draw salaries for it will probably tell us that the reasons for the popularity of gun-play drama lie deeper than the explanation given by Mr. Brady. The propaganda of a popular president helps, of course, but the thinking gentlemen would probably assure us that these plays have a breadth, a bigness, a generousness— especially if they are redolent of the soil— that are lacking in modern plays of the drawing-room. When a people is prosperous, when the wolf doesn't dream of venturing from the tall timbers, individual human beings are peculiarly receptive to fine, big, primitive emotions. They like to feel themselves in close contact with nature.

Then, too, these gun plays are melodramas, and melodramas are the best plays of all. Real melodrama produces thrills that have high commercial value, especially on the stage. People are willing to pay handsomely for them in time and money.

"The Round-Up" proves that. It has about two and a half hours of play and possibly fifteen seconds of thrill, and these seconds make it a rattling, banging, whooping success. There is a fight that starts one's blood to galloping, that makes one want to yell with frantic abandon; and this fight, really the finest stage spectacle I ever saw incorporated in a play, saves "The Round-Up" from being merely a rather cheap melodrama. The play has comedy, too, real comedy.

"The Round-Up" was written by Edmund Day, formerly an actor who filled in with newspaper work between engagements, and who latterly has been writing vaudeville sketches. He has devised some excellent scenes and situations, but they are strung along in an incoherent fashion, and the story is wabbly and impossible. If he had eliminated the plot altogether, keeping the comedy and that gorgeous fight, I am not sure but that the audiences would have liked the play better. Clearer characterization would have helped greatly. Except where the players have come to the rescue, Mr. Day's people seem to be mere puppets—cowboys mostly—taken out of stories and other plays. And the cowboy seems to be as elusive as he is popular for stage purposes. The only characteristics upon which the playwrights agree appear to provoke the sharpest criticism from those supposed to know the ranchman intimately.

*Photograph by Hall, New York.*

LULU GLASER IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "LOLA FROM BERLIN."

Never has Macklyn Arbuckle made a part stand out so prominently as he does *"Slim" Hoover*, the sheriff, although he is not on the stage a great deal. His own opinion of "The Round-Up," privately expressed, is interesting:

"The actors jump out of their holes, run down to the footlights, bark a few minutes, and then run like —— to give the scenery a chance."

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WRIGHT LORIMER AS *AUSTIN* IN "THE QUICKSANDS."

As a matter of fact, the scenery is working all the time, for this play is one of the most magnificent scenic productions that New York has seen.

Mr. Arbuckle himself doesn't bark at all. He gets humorous effects without the slightest apparent effort. He knows the kind of character he portrays, as he proves by a score of details—his costume, the toeing-in when he stands, his manner of handling revolvers. Incidentally, it is a relief to see stage cowboys and Western gun-fighters who ignore triggers when they shoot. If there is anything the real Westerners despise it is a self-cocking revolver. They either snap the hammer with a thumb or "fan" it. Mr. Arbuckle gives the finishing touch to his portrayal when he rolls a cigarette with one hand, and it is rather curious that this is always roundly applauded. Despite the fact that he oozes fun and good nature, the actor gives the impression that back of it all "*Slim*" *Hoover* is a man of great force.

Orme Caldara does the hero as well as such an impossible person could be counterfeited, while Harold Hartsell makes *Buck McKee*, the bad man, nearly human. The comedy cowpunchers, especially the *Fresno* of Charles Abbe, are highly entertaining. In the language of the stage, Mr. Abbe is a great "bit" actor, which means that he can make a minor character, one that is on the stage but a few minutes at a time, impress itself indelibly on the minds of an audience, but is not nearly so successful in sustaining a long part.

The author has made the women of "The Round-Up" mere abstractions; they are only necessities of the dull plot. Florence Rockwell struggles hopelessly with *Echo Allen*, while Julia Dean, lately the star in "The Little Gray Lady," has more success with *Polly Hope*, the poor relation.

Apart from Mr. Arbuckle, it is the production—which means the superb scenery, the costuming, the color, the massing and handling of a great number of people, in short, all the spectacular effects, especially that wonderful fight—that makes "The Round-Up" the success that it is.

It has been three years since a new play has come from the pen of Augustus Thomas and much was expected of him. When it became known that he had chosen the border for his theme, it was expected that he would give us a drama as fine as "Arizona." That Dustin Farnum, who emerged from obscurity to make a remarkable hit in "The Virginian," was to star in the new Thomas play added to the pleasure of anticipation. It is uncomfortable to record that "The Ranger" failed to meet expectations.

Of these two new gun plays, one is strong where the other is weak. "The Ranger" has a good story, logically told, a really interesting story, but the situations are mere episodes, and the climacteric scene doesn't get hold of one. It is a melodrama with only near-thrills.

Yet there are ever so many things about "The Ranger" that are worth while. For

*Photograph by Waltinger, Chicago.*

FLORENCE ROCKWELL, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE ROUND-UP."

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one thing, it shows how civilization is driving romance out of the United States. The playwright, therefore, who is seeking it, must either go back into history or cross the border to find those primitive conditions where romance can flourish, where elemental passions have full play—those passions that have so direct and powerful an appeal. There is no doubt of the primitive quality of a country that produces a heroic figure like *Captain Esmond*, and at the same time fosters a deep-dyed villain like *Harrington*, who would be ridiculous in a modern drawing-room play.

Long ago Augustus Thomas took rank with the masters of stagecraft, and never has his art shown to greater advantage than in "The Ranger." Merely as a picture of life and conditions across the Rio Grande—the scene is laid in Mexico, just over the border—it is worth while. The characterization, the scenery, the costuming, the property accessories—all impress one that stage art could go no farther and keep within truth. Mr. Thomas has half a dozen Spaniards or Mexicans in the cast, and the best touch of all is the pompous little Mexican policeman, barefooted, with soiled white trousers, and an old uniform blouse and cap. The man who takes the part is a cigar-maker by trade, and has had no previous stage experience. He alone is almost sufficient to give the production the hall-mark of fidelity. Certainly he is the finest touch in the play.

*Photograph by Hall, New York.*

HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS *JOE MIVENS*, FLOSSIE HOPE AS *ELIZA*, AND THE CHORUS IN "THE DAIRYMAIDS."

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*Photograph by Marceau, New York.*

FLORENCE NASH
In "The Boys of Company B."

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GRACE GEORGE
Playing in "Divorcons."

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The dialogue is of the kind that Mr. Thomas has led us to expect from him—terse, clear, vigorous—but he has carefully refrained from letting any humor creep into it, and humor is perhaps Mr. Thomas's strongest asset. Certainly, the character of *Captain Esmond* would be vastly improved by humor, and possibly Dustin Farnum would not then

*Photograph by Hall, New York.*

WALTER PERCIVAL SINGING "STORY-BOOK DAYS" IN "THE LADY FROM LANE'S."

play the heroic Texas ranger in such highly heroic fashion. The naturalness, the repose, the simplicity that made his *Virginian* so admirable seem to have disappeared. He poses and swaggers outrageously. Mr. Thomas goes in for naturalness, which may explain why he has his actors speak in so low a tone that they can scarcely be heard, and Mr. Farnum, who has one of the finest voices on the stage, is the worst offender in this regard. He can read with fine intelligence, sure phrasing, and real feeling, and there is no excuse for his indistinctness.

It is misleading to call "Classmates" a gun play; in fact, it is difficult to classify it at all. There is a liberal display of weapons but no shooting. It is a curious mixture of strength and weakness, and shows the antagonism of themes that was so irritatingly noticeable in "Strongheart." William C. De Mille wrote "Strongheart" all alone; in writing "Classmates" he had the assistance of Margaret Turnbull. The first act of "Classmates" takes place at West Point and has the horse-play supposed to indicate joyous, effervescent youth, but the actors are sad imitations of cadets. The second act, in a New York drawing-room, has interest, while the third, in the heart of the Amazon jungle, has originality and great strength. It is in an altogether different key from the rest of the play, so far removed from the mushy first act that one marvels how an intelligent mind could put the two together. This third act grips one and saves the play, making one almost willing to forgive the counterfeit youth in the preceding acts. But it is impossible to escape the regret that the authors did not have greater skill in getting the characters into this situation.

Robert Edeson has the heroic rôle, but there

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are two other fine acting parts. It is unusual for a star to accept a play that gives others better opportunities than his own rôle, so unusual that actors think it never happens intentionally. But Mr. Edeson is not only an honest, sincere actor but a manly man who isn't disposed to "hog everything in sight"—to drop into the stage vernacular. He is very willing that others shall have every chance to distinguish themselves. He does fine work as *Duncan Irving*.

So far as prominence goes, *Bubbie Dumble* should be the star part. He has all the laughter-provoking situations, all the bright lines—and they are bright. There is a scene in the last act where *Bubbie* is waiting to be married and where he interrupts a dozen times to ask "What time is it?" that is delicious. Frank McIntyre plays *Bubbie* with a natural unctuous comedy, a fine sense of humor, and a naturalness that stamp him as a real actor. To be sure, no fourth-year cadet was ever so fat as Mr. McIntyre, not by a hundred pounds or so—they train them to the bone at West Point—but no one bothers about that, for Mr. McIntyre keeps the audience bubbling when it isn't roaring at him.

The villain of the play, who after all is only a weak cad, falls to the lot of Wallace Eddinger, who proves that he is really an able and versatile actor. This is notable because he was a youthful prodigy, one of the three far-famed children who played *Little Lord Fauntleroy* ever so many years ago, the others being Tommy Russell, who long since retired from the stage, and Elsie Leslie, who is still acting in a sweetly pretty way. In the third act of "Classmates" Mr. Eddinger is shown wandering about in the jungle, crazed by fever and hunger, and haunted by delusions, which he portrays with a graphic, repressed realism that is most impressive. The women in the play are rather insipid, hardly worth the trouble that is taken for them.

It is most difficult to adapt successfully a French comedy into English, because the standards of the two peoples are so different. Now and then, as in "The Marriage of Kitty," the English version is really better than the original because of the elimination of things that appeal to the French and that we don't discuss publicly. And one may believe that this is also true of "My Wife," which Michael Morton has Anglicized with great skill, to the immense benefit of John Drew. For he is given an opportunity he has not known in years to display his marvelous finish as a light comedian. In fact, some of us had forgotten that in this field Mr. Drew has no equal on the American stage.

The theme of "My Wife" is old enough: a bachelor marries a young girl out of pure kindness, to save her from another match, and with the understanding that they shall be divorced so that she can wed a man with whom she believes herself in love. Of course husband and wife really come to care for each other in the end. It is the treatment, not the theme, that gives the comedy real distinction. To begin with, all the characters are people of flesh and blood, clearly drawn and always interesting. Then, the play is remarkably well constructed. It moves swiftly and logically; there is significance as well as humor in its situations, in the play of personalities. The story is developed naturally and forcefully. The dialogue is immensely clever, without being in the least forced and artificial, and there isn't a dull moment in the four acts. It isn't much of a stage production, but the play is so good that one forgets the scenery—and that is most astonishing in these days.

Mr. Drew is on the stage most of the time, and it has been long since he has been seen to such excellent advantage. His intelligent reading of the crisp dialogue, his by-play, his subtle naturalness in scoring points, remind one of the old Augustin Daly days. Truly, he is "everything that goes with evening dress." He is that rare thing, an absolutely finished actor.

He has a new leading woman who doesn't seem in the least depressed because she is called Billie Burke. Miss Burke came to New York fresh from London triumphs in comedies with and without music. She is an American—by birth, at least—and she began her stage career in this country. She didn't make a marked impression, so she went to London, where she developed rapidly.

Miss Burke is really a fine type of what is usually referred to as the "onjynoo," but not the pert, pretty, and insipid kind recently most familiar, for she is a real actress. She has originality, naturalness, and personal charm. She is a trim little woman with a round face, questioning eyebrows, a delicate mouth, and a nose that should be tilted if it is not. One of the best things about her is her laugh, a rippling, spontaneous laugh that compels others to join in—a blessed thing to possess.

All the players in "My Wife" are ad-

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mirable. There are many French characters, and they speak with an accent that one hears in real life, but that is very rare on the stage. Morton Selten, as the French father, is particularly good. And there is the wonderful little Ferdinand Gottschalk, who is inimitable in his own way. But one doubts if it is the author's way, for the stupid aristocrat is plainly meant to be a gentleman, and Mr. Gottschalk makes the *Hon. Gibson Gore* something quite different; a "bounder" they would call him in England.

"The Orchid," a show that came from England, was put on after a vigorous American manhandling, and not only braved the hot weather but made so big a hit that it settled down with the autumn for a run in another theatre. It has a story that never gets wholly lost for more than twenty minutes at a time, with the usual stageful of girls gaudily adorned. This particular chorus can dance, and if only the members of it could sing with their feet, the result might be—but what's the use of indulging in idle speculation?

There are high-priced specialists in the cast, like Eddie Foy and Trixie Friganza, who can go far toward making any show a success if they are permitted to remain on the stage. Mr. Foy's quaint drolleries and mannerisms have gained him a large following. He has an advantage over most comedians in that he can always be sure of a good house by directing his family to attend the performance. But when the little Foys are bunched, they are likely to attract more attention than their father.

The straight farce, "The Galloper," that Richard Harding Davis wrote for Raymond Hitchcock, in which Mr. Davis's beloved friends, the war correspondents, were featured, has been metamorphosed into a musical play. Raymond Hitchcock is again the star, and under the title of "A Yankee Tourist" the play is a genuine success. A chorus that sings and cavorts is far more interesting and entertaining than are lugubrious supernumeraries; and the lyrics by Wallace Irwin, with music by Alfred G. Robyn, appear to be just what the farce lacked. Some of the humor has been lost, as, for instance, the serious melodramatic motive that dominated the last act of "The Galloper." If that had been set to music, the effect would have been particularly joyous.

Raymond Hitchcock is at his best in "A Yankee Tourist." He drones a few songs and fairly beams the rest of the time, which isn't to be wondered at, as this is the first real success he has had since "The Yankee Consul." Apparently, Mr. Hitchcock needs a beauty background to show off his peculiar pulchritude and a chorus to bring out the hidden beauties of his voice. Mrs. Hitchcock, still Flora Zabelle to the theatre public, is with her husband, very much improved as to acting and singing and quite as pretty as ever in her artless Armenian way.

This year it is "The Rogers Brothers in Panama," and curious people wonder which will hold out longest—the comedians or the places of the earth. Panama seems an admirable place to develop a near-plot; at least, this is much nearer than anything the Rogers Brothers have yet had. But the *dolce far niente* spirit of the tropics seems to have affected the show. It doesn't gallop as swiftly as former ones, and to me it didn't seem as funny. The humor of musical shows and musical comedians is highly uncertain; there are no fixed standards, for no human being can make another understand why he is amused, if the other happens to be bored. The sidewalk "gonversationing" and parodies of the stars either do not descend this year to the usual depths of absurdity or I am becoming over-sophisticated. Personally, I am sure it is the fault of the Rogers Brothers or whoever is responsible for the brand of humor that they provide for the multitude.

"The Lady from Lane's," like "The Yankee Tourist," is a farce made over into a musical play, but with precisely the opposite result. As "The Wrong Mr. Wright" it had a fairly successful career. In musical form it is rather tiresome, despite the earnest efforts of Thomas A. Wise, who even consents to try to sing in order to make it go. There is some humor in it, because George Broadhurst, who wrote the farce, has much skill in provoking laughter, and the music by Gustav Kerker ambles along tunefully. But for some reason the production failed to score.

"The Dairymaids" really should have stayed in England where people liked it. These dairymaids are well-bred, innocuous young women who sing prettily about nothing at all and dance charmingly for no particular reason. Huntley Wright, the English comedian, struggles bitterly to be funny, and he might succeed if he had the ghost of an opportunity. But on the whole "The Dairymaids" is a very milk-and-watery musical comedy.

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# Plain Labels on Germ Enemies

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—Do you know that three-fifths of all human deaths are caused by germ diseases? Suppose some one were to say to you, "I can tell you all about germs and contagious diseases in such a manner as to enable you to understand once and for all what they are, and exactly how and why they affect our bodies." Wouldn't you tell him to go ahead? That is just what Dr. William Hanna Thomson has done here. The article is a marvel of simple exposition and is the spirit extract of many thousand volumes.*

NOTHING in our age has equaled the progress of medicine in the knowledge of that large class of accidental diseases which may be grouped together as "The Infections." It is well to emphasize their accidental nature from the start, because accidents are preventable, and we should not cease insisting that the great havoc which these diseases occasion, amounting to at least three-fifths of all human deaths, scarcely need occur if proper precautions were taken against them. The human body, by none of its processes, normal or abnormal, can give origin to a single one of these deadly agents, any more than a field does to whatever grows in it; they are living things, and all the body does is to furnish the soil for their development.

It is curious how slow the medical profession was in accepting the doctrine that these agents are living things and owe their properties wholly to that fact. This should have been surmised long before it was demonstrated by the microscope, because the distinctive features of the most familiar infections—namely, a first period of incubation specific to each, followed by a similar period of development, which ends at last in a great reproduction of the original agent in the body, thus showing that it always breeds true—are all characteristics of living things only and never of any mere physical or chemical agents.

After beginning my professional life as Acting Physician of the New York Quarantine Hospital in 1859, I published a paper in 1862 (*American Medical Times*, September, 1862) in which I maintained that nothing but the action of living organisms could account for the phenomena of communicable diseases. But this view was then received with general incredulity and ridicule, which continued for years. It was but lately that I learned that the eminent pathologist Henle took a similar position in a paper published thirteen years before mine.

I make this historical reference because both the community and the profession are still suffering from the influence of old errors about infections in delaying the formation of a popular terminology which would define clearly the different classes of these diseases.

Thus to the misuse of the term "contagious" may truly be ascribed not only the loss of unnumbered lives, but also the infliction upon multitudes of needless suffering and injustice. The State Medical Society of Massachusetts, for example, issued in 1855, a circular for the information of the public asserting that Asiatic cholera, then beginning to be epidemic, was not at all contagious, but was due to a miasm pervading the atmosphere. Both these statements operated as mischievous mistakes, the first because it implied that if a disease is not "contagious" it is not communicable, whereas cholera, which is indeed not contagious, may be carried thousands of miles. From the sway of the second error the profession has only lately been delivered. There is no miasm. The whole conception which formerly filled the minds of medical men, of noxious vapors or gases causing disease by rising into the air from miasmatic swamps, ditches, or soils, has been finally dispelled by the demonstration that there is no such thing as malaria in the sense of a bad air, but that the disease is due solely to a hypodermic injection, by a mosquito, of a dose of micro-organisms. There are,



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therefore, no unhealthy places nor climates, as such, but localities instead which medical science can make as salubrious as any, by disinfection.

The need, however, of an adequate terminology which would enable the community to discriminate at once between the different kinds of infections, cannot be overestimated. Both the slowness of the public to cooperate with the profession for the prevention of epidemics, and the disgraceful panics, often entailing great commercial losses, which they occasion, are largely due to a prevailing confusion about the meaning of terms. We need not wonder at the uncertainty of the public on this subject when, but a few years ago, the New York Academy of Medicine had to call the medical officials of the New York Board of Health to account for a public announcement, by them, that tuberculosis is a contagious disease. The public understands what a contagious disease means from smallpox. Everybody, including his dearest ones, should fear to approach such a patient. Acting on the suggestion that tuberculosis also is contagious, employers have mistakenly discharged scores of unfortunate consumptives, for them and their families to starve.

What we particularly need, therefore, are terms that will indicate the ways by which these diseases are usually propagated. When the ways are understood, then, and only then, the devising of means for preventing their propagation becomes feasible.

### TEXAS CATTLE AND KANSAS TICKS

For it is by no means enough to know what the offending micro-organism is; we must also know how it manages to get in. Thus Laveran, a French surgeon in Algiers, in 1880 demonstrated that malarial fever is caused by an animalcule that eats up our red blood-corpuscles. But how it comes to enter the blood could not be imagined, until the discovery in 1892 of the cause of Texas cattle fever, by two American surgeons, Kilburn and Theobald Smith, threw light on the subject. The cattle, when they started in droves from Texas for Chicago, had nothing the matter with them, but while passing through a district in Kansas they caught a pernicious fever which these surgeons, deputed by the United States Government to investigate the subject, found to be due to a blood parasite similar to Laveran's parasite of human malaria. The surgeons carefully examined the Kansas soil, water, and air without finding any explanation therein, but they found a Kansas tick, which crept up the hoofs of the cattle and bit them just above the fetlock. They took some of these ticks, first down to Texas and then others to Illinois and Ohio, and let them bite cattle in those widely separated places, with the unvarying result of killing the cattle with billions of these parasites eating up their blood-corpuscles.

### THE MALARIAL MOSQUITO

The last step completed the demonstration, when they discovered that these ticks themselves were infected about their mouths with the identical parasite which afterward multiplied in the cows' blood, and which the ticks thus communicated when they bit.

The question, therefore, at once arose, What creature bites us? Of course, that nocturnal musician, the mosquito. But there are 125 varieties of mosquitoes, and the inquiry was halted for a long time by the investigators' failing to find any kinds of mosquitoes which were worse than mere nuisances, until finally it was decided to try the mosquitoes which lived and bit in particularly malarious places. The Pontine marshes in Italy had always been celebrated for malaria, and so some of the local insects there with handsome spots on their wings were caught by Italian savants and sent to a convent in the Apennines whose inmates never had malaria. When the mosquitoes were let loose there upon some men, straightway the men had ague. Likewise, a batch of Pontine mosquitoes was sent to London, where two medical students volunteered to have their hands bitten by them. Both these young men had their blood filled with Laveran's animalcules in thirty-six hours. An English commission of doctors was sent to camp in those deadly swamps for a year, which they did, protected by wire netting, without one of them becoming infected.

Now, in daily practise nothing is often so puzzling to decide as whether the ailments of a patient are due to malaria or not, for it can wear more disguises than any sneak-thief; but if it is malaria, then a drop of blood under the microscope tells that the patient has been visited by that hungry mosquito called *Anopheles claviger*, after he has gorged himself with the blood of another already infected human being. Therefore, the im-

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portant facts are settled that the malarial parasite must always come first from an infected human being and that the winged carrier from the infected to the healthy must be an *Anopheles*. Which, however, was the first in history to harbor these sickening things is like the old question whether the egg preceded the hen or the hen preceded the egg.

This particular aspect of the question, viz., how our microbic enemies get into us, is practically so all-important that we will add another illustration. Malta or Mediterranean fever, as it is called, is a serious infection which causes an exhausting fever characterized by numerous relapses. The British Government found that in 1905 it was responsible for the expensive item of the loss of 80,000 days of service by soldiers of the Malta garrison, besides those who died from it or who were invalided home. The Government requested the Royal Society to send a commission to find out what could be done about it, for though the bacterium of this fever had been identified since 1887, or for eighteen years, yet its origin and mode of propagation were still unknown. The commission established the fact that this bacterium first attacked goats and then passed into the milk of these animals. As this article was the only milk used by the soldiers, imported cows' milk was substituted, with the result that in 1906 the epidemic entirely ceased in the garrison.

Such illustrations suffice to explain why physicians chafe so at the fact that while the organisms which cause those most terrible of infections, pneumonia and cerebro-spinal meningitis, are known and can be cultivated on suitable media outside of the body, yet how they get into the body is not yet settled.

### A PROPOSED CLASSIFICATION

The term "Infectious" should be applied to all diseases caused by the entrance into the body of their specific micro-organisms. A brief and easily remembered classification of these diseases might be formulated as follows:

#### Class I

Those which are communicated from the sick to the healthy directly. That is, *simple proximity* is sufficient to convey the disease. To this class only should the term "*Contagious*" be applied.

#### Class II

Those which are communicated from the sick to the healthy indirectly, that is, *by some intermediate carrier* of the infection, and not by simple proximity. These diseases, therefore, are not "contagious," and those sick with them can be personally attended without danger.

#### Class III

Those in which the infection gains entrance *by inoculation*, that is, through a wound of the skin or mucous membrane, or by some equivalent lesion thereof. These affections likewise are not contagious.

### TRAVELING DISEASES

Now, every infection can be communicated by injection into a vein, and some of the contagious diseases, like smallpox and scarlet fever, may be carried by clothes, or even by letter, from one person to another. But neither of these modes of infection is common, and therefore, practically, need not militate against a classification which is intended for general use.

I. The term "contagious" need not be objected to because, strictly speaking, it defines the mode of communication to be by personal contact. This probably is not the actual mode in the majority of cases, but the explanatory term "proximity" is amply sufficient; and, moreover, points out the only adequate means of prevention, namely, quarantine. The practical question, then, becomes how long the quarantining of the sick should be continued, and this can be settled only according to the particular infection itself. The chief members of this class are: smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria, influenza, typhus (not typhoid) fever, the bubonic plague, mumps, besides some other minor contagious complaints.

II. It is with the mode of propagation of the second class, or those diseases which are communicated by some intermediary carrier, that the public needs the most instruction. The chief members of this class are typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, and tuberculosis. None of them is contagious—the person sick with them may be attended all through the illness by physicians, nurses, or friends, without their contracting the disease. And yet no person ever has any one of these affections

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without having got it from some one who has it. Thus a consumptive lawyer of my acquaintance did not communicate tuberculosis to his wife and several children at his own home, but at his down-town office he expectorated freely on the bare floor, with the result that the janitor of the building, with his wife and daughter, who in turn daily swept his office floor, all contracted tuberculosis. As no other office in the building was occupied by a consumptive person, it is fairly certain that he was the propagator of the malady.

These diseases, therefore, instead of hanging around the first scene of their activity, are given to travel, sometimes to long distances and by hidden ways, to their next victims. Modern medicine may well pride itself that its scientific detectives have at last caught each one of them by finding just what carriers they use on their trips. Deal understandingly with those carriers and these miscreants are done for.

A striking illustration of this fact is furnished in the case of Asiatic cholera. The present generation hardly knows how the dread specter of this epidemic once made all the Western nations tremble when the news came that it had started afresh on its travels from its native India. The British Government had discovered there that its chief outbursts coincided with the great Hindu pilgrimage, which occurred once in twelve years, to Hardwar on the Ganges. How cholera might abound on such an occasion is well shown by the description of Dr. Simpson, the able health officer of Calcutta.

### A CHOLERA TANK

"At this pilgrimage, which is also held as a fair, from 800,000 to 1,000,000 Hindus collect to drink the holy waters of their sacred Ganges, and to bathe in the great tank constructed at the riverside. From April 8 to April 12, 1891, it presented the spectacle of a seething mass of humanity in constant motion through the pool at the rate of 400 to 500 per minute. Now, it can easily be imagined that a few cases of cholera introduced into such a multitude would easily induce not only an outbreak of cholera there and then, but by the returning pilgrims would be carried far and wide. Thus a sanitary commissioner says of previous Hardwar gatherings that very little remains on record, but that little is a record of disease and death. So grave was the outlook that the question of prohibiting the pilgrimage in 1891 was seriously discussed, and many officials of great experience reported that the most complete sanitary arrangements would be powerless to prevent the spread of cholera if the fair were held.

### TYPHOID IN CITY WATER

"As this prohibition might entail the danger of a general insurrection, the British Government decided to hand the management over to the Indian Medical Staff. The latter, now knowing just how cholera infects, and that, without being taken in food or drink, it cannot travel six inches, allowed the fair to be held. They promptly removed to appointed tents every case of the disease in this Asiatic crowd as soon as reported. All discharges from the patients were quickly disinfected, with the result that the cholera was stamped out as effectually as a fire can be extinguished if taken just at its beginning."

When cholera visited the port of New York, being imported from Hamburg, which had suffered from a severe epidemic in the summer of 1892, the New York Academy of Medicine appointed a committee, of which I was chairman, to lay before the Senate Committee on Cities at Albany the objections of the Academy to the plan devised by Tammany Hall to buy up a continuous strip of land on each bank of the Croton River and prevent thereby the contamination of the river with cholera germs. We were to show that this real estate project would not prevent the contamination of the Croton by a single brook which flows into it, on the Harlem Railroad, after passing the cabins of Italian laborers. Some of these laborers, we learned, had already landed with suspicious bowel complaints from an infected steamer. As I began, in my remarks, to refer to the extensive British experience with the disease, the chairman of the Senate committee roared out: "We do not want anything English here! God Almighty Himself contaminates the Croton when He sends His rain!" As it was plain to our committee that we might as well address a bench of Mohammedan muftis as this body of Senators, we withdrew. In the next morning's papers, the Academy published to the panic-stricken city a statement showing what a danger to public health politicians can be in such emergencies.

We cited, at the time, what I was not al-

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lowed to show to our Senators, the official reports that had been sent to me by the Hamburg authorities. The latter, when they found that one side of a street had many cases of cholera, if it was supplied by water from the Elbe, while the opposite side of the same street, which had a different water-supply, did not have a case, at once ordered scientific engineers to construct great sand filters to purify the Elbe water. On the completion of these filtering plants, cholera ceased, but not until ships infected with it had already started for New York. The Tammany authorities, alarmed by the newspapers, asked for another conference with our committee, promising to adopt any bill that the Academy would draft. But when the Academy proposed that a filtering plant for the Croton should be constructed by experts chosen from the American Institute of Engineers, instead of by the City Board of Public Works, the city officials were much incensed. As the cholera scare meantime had died out, New York City to this day continues to drink unfiltered Croton water, with the result that thousands die here from typhoid fever, which, like cholera, is a water-borne disease and which every year becomes more rife as the Croton runs low. Philadelphia also has its yearly epidemics of typhoid, which the medical profession there has protested might be obviated by filtering the Schuylkill waters. So it might, but for the politicians making a job of the construction of the filter works, so that they get the money out of it but leave the typhoid germs in. The drainage of Connecticut towns also infects the oyster beds of Long Island Sound, and I have been called in consultation to patients at our most fashionable hotels, ill with typhoid from their habit of eating raw oysters for their first course at dinner.

### CONSUMPTION LOSING POWER

There remains the so-called Great White Plague, which might as well be called the Yellow or the Black Plague, for it is the most fatal of diseases in Japan, and negroes are particularly susceptible to it. It is doubtless the greatest single cause of death in the world. The bacteria of tuberculosis choose to ride about on the motes in the air, which can be seen in a ray of sunshine coming through a window. But we now know that sunshine kills them in seven minutes; likewise fresh air, that is, oxygen, disagrees with them. They like the shade, particularly if damp, and being heavier than air, gradually sink downward, so that bread crumbs rubbed down the walls of a hospital ward will collect more of them as the floor is approached. From the floor where consumptives have been expectorating, millions of them will rise with the first sweeping, to infect by way of throat and lungs. How many enter also by being swallowed in tuberculous meat and milk has not yet been settled, but enough is already known to indicate where this destroyer is to be found, and, therefore, how he is to be fought. All this knowledge is comparatively recent, because it was not till 1882 that Koch demonstrated that tuberculosis is a germ disease. But already its victims are yearly diminishing in number in every country, in proportion to its civilization, and it is not a fanciful expectation that in another century consumption may become as uncommon as leprosy is now.

### INFECTION BY INOCULATION

III. Not since history began has medical science bestowed such a boon upon mankind as that which our own generation has witnessed, in the discoveries of the nature and prevention of those diseases which infect by inoculation, and which constitute our third class.

To impress upon his youthful mind the importance of guarding against this third class of infections, the medical student at the laboratory is given this object-lesson: Two test-tubes, nearly filled with a clear meat broth and then closed at the top with a cotton plug, are given to him, with directions to wash his hands with soap and water and clean his nails with a brush as thoroughly as he can for some ten minutes. After he thinks that his hands have become altogether clean, he removes the plug from one of the test-tubes and barely touches with a finger-tip its contained broth, after which he restores the cotton plug and puts both tubes away on a shelf for twenty-four hours. What he will see then is that the broth in the test-tube which received his supposedly pure touch is turbid from the presence of millions of microbes, while the other tube remains perfectly clear.

Some years ago Dr. Hermann Knapp, the distinguished oculist of New York, in order to remove the incredulity of some medical men on this subject, presented at the Academy of Medicine six rabbits on which he had per-

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formed the operation of extracting the lens of the eye, as is done for patients with cataract. Three of the rabbits had their lenses removed by instruments taken bright and clean from his operating-case; the other three had their lenses dug out with an ordinary carpet tack. The result was that the three rabbits that were operated on with his usual instruments for the purpose had lost their eyes by purulent ulceration, while the eyes of the three on which the carpet tack was used had healed perfectly. The explanation was that the carpet tack was first sterilized by passing it through the flame of an alcohol lamp, while the instruments were used directly from their velvet-lined case.

### DANGER IN HOSPITAL PLASTER

These micro-organisms, therefore, which always must be watched against, cover us in layers from head to foot, besides settling upon everything about us, and in such numbers that Surgeon-General Sternberg, in his book on bacteriology, estimates that one kind, especially dreaded whenever the skin is to be cut—the *Staphylococcus pyogenes aureus*—can hold a mass-meeting of eight billions of them on the end of a lancet. If it be asked how this enumeration can be made, the inquirer is referred to the device used by microscopists called the cytometer, which consists of a plate of glass on which microscopic squares have been scratched by a mathematically working machine. A drop of the culture containing the microbes is poured upon this plate, and the average number found in a square is counted. Multiplying this average by the whole number of squares on the plate will give a more accurate return than most census-takers make of the population of New York.

Until these our enemies were revealed by that marvelous human invention and benefactor, the modern microscope, surgeons were in a pathetic state of perplexity how to account for a number of puzzles; among them, the existence of what was then called hospitalism. By this was meant that there was something about old hospital buildings which made it dangerous to perform amputations or other serious operations within their walls. At my first sitting as a member of the Bellevue Hospital Medical Board, the late Dr. H. B. Sands introduced a resolution, which was unanimously passed, that thereafter no major surgical operation should be undertaken at Bellevue. The reason given was that he and others of his colleagues lost at Bellevue all their cases of amputation, while at the newly constructed New York and Roosevelt Hospitals the same surgeons were uniformly successful. The supposition, therefore, was that the plastering and floors of old hospital buildings had somehow become infected with so much going on in them, but just how no one could guess. This resolution seemed like going back to the wisdom of the ancients, as reflected in a passage in Leviticus, which directs that the plaster of the house of a leper be taken down and burned because the plaster itself had leprosy, a fact which modern science proves to be literally true. The same thing is true also of that first cousin of leprosy, the bacillus of tuberculosis, which is quite fond of abiding on a shaded plaster wall. But at present the most serious surgical operations are performed at Bellevue with as good a record of success as in any other hospital, simply because the days of antiseptic surgery have come.

What antiseptic surgery means is this: Each of us has a great defensive barrier, called by anatomists the basement membrane, which is continuous, both outside and inside of us. On it grow layers of cells arranged thickly on the skin, much like shingles, while they rather resemble a pavement on that internal skin called the mucous membrane, which lines all our tubes and the cavities which are enlargements of those tubes. Now not until our innumerable germ enemies break through this barrier can they set fire to us with inflammation and abscesses or poison us outright to death. And antiseptic surgery represents the methods by which this membrane is protected.

### IN THE TEMPLE OF MODERN SURGERY

The scene at an operating-table in one of our hospitals now would make one of the old masters of surgery stare. The operator himself and all his staff are dressed like the old holy priests of Solomon's Temple, wearing white caps and gowns, with the nurses standing around like priestesses all in spotless white, while every one about the table has gone through as many ablutions as befits the occasion of a bloody sacrifice under the auspices of the immaculate Goddess of Cleanliness. A minute and elaborate ritual has been observed of sterilizing everything—towels, threads, needles, forceps, instruments,

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and what not, while the floor itself is made of glass or glazed tiles, rather than of wood. The surgeon himself does not venture to cut the victim till he has put on his sterilized gloves, because he cannot possibly clean his own fingers enough. Should any onlooker take his hand out of his pocket to reach for the gaping wound, he would be ejected instanter for spoiling the whole performance with his defiling touch.

The results of this vigilant war against microbes are simply marvelous, and can be fully appreciated only by those who, like myself, can remember the surgery of former days in hospital wards and on the battle-field.

### LIFE-SAVING BY DISINFECTION

When I came to New York, no surgeon dared to operate for appendicitis, because to open the abdomen then meant almost certain death, and as for opening the skull to extract a brain tumor, none but a lunatic would have thought of such a thing! Appendicitis occurred in those days as often as now, but the patients were left to die with what was then called peritonitis, for which only opium in heroic doses was given. At present, whenever the symptoms of peritonitis develop, something in the nature of a surgical accident within the abdominal cavity is suspected. If nothing else will explain the matter, an exploratory operation opening this once sacred cavity is gone through with, quite unconcernedly, because if need be the surgeon is ready then to sew up a hole in the stomach caused by an ulcer, or to resect a yard of the intestine. As to that big bag, the peritoneum —which, if its folds were all opened out, would be four times the extent of the skin— if he finds that pus-making microbes have got into its cavity, he will then flood it with gallons of water, sterilized by being well boiled.

Though the reader can now imagine what unnumbered lives have been saved by this vigilance against infection by inoculation, the triumphs by the same means of what is called conservative surgery are no less complete. Limbs or other parts terribly injured in railroad accidents, or in machine shops, or in war, which formerly would have been dealt with by immediate amputation, are now preserved to their owners almost as a matter of course. And all on principles of disinfection of such wide application that every specialist in affections of the eye, ear, nose, throat, etc., has now to be a diligent student of bacteriology.

But the record instance, so to speak, of life-saving still remains to be mentioned. When I came to New York, a great discussion was going on at the Academy of Medicine, which lasted for four sittings and was participated in not only by the most eminent New York men in the department involved, but by distinguished men invited from other cities. The subject was the nature and treatment of puerperal peritonitis, or child-bed fever, in which the mortality was then simply awful. Those published debates are now curious reading, for they show that not a man present knew what he was talking about. Suffice it to say that, in that same year, the mortality from puerperal fever in the Vienna Hospital, the largest maternity hospital in the world, was fifty-seven per cent. of the mothers attacked and twenty-eight per cent. of all deaths there, while last year in the same institution it had fallen to one-quarter of one per cent.! The record of the maternity wards in Bellevue that year was even worse. At present we can say that this disease is wholly extinct in the institutions of New York.

The fearful tetanus, or lockjaw, was ascribed in all the books when I was a student to puncture or irritation of a nerve, and both hands and feet were sometimes cut off to stop the irritation going up the nerve to the spine. Now we know that it is due to a fatal poison in the blood, which acts like strychnia, though more painfully, and which is produced by a bacillus lodged in a punctured wound made by some stick, nail, or pistol wad on which this evil bacillus happened to be. It is a soil bacillus and swarms in rich garden earth, particularly where guano or fish manure is used. All wounds, therefore, into which earth has entered should be promptly cauterized.

### HYDROPHOBIA PREVENTABLE

Hydrophobia also presents another illustration of what modern science can do. A recent remarkable discovery by Dr. Ira Van Giesen, of the Laboratory of the New York Board of Health, makes it possible now to determine in a few minutes what used to take weeks to decide. As dogs are so generally shot if they bite people in the streets, it then becomes an anxious question whether the dog was mad or not. Formerly, to settle this question, rabbits were inoculated with the

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saliva or blood of the suspected dog, to see if it gave them the disease. But it might be necessary to wait a month to be sure on this point. But Dr. Van Giesen has discovered that a slice of a mad dog's brain shows an appearance in the brain-cells never found except in rabies. If this is found, the serum treatment initiated by the illustrious Pasteur should be commenced at once, because it very rarely fails to prevent the development of this dreadful malady if begun in time.

### MARTYRS OF SCIENCE

Last, but by no means least, is yellow fever. When I was physician of the New York Quarantine Hospital, we all were possessed with imaginary fears that this deadly agent was a something which clung to clothes and such things, and we were afraid even of the silk ribbons tied around bunches of Havana cigars. All articles too valuable to burn were wheeled into cast-iron ovens to be superheated, while a big iron scow was laden with the cheaper goods from the infected ships and towed down the Lower Bay to make a blaze of them at night. And all the while, yellow fever cometh only through the proboscis of a mosquito! All our fuss was needless, and we might have accepted presents of cigars from ships' captains without a tremor. But never should it be forgotten that the knowledge that has abated this fearful scourge—in the epidemic of 1793, one-tenth of the inhabitants of Philadelphia died from it—was bought at the expense of heroic lives in scientific searching for its real cause. As Dr. Osler says, the deaths of Dr. Lazear of the American Commission of 1900, and of Dr. Myers of the Liverpool Commission, from this disease, add two more names to the already long roll of the martyrs of science.

This yellow-fever mosquito is not our above-mentioned acquaintance *Anopheles Claviger*, who gives us chills and fever, but is dubbed *Culex Stegomia*, and is remarkable for its domestic habits, because it stays in houses and breeds in household water receptacles, such as tubs, or even tin cans. The city of Havana for several centuries has been the yellow-fever pest-hole for infecting North America; and every summer our Southern cities have been in fear of this undesirable Cuban importation. As soon as the Spaniards were put out by our army, Havana was cleansed of its dirt and became a healthy city, except that it still produced yellow fever. In 1900, the United States Army Commission, of which the lamented Dr. Lazear was one, by a series of ingenious investigations proved that *Stegomia* was the culprit. Straightway Surgeon Colonel W. C. Gorgas, the Sanitary Superintendent of Havana, suffocated all the mosquitoes with smudge in the houses, and dosed their larvæ with petroleum in 26,000 domestic water receptacles which his inspectors discovered, with the result that on September 28, 1901, the last case of yellow fever in Havana was reported, and for two years not a single new case occurred in that city.

Colonel Gorgas has remarked in a recent address that medical science will yet make tropical countries the most desirable places in the world to live in.

### MEDICINE AND REAL ESTATE

But how does the world reward such great and brave life-savers? New York spent three days celebrating the advent of Admiral Dewey, because he had destroyed whole ships' crews of Spaniards without himself losing a man. In contrast, all that medical science can say to her votaries is: Do not expect to have people thank you for the diseases they do not have, though but for you they would have them badly. But you may receive some consideration if you show that vast tracts of now worthless real estate may become marketable, if only your profession be allowed to make them healthy at the cost of one-hundredth of the sums now spent by civilized men in finding the best means to shoot or to drown their fellows!

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# LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

## No Merry-Go-Roundin'

By Bessie R. Hoover

ON Labor Day morning, in the dingy yellow tenement that the Flickingers called home, the wildest chaos reigned, with the storm-center in the pantry where Ma was packing the picnic dinner.

For Pa Flickinger, partly out of politeness to his employer, who was giving a picnic to the men in his factory, but mostly because he himself wanted to go, was preparing to take the whole family for a day's outing at St. Joe, a summer resort just across the river on Lake Michigan.

Pa and his two sons, Bill, the autocrat of the family, and Jed, who founded himself on Bill, and the boys' ten-year-old sister, Opal, came and went in all stages of apparel; jerked open reluctant bureau drawers, pawed the contents wildly over without seeing the things that lay uppermost, and hunted excitedly for their best clothes.

"It does seem as if all the duds we've got is lost," cried Ma. "Git out of them bureau drawers, Jed; a fool'd know his shoes wasn't there."

Pa's clean socks were also missing. "You come in here," declared Ma, mashing butter into a cup, "as if the pantry was your regular dressing-room;" for Pa was standing meekly by with his best shoes in his hand.

"Take your time, old woman, take your time—no hurry." Pa spoke placidly enough, but it could be seen at a glance that his very soul was anxious about socks.

"Ma!" called the deep voice of Bill from the stairway.

"Hey?" answered Ma absently, deeply considering whether she ought to cut the lemon pies now or wait till dinner-time. "If they're cut now they'll drip," she said, thinking aloud. "But if I don't cut 'em—and there never is no knife at a picnic—then the boys'll claw 'em to pieces."

"My jack-knife ain't been out'n my pocket for ten year—that cuts summat," suggested Pa; then he asked: "Could them socks be in the clothes-basket?"

"That's jest where they be; git 'em on to yourself; and then hunt up a collar— You make me nervous! Let me see, what was I worryin' about? Oh, yes, a knife——"

"My jack-knife ain't been out'n—" began Pa, returning with so radiant a face that Ma knew he had found his clean socks.

"Ma! can't you hear nothin'?" yelled Bill in stentorian tones. He was the eldest son, and his pampered spirit could not easily brook delay.

"Yes, Billy, in a minute."

"Come now," shouted Bill; "I want to ast you somethin'."

"I'm busy; spit it out."

"Anybody down there?" questioned her six-foot son cautiously, having a request to make that could not be aired before the whole family.

"Nobody here but me and your Pa and Jed and Opal; no, there's nobody here."

"Come to the stairway a minute. Hustle up!" ordered Bill. Worn out by his importunity, Ma went, to get rid of him.



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Bill stood half-way down the narrow stairs, holding at arm's length a fire-red necktie, and a green one sprinkled with purple stars.

"Which?" he inquired mysteriously.

"Which what?" snapped Ma; "we won't git to St. Joe till doomsday if we fool around so."

"Which tie shall I wear? Sophie sorter likes the red one; but she's never saw the green—it's a beaut!"

"Put 't on—you look like a speckled pig—take 't off. Wear the red one, Billy; that's jest enough color to set you off."

Ma went back, smiling to think that Bill cared for her advice on so delicate a matter as pleasing his girl. For Sophie Budzbanowsky had been invited to eat dinner with the family that day, and although she and Bill had been "going together" for some time, they had never seen her.

"Who's got the shoe-blackin'?" yelled Bill, still on the stairs.

"Jed—and he won't let me black my shoes," returned Opal. "I found it first."

"Shut up," snarled Jed, who treated his little sister in the same manly fashion that Bill treated him.

"Shut up yourself," roared Pa; "no caterwaulin' or neither of you don't go to St. Joe."

"You kids hand that blackin' over to me or git cuffed," threatened Bill.

"Take Billy the shoe-blackin', Opal," supplemented Ma, fearing a scene with her high-handed son.

"Bill gits ornerier every day," grumbled Pa.

Just then Milo, the husband of an older daughter, Jule, who lived in another row of tenements on the same street, tapped on the screen door with a modest knuckle and said:

"She wants the shoe-blackin' if youse got any."

"Jest a minute, Milo," called Bill genially from the parlor, where he was polishing his shoes with one great foot on the organ stool.

"I ain't blacked yet," growled Jed.

"Me neither," echoed Opal.

"It's only my shoes, anyhow," apologized Jule's husband with his habitual mildness; "let 'em go."

"Why, no," cried Bill cordially; "don't be a slouch jest because you're married. Come in, and I'll shine 'em up for you."

"Black me, Bill," petitioned Jed when Milo was gone.

"Me, too," demanded Opal.

"Well, I guess not; your brother ain't no bootblack; git out!" He could be very gracious to grown people or to company, but even civility to Jed and Opal was seldom compatible with his lordliness.

"Lemme in!" shouted a small boy, pulling frantically at the screen door.

Opal hastily admitted Butch, her little nephew, who lived in the next house. Once inside he began to wail with noisy and preconceived earnestness.

"What ails you, Butch?" inquired Pa.

Butch blubberingly replied that company had just come from Indiana on an excursion, so none of his folks could go to the picnic.

"Ain't that provokin'!" exclaimed Ma. "Elvie can't go neither on account of Beulah's bein' exposed to the measles; and now Mandy's folks is kept to home. We might take Butch— What say, Pa?"

"Couldn't keep Butch out'n Lake Michigan; he's the worst there is," declared Pa. Whereupon Butch became inconsolable.

"I wanter see Bill's Budzbanowsky," sniffed Butch. This was his way of referring to Bill's girl.

"Shut that up, kid," commanded Bill, secretly pleased. "Of course you can go. Your Uncle Bill'll see that you don't fall into the drink. I'll look after Butch, Ma."

Butch ran home to get ready, recognizing in Bill a royal patron whose word was law in the family.

By slow degrees the Flickingers donned their best clothes, and at nine o'clock crowded into the front room to wait for Ma, who was laboriously jerking on her black alpaca. Jule had come over, resplendent in a new striped green lawn, feeling that for once she was correctly dressed; Milo was with her, peacefully chewing a grass stem and minding the twins, Janice and Jasper. Butch was also there, uncomfortably packed in a tight, stuffy little suit, with his heart dancing for joy under his padded vest.

"I've got a word to say before we start," announced Pa, raising his voice formally to address the assembled family. "We're poor folks and can't spend no fortune on this picnic. The boss of the factory, he pays the car fare, and your Ma, she supplies the dinner. So far—good. But now I'm comin' to them attractions at the resort that ain't so good for us—leastways for our pocketbooks.

"I've got a little spare change," went on Pa, "and I suppose you boys have—so if anything should happen—. But we ain't goin'

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"I DIDN'T KNOW THIS FAMILY COULD TURN OUT SUCH A STYLISH OUTFIT!"

to spend it on nonsense. Everybody hear that? No merry-go-roundin', no tintypin', no paddlin' in the lake and drowndin' in a hole—no foolishness whatever. All mind your Ma; look sharp for pickpockets; keep your hats on your heads, and remember you've got on your best clothes. And we'll all keep together, avoidin' merry-go-rounds and things afore-mentioned, and I guess we'll come home right side up.

"But"—here Pa smiled and gave a sigh of relief to think that his lecture, in which Ma had privately instructed him, was over—"we'll all take a ride on that there baby railroad—that ain't more'n half as big as a real one; and that's about as much dissipation as we can stand in a day—that and the dinner."

All listened respectfully to Pa's ultimatum, except Bill, who grinned and said: "Sorry, Pa, but I couldn't keep to your little old program for five minutes—it wouldn't do."

"Well, Billy, I dunno as 'twould," gave in Pa good-naturedly, "seein' you've got sixty-five cents to burn; besides, you've got to treat your girl like a gent ought; but the rest of us, we've got our work cut out."

"I declare I didn't know this family could turn out such a stylish outfit!" cried Ma, as they started down the street toward the car line.

"Fares," said the conductor, as soon as they were safely seated in the street-car.

"Fares!" echoed Pa with a stare; "the boss he pays for this ride."

"This ain't the picnic car—git off or pay."

"We git off," returned Pa.

Butch thought that was all there was going to be of the ride. "Can't we go, Aunt Jule?" he asked, as they were climbing off the car.

"It don't look like it," snapped Jule.

"I go right on," sang out Bill, and paid his fare and sailed away.

"That's a nice way for Bill to take care of Butch," grumbled Ma.

"When did Bill ever do what he said he would?" inquired Jule tartly.

"I dunno but we're on a fool chase," worried Ma. "I always was afraid of Lake Michigan—I don't feel jest right about takin' Butch over there. I'd go back home for a penny— What say, Pa?"

"I say wait a bit," advised Pa; "there'll be another car along."

"But how'll we know it's ourn?" asked Ma.

"Probably it'll have a banner on it sayin' 'Picnic car,'" suggested Milo.

"Probably it won't," contradicted Jule crossly. "I don't suppose we'll git to go—I never do go nowhere."

But the very next car bore the welcome tidings that it was reserved for the factory crowd.

Milo hailed with a relaxed palm, Pa hailed with a lusty arm, and Jule hailed with Janice as a signal. And Butch's face, which had been puckered into a dismal scowl during the enforced wait, gradually unpuckered itself after they were aboard the car, while he held on to his hat with both hands and breathed in long deep breaths of pure joy as the bell



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tinkled alluringly and the bobbing houses shunted by.

The loaded car fairly flew across the marshes between the two towns, rumbled up the long viaduct over the puffing steam-engines, and when Butch thought they were yet miles away, stopped at the park in St. Joe.

The family had been sitting on a park seat but a few minutes when Bill and Sophie Budzbanowsky came up. Bill led the girl straight to Ma and said: "Mis' Flickinger, Miss Budzbanowsky," and felt that he had done the correct thing.

Sophie Budzbanowsky was a neatly dressed, good-looking Polish girl of eighteen, with dark-brown hair and a fair complexion. She worked in the knitting factory that crouched like a huge black monster on the sands below the park; and so far she considered Bill perfection.

"I hope we don't set here on a bench all day," remarked Ma.

"No law ag'in movin' on," grinned Pa.

"You sure must see Silver Beach," said Sophie.

"We can't take it in if we set here," declared Bill, and rose and conducted them to the lake.

Butch, being in a foreign country, clung closely to Opal's hand, as they made their way down the bluff and through the deep white sand to where a huge pavilion spread its wing-like roofs beside the waves, while toboggan slides, a miniature railroad, a noisy merry-go-round, and kindred attractions allured the public. Beyond Silver Beach, which was already thronged with people, lay Lake Michigan, a rippling semicircle of sparkling blue.

"MIS' FLICKINGER, MISS BUDZBANOWSKY."

Bill soon trailed off with Sophie, remarking that they would be back by dinner-time.

"The first thing—and the last thing, remember—on our program to-day," announced Pa, "is a ride on the baby railroad. All hands pike that way."

In three minutes they were seated in the small compartments behind the little engine that dragged its heavy load of picnickers around a none too steady track, which made an uneven circle in the sand.

Butch was so delighted that he scarcely touched the seat, but vibrated on the edge like a mechanical toy with a wabbly spring. Opal leaned back in placid enjoyment—for once there was no baby for her to tend. And Jed tried to look as if he were not intensely enjoying himself.

Suddenly, in the midst of this general contentment, the engine coughed, made several uncertain lunges, and then came to a standstill. And no amount of coaxing on the part of the engineer affected the balking steam horse.

"I know summat about machinery," ventured Pa modestly, climbing over the side of the car to investigate; "let me take a squint."

With his family looking proudly on, Pa found what caused the trouble, corrected it, and the engine was soon puffing reluctantly around the track again.

"What'd you do?" inquired Ma.

"Nothin' much; jest tinkered." Pa spoke easily, but his assumed humility was the very acme of pride.

"You and your folks git extra rides for helpin' me out," called the engineer, and they rode on and on; while Pa, having earned additional rides in so neat a manner, began to criticize the road and tell Milo how it might be improved.

When at last they willingly left the baby railroad, it seemed as if they had been riding for hours. But they were caught by another lure farther down the board walk. It was the merry-go-round, and its jangling music ground out a catchy tune as the family neared it, while the gay animals flew by at giddy speed.

For some time they stood in a little group, mutely admiring this prohibited attraction; then the twins, Janice and Jasper, stretched out fat arms, asking in inar-

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ticulate but unmistakable baby talk for a ride.

Pa Flickinger silently withdrew from the family, motioning for Milo to follow.

"Them kids of yourn is crazy for a turn on that merry-go-round," said Pa.

"They sure is stuck on the thing," replied Milo, his own eyes helplessly glued on the revolving hobby-horses.

The miniature railroad had been as a sip of inspiriting liquor to Pa, creating a desire for more and swifter locomotion. "As a rule I'm dead ag'in merry-go-roundin' in any form," he affirmed; "but if I've got the change, I'll take us all."

Jule, who had edged near, nudged her husband, saying, "Pay your share, Milo."

"I AIN'T DROWNED!"

So in a happy dream the eager children and babies were bundled with their elders on the gaudy animals for a number of dizzying revolutions.

The dinner, which was eaten on the beach in the shade of the pavilion, was the crowning success of the day; for besides the good things to eat, there were Sophie Budzbanowsky and Bill, adding to the prosaic life of the family the glamour of their budding romance.

"Gimme your jack-knife," demanded Ma, when it was time to cut the lemon pies.

"My knife—" Pa felt in his pocket—felt in all his pockets, then turned very red.

"Spit it out," snapped Ma; "where's your knife?"

"Home—in my old clothes," admitted Pa, crestfallen.

"There never is no knife at a picnic," observed Ma with settled pessimism.

Sophie Budzbanowsky silently slipped something into Pa's hand.

Clearing his voice he proudly exclaimed, "I've found my knife!"

A sigh of relief, audible above the gentle murmur of Lake Michigan, went up from the waiting family.

Pa held up the penknife that Sophie had lent him.

"If it only could do," said Sophie anxiously.

"Of course it'll do," cried Ma, delighted, and began snipping at the pie.

After dinner they started out again to see the sights, and tintype galleries fairly yawned with hungry jaws as they went down the board walk.

"Oh, how I'd like a picture of the babies!" remarked Sophie, who was walking between Pa and Bill.

This touched Pa. "I'd like a picter of the little rats, too," he responded.

"Let's have 'em took," suggested Bill, wishing to play the generous lover. "I'll pay."

"If we ever did anything like other folks, we'd have ourselves all took in a group," observed Jule, after the babies' picture was finished.

Then Pa, who until that time had steadfastly kept up the fiction that he was protecting his family from too much merry-go-rounding and from all tintyping, came out in his true colors, counted his loose change, conferred a moment with Ma, and boldly proclaimed that he would pay for pictures for the whole gang.

The photographer worked quickly, huddling the family into a ragged group that overflowed at the edges; but every one was taken entire except Jed, who was represented only by a portion of an empty-looking sleeve.

The Flickingers were by this time demoralized into a regular picnic crowd out for a good time, trailing happily along, joking and laughing. Instinctively they made toward the merry-go-round, and again Pa disengaged himself from his folks and crooked a suggestive finger at Milo.

"Mebbe the children'd like another ride," hinted Pa, "and it'd be nice to have Miss Budzbudz — budz — Bill's girl, to go with us."

Milo cheerfully counted his change and handed it all over to Pa with an appreciative grin. Pa added his money to Milo's and said that there was just enough to give them all one ride.

"I dunno," hesitated Pa, "but what it looks foolish to spend our last cent. We've rid on the thing onct to-day."

"The boss he pays our fare home," encouraged Milo.

"If summat should happen," argued Pa weakly, "a little money wouldn't be a bad thing."

"Nothin' can't happen if you ain't got no

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change," interrupted Jule, who had been listening.

"Here goes, then!" shouted Pa recklessly; "all hands come on!"

They went gaily; Jule and Ma making a joke about riding on their last cent.

"I thought we'd ought to do the fair thing by Butch, seein' we brought him along," explained Pa Flickinger to Ma. "He don't get to go nowheres so often."

As they dismounted from the last round, dazed and unsteady, they saw a crowd collecting a short distance away at the water's edge, and started down to see what had happened.

"A little boy's fell into the lake about the size of Butchie," said Pa, catching sight of a small limp form.

"Where *is* Butch?" shrieked Ma; "who had him on the merry-go-round?"

The family stared blankly at one another; nobody had had Butch.

"It's Butch that's drowned," said Bill with solemn bluntness.

"Break away there," he growled to the crowd; "let his folks through."

"I might 'a' knowed better," moaned Ma wildly; "I always said that some of our family would get drowned in Lake Michigan."

"I ain't drowned, Gra'ma," sniffed Butch, suddenly sitting up at the sound of her voice. He had only dropped into a few inches of water from the railing of the pavilion, and had been pulled out so quickly that he was scarcely wet; but seeing the strange faces about him, he had been too frightened at first to speak or move.

"You ought to be cuffed," cried Ma angrily, wiping her eyes. "What'd you go an' fall into the water for? An' what'd you run away from us for, anyway? Bill, you promised to look after Butch."

"I had my eye on him—off and on—all day," answered Bill soberly.

"Particularly off! I'd ruther have a n'elephant tend the twins than Bill," scolded Jule.

"And a n'elephant'd ruther do it," retorted her offended brother.

"It's been a day without a blot," moralized Pa, as they started home a little later, "barrin' Butchie's mishap. We didn't exactly carry out the program that was laid down," he admitted, "about merry-go-roundin' an' such, but you know, Ma, circumstances alter folks—summat."

## On the Spur of the Moment

By Fred R. Bechdolt

TOMMY SCOTT was a burglar. Men of his craft spoke of him as "fly," which means that he was skilled and bold—skilled to the point of uncanny caution; bold to the point of fierce recklessness. He had been a burglar since he was a little boy. A policeman had caught him in a candy store one Sunday and the judge had sent him to the reform school. There he learned the principles of the business thoroughly. Subsequently he kept adding to his knowledge. His entire after-life was a sort of postgraduate course. In prison—he served three or four terms before he died—he spent his spare time reading books from the library. Among these were encyclopedias, biographies, historical works, and treatises on engineering science. Thus he became a crook of wide education, and doubly dangerous from a policeman's point of view. He was really a wonderful man.

In all his career, which embraced at the time of my story two continents and thirty years, he had never trusted man nor woman. He was slight and short of stature, with quick, cold, blue-gray eyes. He was active as a cat, and his ears were strangely acute. The law he knew well so far as it applied to criminals. Its officers and administrators he looked upon as enemies, to be eluded when possible; otherwise to be overcome. Twice he had resorted to this last extremity—and the result had each time brought him newspaper headlines.

To him burglary was not merely a craft; it was an art. In this day of electric alarms, special bank watchmen, and extensively circulated Bertillon measurements, such men as Tommy Scott are growing scarce. However, there are still a few.

Times come to the best of us when things go slowly. Such a time had come to Tommy Scott. Not that inspiration was lacking; but circumstances made the artist idle. His deeds in the outside world had driven him back to the city, where, in spite of being well known, he could better hide. He was occupying a room in a quiet house in the residential district. Nightly he passed among busy crowds, skilfully avoiding those officers, plain-clothed and uniformed, who knew him. He was doing nothing. And he chafed.

His fingers itched to grasp certain tools.

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His ears tingled when he heard the chink of money, counted by cigar-stand proprietors about to close their places. Passing downtown fur stores, he looked at open transoms and fell to watching the patrolman of the block; then fumed because he must see opportunity go by. And when he walked on the hills among the homes of the rich, he was tormented by glimpses of families at dinner-tables, glimpses caught through French windows, where well-shaded porch pillars showed safe and easy access to upper chambers and their jewel boxes.

Such things as these made him angry, and his anger naturally turned against his enemies —the law-abiding half of the world and its protectors.

On the particular evening of which I am about to tell, anger and restlessness had driven him into a section of the city that was especially dangerous for him and his kind. This is a district where lights burn bright until dawn's coming dims them, where music from basement halls alive with men and women, and from upper chambers heavy with silken hangings, comes to the street in bursts through open doors. Here men stand in long lines before polished bars of mahogany; and though these men may come and go, the lines are always there. The sidewalks are crowded as long as darkness lasts, and closed carriages with drawn curtains constantly whirl mysteriously about corners. In this district a man like Tommy Scott may always find companionship. And knowing this, soft-footed, well-groomed detectives from the central office lurk in the doorways or swagger slowly through the barrooms. Their eyes are ever open. They wait for the lure of the place to bring those in hiding from their lairs.

Tommy Scott had spent the evening here. To tell how he passed the men from the central office, unknown and unnoticed, would take too long, though it would, I doubt not, be interesting. It would also take too long to tell how he helped two "peter players" to remove a chloral-steeped victim from Fisky Harriett's cellar beer-hall to the back door of Charley Jones's place and there deposit him, limp, with pockets turned inside out. Tommy Scott owed this and much more to Fisky Harriett, who was a power in the ward; as Charley Jones was not.

All this was too much for the burglar. The slang of the "peter players"; the thieves' gossip that he had got from Fisky Harriett in the latter's close-curtained private office; the thrill of eluding men of alert brains and sharp eyes—these things had set him afire. He could not withstand the call of his art. For though he loved the loot, it was the acquirement that brought him joy, and tempted him at times when he should have remained idle. He left the district early. By midnight he was on his hands and knees in a third-floor bedroom.

The house stood back from a street lined on either side with depressingly substantial mansions. He had studied it casually from the outside many times. He had picked its points of vantage—the proper place for a "get-away"; the situation of the bedchambers; the quarters of the servants; the sort of thing that men of ordinary discernment must have crossed the grill-barred threshold many times to learn. He had seen a vulnerable window, unprotected because it was small and high. This night the window had beckoned.

A bit of planking from beside a sewer excavation in the street served as his ladder. As he drew himself into the window he kicked this to the ground, where it lay unnoticed when the patrolman passed. His shoes, removed before entrance, he wore pendent from their strings about his neck. He glided like a little bent shadow to the rear door and unlatched it; then went swiftly up the stairs—two heavily carpeted flights.

His goal—the bedchamber of the mistress of the house—was near the front. He listened at the door; then entered on hands and knees. His ears did double duty, serving as eyes in the half-light.

They caught a faint stirring, the sound of a hand moving against cloth. He dropped and lay prone, face down, on the floor. The sound stopped. But the breathing that followed was quick and uneven. Then came the slight noise of some one swallowing hard. No one ever makes this sound, asleep.

In the flash of an eye Tommy Scott realized that he must make developments, not wait for them. He rose to his feet, his revolver in his hand.

"Keep quiet and don't move, or I'll shoot," he said, and pulled up over his nose the handkerchief that he wore loose on his throat.

The woman swallowed hard again. But she did not even plead. He watched her as he rifled the jewel box on the dresser, and then bade her lie silent as he slunk from the room. He was out of the rear door before her hand could reach the electric button beside her bed. He walked many blocks to the sand lots and

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buried his plunder. He hurried back almost to the harbor front; then went straight up the steep hill toward his room. Half-way there he caught an owl car and thus avoided the trio of patrolmen who walked that street.

The house in which he roomed was one of a number exactly alike in appearance. Between each and its neighbor was a scant ten feet of bare ground. There were no fences. As he entered his front door, Tommy Scott noticed that the side window on the ground floor of the next house was open. This window was directly opposite that of his bedchamber. He remembered—for details never escaped him—that this window had never been open before. And the night was cool with a good breeze stirring.

He began to undress. He placed his revolver beneath his bed, just where his hand could drop easily to the floor. He had never carried the weapon home before. But the penalty for robbery by violence goes as high as life imprisonment. And he had just committed that crime.

As he sat on his bed to unlace his shoes, he thought over the affair. He was sorry he had done it—for it was injudicious. He was wanted badly enough already. Yet, thinking over the details, he felt satisfaction at the manner in which he had carried out the robbery.

"An' she never opened her mout'," thought Tommy Scott. The woman, he knew, was gray-haired and feeble. But that did not count in his business. His blue-gray eyes gleamed coldly as he thought how well he had handled her.

A long shrill scream made him leap from the bedside—the scream of a woman in mortal terror.

He seized his revolver, as his landlady rushed to his door. "It's in the next house," she cried. "It's burglars."

By this time Tommy Scott had run from the front door, revolver in hand. As he ran he thought of the open window opposite his own.

"His get-away," he muttered; "the —— prowler."

He climbed nimbly into the window. As he gained his feet in the dark house he saw, coming toward him, a dimly outlined shape, and an uplifted arm, menacing. He stepped to one side and bent his head as the revolver butt descended. Then, like a flash, he straightened and beat downward with his own weapon. The pistol barrel glanced along a smooth-cropped scalp. He felt the warmth of blood on his hand, but the man eluded his grasp.

"It's all right," he called loudly as he heard footsteps. "Stand by in front o' the house. I'll get him."

The thief leaped from the open window as he called, and Tommy Scott followed, mad with the fight that was in him and the wave of hatred that had swept over him.

The people in the house had been too slow or too frightened to gain the front door. He cursed them as he ran. The bent form of his quarry was just ahead, speeding down the sidewalk. From behind came the beat of heavy footsteps. Tommy Scott heard, and recognized the patrolman on the block.

"Come on, you," he called; "he's just ahead."

The quarry dashed round a corner at the call. Tommy Scott and the patrolman followed. In this order the three of them ran down two blocks, through an alley, across a vacant lot, and on into the next street. The patrolman began to lose distance.

"Shoot him," he called. Tommy Scott dropped to his knee and leveled his weapon.

He swore as the smoke cleared and he saw the other still running swiftly. He sprang to his feet and renewed the chase. The patrolman had gained his side now.

The run was beginning to tell on Tommy Scott, even though his lungs were accustomed to such severe tests. His breath came short and pains racked his chest. His limbs grew heavy. He set his teeth stubbornly and doubled his fists—the right one tightly over the handle of his revolver. He thought of the scream he had heard—shrill and carrying proof of awful terror.

"You dirty thief," he gasped, as though the man whose footfalls sounded far ahead could hear him; and then—"The —— prowler!"

In fresh wrath, he leaped ahead, for the moment forgetting his aching limbs. For the moment, too, his muscles limbered and the weight lifted. Abreast of him the heavy-coated patrolman panted distressingly. His feet fell heavily, and he labored hard. Tommy Scott began to outdistance him again.

Far ahead glinted dully the light of red lanterns in the roadway. Trained to grasp details in a hurry, Tommy Scott realized on the instant what they meant. He pointed to the lights and shouted to the patrolman; but the words fell behind on the empty air.

The fleeing thief was running close to the

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inner edge of the sidewalk. Tommy Scott smiled to himself at the man's shrewdness. Strangely enough, no fellow feeling came to him as he remembered that this was the proper thing to do. He was mad with the lust of hunting another man, a strange overpowering passion, born of savage human instinct.

On the edge of a patch of blue-white light from a corner arc-lamp, the burglar, bent low, raced diagonally across the street. He reached the cluster of red lanterns, and there vanished, silently, as a black silhouette disappears from the canvas. Tommy Scott looked over his shoulder—the patrolman was a block away. Farther behind came the forms of other men whom the chase had drawn into its wake.

When he reached the red lanterns Tommy Scott was in sore distress. It had been a hard run even for him, who had distanced more than one officer in his time. His body was all but exhausted, but his mind worked cool and quick. So far as his brain was concerned his blood might have been running on even pulses instead of pumping until every artery throbbed so that he could feel it.

Revolver in hand he crept to the edge of the excavations. Sewer connections were being made with a tall building, and the black gulf yawned in the roadway. From its hidden bowels came a voice, vibrant with passion, and menacing: "Another step an' I'll blow yer head off!"

Tommy Scott licked his lips and crouched. The defiance wakened his anger anew. At once the thief's rule of doing what the impulse calls for, demanded obedience. He leaped into the blackness.

A crash, and a blinding smother of pungent smoke enwrapped him. He sprang forward and found the hand that grasped the revolver.

They fought over and over one another in the slime of the trench. And finally, after a few seconds that seemed a long time, Tommy Scott felt the burglar lying beneath him, stunned and limp. He dragged the man toward the end of the trench and called for help. For his feet were slipping many ways at once, and it seemed to him as though all the blood in his body had run into his legs, weighting them down. His head rang with lightness.

"Ye done a good job, lad." The big patrolman was fumbling for more weapons in the prisoner's pockets and the prisoner was rocking to and fro, dazed, on the car track. "I want ye to help me to the box wit' him."

While they waited for the wagon his first opportunity for reflection came to Tommy Scott. The hoof-beats of the horses were sounding far away on the asphalt when he turned to the officer, removing a hand, light as a feather, from the crook's twisted garments.

"I'm sick," he said; "I'll just step 'round the corner for a drink o' water."

The wagon had long been gone when the patrolman started in search of the prisoner's captor. He was not prone to deep thought, this patrolman. But he puzzled long over his failure to find this other. For he had the fairly general habit of looking at things from a single view-point, of starting from one premise and reasoning in a straight line. That one character might be complex enough to include both a thief and a zealous captor of thieves he began vaguely to understand when the prisoner in court charged him with stealing a $10 bill from his pocket.

# The Balance

**By WITTER BYNNER**

LOSE your heart, you lose the maid,
It's the humor of her kind;
Trim the balance to a shade,
Keep your heart and keep the maid!

Keep your heart, you keep the maid,
But yourself you never find——
Fling the balance unafraid!
Find your heart and lose the maid!

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# STRAIGHT TALK

## By "EVERYBODY'S" READERS

If at any time there are statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

### HOPE HALL

My attention has been called by some of our men in prison to an article which appeared recently in your magazine. It is called "The Tragedy of the Released Convict," by I. K. Friedman. The men within prison feel very strongly that a wrong has been done to our work, in which many thousands of them are deeply interested, by the paragraph which I will quote.

Speaking of a paroled convict, Mr. Friedman writes as follows:

"Our paroled convict realized, too, that in having had work secured for him by friends, he was more fortunate than those who had to depend for employment either on one of the bureaus supported by the state or else on Hope Hall, which owed its existence to the beneficence of the Volunteers of America. To Hope Hall, though it did what good it could, there were serious objections, for here a man came into contact every night with other ex-convicts; and if things went wrong with him, or if he were thrown out of work, he would be tempted to fall in with a comrade's suggestion that, since honesty didn't pay, it was wiser to make 'easy money' by a return to crime. Moreover, in so far as he could see, there was little difference between coming from Hope Hall and from the penitentiary—both branded a man a member of the criminal class and put up hard and fast lines between him and the outer world where his one hope lay."

The paroled man of whom this story is written was laboring under a very unfortunate misapprehension and, as the story turns out, it proves conclusively that he was most unfortunate in having to trust to friends who did not pilot his course wisely, and that he would have fared better through Hope Hall.

The whole idea of our work has been to save the men from the brand of "ex-convict." A man going from Hope Hall is not in any sense a marked man. His residence at our home does not put a brand upon him nor draw any lines between him and the outside world. Our idea has always been, in finding positions for these men, to place them with good Christian business men who will keep their secret. If it becomes known that they are Hope Hall boys, it is simply because they themselves have talked of their past.

We believe that one of the grave errors of the released prisoner in the past has been the fact that he has gone out into life under false colors. Realizing the prejudice in the world, he has lied to obtain a position, and indeed, in many instances, he could not have obtained a living chance had he told the truth. Now, we do not believe in marking these men nor proclaiming them as reformed prisoners, but we do believe that the first employer should know of the past, in justice to himself and in justice to the man. Then, should a detective "spot" him or should some old companion out of spite inform against him, his employer cannot be prejudiced, for he already knows the facts and he will be the first to protect the man against hounding.

Now, as over five thousand men have passed through my two Hope Halls, a large majority of them having done well, and many of them having done splendidly in their new careers, I feel that I can speak with authority. The only safe way for the returning prisoner is to sail



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under true colors, and the precaution to be taken is the forming of a friendship which will stand by him in the many vicissitudes of life.

A man may find that his first position is not suitable for him; the firm to which he goes may fail in business; or he may find perhaps that there are others working with him whose lives are such that contact with them means temptation. In the case of our Hope Hall boys, they will immediately refer to us. We find for them other positions and stand by them in hours of stress and difficulty. If they have not come to Hope Hall and trust merely to the personal friend who has recommended them to such a position, they often find themselves adrift once more, as did this unfortunate man whose record shows that he returned to Joliet.

In regard to these men being subject to temptations arising from association with others while in Hope Hall, it should be remembered that Hope Hall is not a refuge for criminals but that the majority within our homes are earnest, reformed men. Instead of filling a discouraged comrade's mind with ideas of the desirability of returning to the old life, they would try to encourage him in his efforts and dissuade him from an evil course.

The men within the prison walls have spoken very strongly in their own prison paper, "The Star of Hope," in contradiction to this inference made against their loyalty to the purposes and principles of the Volunteer Prison League and the Home which so many of them look upon with loyal affection.

Believe me,
Very cordially yours for our country's prisoners,
MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.
38 Cooper Square, New York.

## THIS IS TRUE PATRIOTISM

CAN you not interest your readers, especially those residing in the country or on farms, in taking up the matter of planting trees so that there may be a future supply of timber suitable for lumber?

I understand that some of the railroads are buying up old abandoned farms and lands that have ceased to be useful for cultivation, and replanting them for timber supplies in the years to come.

Without doubt there are thousands of farms everywhere throughout the country whose owners could be interested in reforesting their lands. I am sure there is scarcely a farm but has some portion that could be utilized for tree planting, some hilly field, or wet pasture, or stony lot, that is practically of no value to the farm. Why could this not be reset with suitable trees? I knew of a maiden lady in New Hampshire who had a hill lot that could not be cultivated, on which she planted acorns with the full expectation of having an oak grove there some day; and why not?

If all of our land owners could be interested in this matter, would it not help to solve the question of our future supply of cherry, walnut, oak, chestnut, and other kinds of timber? It will take time, of course, but if we begin now don't you think a good start could be effected within the next twenty-five years? M. S. T.
Caledonia, N. Y.

## FROM A PRISONER'S WIFE

MR. BRAND WHITLOCK,
Mayor of City of Toledo.

*Dear Sir:*—I want to thank you simply, kindly, for your splendid article, as seen in the May number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, regarding the prison system in the United States; and if you don't think this presumption, I would like to urge you to continue writing about and probing this matter until the whole world must realize and recognize the terrible injustice of the present administration of affairs both in the United States of America and in Canada concerning the disposal of the unfortunate classes "who are caught." The most damning blot on all civilization is where it is possible for man to sit in judgment on his fellow man and send him away into moral oblivion and darkness for years and years. It would be more merciful if all punishment were made capital, than to send men where they herd them as they do beasts, starve their bodies and slowly but surely kill their souls. Can nothing be done to reform this barbarian practise of sending people to prison for long terms?

To-night away in Stony Mountain Penitentiary my husband is undergoing the long weary sentence of seven years. I am only twenty-two years of age; four years ago we were married, and three years of that time he has spent in prison. Last June he was discharged, and I met him in Winnipeg; we were buoyant and full of hope; but it was the same old story; we had not money enough to leave the locality of his first offense; no matter where we went, we were always recognized by those vigilant servants of the law; like the poor, they are always with us. It was, "What are you doing here? You had better move on. We don't want you here." If work was obtained it was only a matter of weeks, sometimes only days, until the superintendent, or man in charge, would come to my husband and say in conciliatory tone: "Well, F . . . , we are very sorry but we have heard, and you know for the sake of the business we cannot have you here." Hard toil was out of the question; prison life makes sure of that. What spirit had not been destroyed by the incarceration died within him, and, as it were, he was forced back to the old life. One night, with a companion (who had also just finished a term at the same retreat), he burglarized a house to the extent of fifty dollars, and they sent my husband back to Stony Mountain for seven years.

And now listen as to how they deal out so-

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called justice here. Several weeks later, his companion was also caught and brought up on the same charge, and they sent him to the common jail for three months. Singular code of fairness this. They were both repeaters, both on the same charge, yet one goes down for three months and the other for seven years. And why? Because one had money to get a lawyer and the other—well, you understand. And this, at least in Canada, is a fair illustration of what they call justice. The drunkard and criminal of all grades are kept where they are by the conditions made by the no less drunken and criminal men in power. The salvation of the world must be the religion of Love, not Fear. Mr. Whitlock, teach men that they are brothers and you will do more for the world than all the Carnegie libraries or churches either, for those that need help do not go to church.

Again thanking you for having voiced your opinions on the subject, I am always,

Your sincere friend,

ONE ON WHOM THIS BLIGHTING CURSE HAS FALLEN.

Toronto, May 12, 1907.

## THE HEALTH OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

FOR some time past I have viewed with alarm the rapidly increasing number of sickly school children, and as a result I have devoted a great deal of time and thought to an effort to devise or suggest something that will ameliorate this condition. Surely no one will gainsay the need of improvement in this direction. The number of children whose eyesight is defective is appalling. Recently out of 60,000 school children examined in New York City, 20,000 were found to have imperfect vision.

How many of our children are round-shouldered and have contracted chests! What is the reason for this? I believe the way students are allowed to sit at their desks has a great deal to do with this condition. It is only too evident to teachers, and those who have the opportunity of seeing children in school, that very few, indeed, sit erect in their seats. The position they assume and retain for five hours a day certainly tends to make them round-shouldered. Not only that, but the eyes are affected because their heads are not held erect, and the focal distance to their work is not the same for both eyes. How often do we see students with books on their knees or in their laps. Could any position be more detrimental to their general health?

A great many instances similar to the above could be enumerated, but the ones mentioned should suffice to make parents and those interested give this important matter their earnest consideration.

The question is—what can we do to improve these conditions? Can teachers be brought to realize the importance of having students sit in the correct position when studying? Undoubtedly emphasis on this matter would help greatly. At all events, we must do *something*. What can you *suggest*?

E. R. A.

Detroit, Mich.

## PRISONS NECESSARY

I READ with a great deal of interest, as many thousands of your readers must have done, Mr. Brand Whitlock's article, "What Good Does It Do?" published in a recent number of EVERYBODY'S.

That Mr. Whitlock is evidently sincere in his hatred of our penal and correctional system, there can be no doubt, but does he supply a reasonable and practicable remedy for the system he so scathingly attacks and condemns?

Mr. Whitlock admits the necessity for criminal courts and prisons; near the end of his article, after denying the right of society to inflict punishment on any of its members, he says, "All that society has a right to do is to protect itself by restraining those of proved dangerous tendencies." With that statement his expressed idea that courts and prisons are wrong in theory and practise, must fall. How can society know who of its members have proved dangerous tendencies unless society itself sits in judgment? Therefore we have courts. How can society restrain those of proved dangerous tendencies unless society by physical force places them under restraint? Therefore we have prisons.

Instead of attacking the evils that exist in the system of courts and prisons, Mr. Whitlock attacks the system itself, though he admits the necessity for it. From his article one would suppose that all society out of prison hated or was indifferent to its unfortunate members in prison and took delight in placing and keeping them there. That the prisons were filled with persons whose only crime was poverty. That every person connected with a court of law, from the judge on the bench to the janitor who cleaned it, took personal pleasure in punishing fellow human beings. Mr. Whitlock complains that judges become hardened. Hardened — No. Accustomed—Yes. The experienced judge is better able to bear the horror and pity of crime than the young law student. So is the experienced surgeon who saves hundreds of lives a year better able to bear the horror and pity of blood than the young medical student at his first clinic. Shall we therefore abolish surgery?

To me, as to Mr. Whitlock, one of the saddest sights in the world is the interior of a police court, but I cannot help feeling inspired by the personal knowledge that usually the man on the bench is conscientiously doing his best in his arduous duty to society on the one hand and to the unfortunate one before him on the other.

Abolish the courts and prisons, policemen then

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become almost figureheads. Their power of arrest is gone. Imagine the resulting automobile accidents on Fifth Avenue alone. Automobilists as a class can hardly be said to be poverty stricken or to have proved dangerous tendencies, and yet experience shows we must have policemen and courts and prisons to keep automobilists in reasonable check.

No, when all is said and done Mr. Whitlock reaches blindly for the impossible. He states that society punishes for the sake of punishment, ignoring throughout his article the tremendous reforms and progress which are accomplished facts, not theories. The intelligent extension of the probation system is but one of a hundred instances. It is made possible by the efforts of thousands of noble men and women throughout the country who scientifically study the courts and prisons with a view to correcting their existing defects and evils instead of applying wholesale abuse and condemnation to a system necessary for poor human nature. T. F. S.

New York.

### PUT ON THE BRAKES

JUDGING by your recent articles on overcapitalization, you seem to be willing to stand responsible for calling it a steal to increase capitalization.

Let me ask you: If you were now to sell stock in EVERYBODY'S, and make it a regular stock company, would you be in any way governed or influenced by the price paid for the magazine by the present owners? Why should you? If you now set a higher value on the property, would you consider others justified in calling the present owners thieves?

Mr. Harriman may be no better morally than a dealer in gold bricks. But though he may be truly a thief, all railroad men are not necessarily also thieves. As a body, they are honorable men, even as you and I, and their methods are not all to be condemned, merely because at the moment one of the most prominent cares more for personal gain than for public good. Even the Southern Pacific has good men who work for it, and do what they can within their powers to help the people unfortunate enough to depend on it wholly for transportation.

This agitation against railroads, and incidentally against all great combinations of wealth and power, is doing great injury to many who are honestly trying to build up industries. What we need in the section where I am writing is more railroads, more competition in transportation facilities. Present conditions only discourage every attempt to obtain relief, and, while making it practically impossible to obtain subscriptions to stock in competing lines, also lessen the efficiency, while forever tending to strengthen the monopoly, of existing powerful combinations.

There is always another side. Do not let an idea run away with you so fast as to rattle you. Do not help an agitation that is already too excited. State legislatures seem to forget that in passing laws to punish lines that may really deserve punishment, they are also insuring those lines against competition.

It may be you are really only after increased circulation, and that by shouting the popular cry the loudest, you may get it. If so, of course there is nothing to be said. But if you want to lead rather than follow, while it sounds contradictory, I believe the way to lead now is by putting on the brakes and going slow. S. M.

Avery Island, La.

### SMALL vs. BIG STORES

I HAVE carefully read your article on "The Department Store at Close Range." It is written in the interest of the "big stores," and is most unfair, misleading, and inaccurate. Said stores are "fooling the people all the time."

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is supposed to be fair and generally against trusts (which these stores substantially are; carrying on the business on the principles of the Standard Oil Company). Will you publish some facts showing how the public are cheated and deluded, and proving that they are better served by small stores? The sham of the big stores, their special sales and bargains, ought to be exposed; will you do it, or some other magazine?

On page 316 you say that the department stores' profit is "only the cash discount"; your contributor, Hartley Davis, evidently has not tried to learn facts or he would have learned that some of the big stores are "slow pay" and do not take advantage of discounts—for this and much more he has drawn on his imagination. A customer will be more fairly treated in the small stores and, with the exception of "fakes," get the same goods for less money there. T. S.

Springfield, Mass.

### THE SEAMY SIDE OF THE CURTAIN

I AM always interested in articles upon the stage, and, I may add, usually disgusted by them. So often they remind me of stories of "high society"—the doings of Sir Harold and Lady Gwendolyn—as written for a public of maid servants and factory girls. The writers seem to have that same cheap, false-colored, hysterical imagination — that evident lack of knowledge which makes an article so tawdry.

So it was with the greatest pleasure that I read Mr. Elmer B. Harris's "The Seamy Side of the Curtain" in the August EVERYBODY'S. Its restraint and fidelity were excellent, and yet the writer did not lose sight of the humorous and picturesque. I know it must be interesting to the outsider. To

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*me* it brought that curious little "pang" that the odor of grease paint does—or the sound of the orchestra going out to their places—or a load of scenery going through the streets. M. N.

With Mr. Tim Murphy, en route.

### "THE ADVENTURER" PRAISED

"THE Adventurer" is all right. As we say out here in California, it is a "find." Your "Little Stories of Real Life" are very good reading, your articles are above the standard, but what we want is a rattling good story, not too short, that will keep us from becoming drowsy while we are reading it, and will act as a tonic for overworked nerves when the reader picks it up in the evening, after a hard day's work. We have found such a story.

It is "The Adventurer."

We are hard to please out here—indeed, Easterners think we are too independent; but if we are critical, we also know when we have found something worth while, and are not slow to say so. And "The Adventurer" *is* worth while.

Mr. Editor, we want more of its kind.

H. W. LaD.

Hermon, Cal.

### THE MYSTERY OF BIRD FLIGHT

IN the excellent article on "The Mystery of Bird Flight," by Harold Bolce, in EVERYBODY'S for August, allusion is made to the fact that the size of the wings decreases in proportion to the increase in size of the body of the flying creature, and it is called "a most puzzling paradox, perhaps the most mysterious of the enigmas of bird flight."

As the solution of the problem of aerial navigation depends largely on an accurate knowledge of the principles governing bird flight, and as the problem is daily becoming of greater popular interest, it may be well to state that the proportion of wing surface to weight follows a very simple and easily understood law.

The sustaining power of the wings depends not on their area, but on their displacement. If we take two wings of equal width, but one double the length of the other, and move them through the segment of a circle, the larger one will displace four times the air that is displaced by the shorter one. But if we keep the wings of equal length, but have one double the width of the other, the wider one will displace only twice as much air as the narrower one. The sustaining power, therefore, varies directly with the width of the wing, but varies as the square of the length.

If we assume that the wings of all birds are of the same proportionate shape, and that all birds are equipped with the same power of flight—both assumptions being correct only in a very general way—we have the following equation for determining their wing area:

The wing surface in square feet equals the square of the cube root of twice the weight in pounds. If we apply this law to some of the birds as given in the table of wing areas in Mr. Bolce's article, we obtain the following figures:

| NAME | Weight in lbs. | Actual Wing Surface in sq. ft. | Theoretical Wing Surface. Sq. ft. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Screech-Owl..... | 0.33 | 6.776 | 0.757 |
| Black-Headed Gull | 0.619 | 0.92 | 1.00 |
| Fish-Hawk..... | 2.80 | 3.01 | 3.13 |
| Turkey-Buzzard.. | 5.60 | 5.33 | 5.00 |
| Griffin-Vulture... | 16.52 | 11.38 | 10.24 |
| Condor..... | 16.52 | 9.80 | 10.24 |

Mr. Bolce states that "the Australian crane, for instance, weighs over three hundred times more than the sparrow, but in proportion has only one-seventh of the wing area of the smaller bird." Under this law, with a wing area of only one-seventh proportionately, it should weigh 343 times more.

Mr. Bolce also states that "the stork weighs eight times more than the pigeon but in proportion has only half as much wing surface." This agrees exactly with this law.

I do not know whether this law governing wing areas is known to others studying aerial navigation. I found it necessary to reduce it to a definite formula in my investigations.

Applying this law to human flight, if man should equip himself with artificial wings, and the combined weight of man and wings should be 200 pounds, he would need a wing surface of 54.17 square feet. A flying machine weighing 2,000 pounds would require a wing area of 250 square feet. H. R.

New York.

### A HAPPY HOOLIGAN DOG

I WANT to thank your artists and your writers for the story of "Alexander" in your September magazine. It is unapproachable. The expression on the dog's face, that Happy Hooligan dog; from sitting on the torn umbrella, with a piece in his mouth, to looking out from under the barn!—and the knowing look of the cock! There is no nature faking in "Alexander." Your magazine is good from the first page to the last, from Roosevelt to Alexander. E. E. B.

Elk Grove, Cal.

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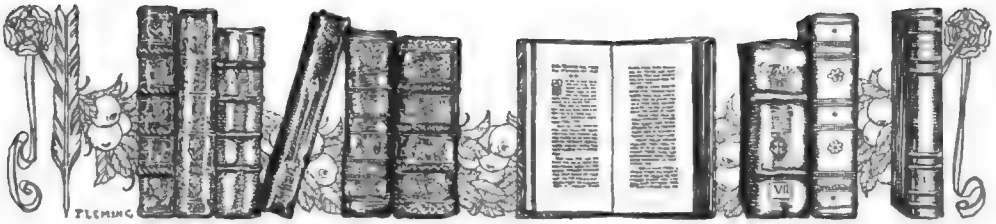

# A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

A FEW weeks ago I spent a night in a small manufacturing city in New England, and in walking about after dinner I came upon a crowd packed ten deep about an itinerant merchant who had set up a small rostrum under a glaring torch. As I stopped to listen, he was saying: "And friends, just to show you that I am no miser, I am slipping into the box with this five-dollar stylographic pen an extra nib, solid gold, worth a dollar and a half; and a vial of this indelible marking fluid; and this set of quadruple plate, patent detachable shirt studs; and—" I did not wait to hear the full list of his generosity. But I smiled as I turned away, because I had just finished "Satan Sanderson" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Hallie Erminie Rives. And she, in addition to a blind heroine who, ten minutes after marrying the villain, recovers her sight and mistakes the hero for her husband, had slipped into the plot (as a guaranty of good measure), one case of double personality; one complete loss of memory; one set of mistaken identities, founded upon duplicate countenances carelessly issued by Dame Nature; one poker game played upon the communion table for a man's soul; one mysterious murder, and one vicarious atonement. I dare say that ten per cent. of the population of Clinton, Massachusetts, is to-day signing the pay-roll with stylographic pens; and doubtless a new printing of "Satan Sanderson" will be announced in the near future. Competition is assuredly a great civilizer.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim and Mr. Justus Miles Forman are two popular writers in whose respective employment of their talents one sees exemplified the wisdom of the children of this world and the unwisdom of the children of light. Mr. Oppenheim began his career by writing "Enoch Strone," a creditable attempt at serious fiction which, however, bored the many without especially edifying the few. Mr. Oppenheim apparently took the hint of its small success, for he thereupon sat him down quickly and wrote "Anna, the Adventuress," whereby he made unto himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and was received into their houses. Nor has he ever lost the entrée. He has, instead, developed into one of the most consistent performers in the ring, and his latest story is always a safe selection when one is in search of polite excitement. "The Lost Leader" (Little, Brown), like "The Betrayal" and several others of Mr. Oppenheim's novels, is a story of English politics, or, to be more correct, since it bears the same relation to real life as does a melodrama staged by Daly, it has to do with cabinet ministers, leaders of the opposition, an influential duchess, and Machiavellian intrigue. The author has the magnetism of the born story-teller; he writes always well within his powers, and he is sure both of himself in his chosen rôle and of his audience, such as it is.

Mr. Forman, on the other hand, began with no more serious intent than that of voicing his very genuine and very delightful sense of sentiment, his artistic appreciation of youth, and his conviction that this is a good world to live and love in. He, too, was endowed with the story-teller's magnetism. "Journey's End" gained him the public's attention and "Tommy Carteret" satisfied it that he had found his *métier*. But Mr. Forman refuses to see it so. He is determined to be tragic. He is, indeed, very like a master of the piccolo who insists upon performing on the bass viol. And in "Buchanan's Wife," and now in "A Stumbling Block" (Harper), we find him busy breaking the butterfly of his talent upon the wheel of his ambition. "A Stumbling Block" is the story of a young writer in whom one cannot but trace a resemblance to Mr. Forman himself. Certainly Davie Rivers writes real Forman fiction and faces life with the true Forman spirit. He gets into trouble, however, not by writing the



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wrong kind of books, but by marrying the wrong woman, and it is in trying to extricate him that Mr. Forman lapses into tragedy. Now, the truth is that none but seers and pessimists can afford to be tragic, and, at that, the pessimist generally makes a mess of it. We wish Mr. Forman would come back home.

Before we bid a none too sorrowful farewell to the fiction of the summer season, there are a couple of its novels that may easily have escaped notice in the crowd, and that are each worth a word of commendation; one for its amused but appreciative sizing up of an attractive weakling, and the other for its open-hearth, hammer-and-anvil forging of a situation peculiarly recalcitrant to modern handling. The first of these is by Jean Wardle and is called, most happily, "The Artistic Temperament" (McClure, Phillips). It deals with a social and amatory crisis in the career of a young London painter; a situation sufficiently commonplace and sordid were it dealt with as mere realism, but saved and savored by the author's nice discrimination between the inherent weakness of her characters and the humor of their self-deception. The other is "The Penalty" (Dodd, Mead), by Harold Begbie. It is a story whose dramatic impulses spring from religious convictions, and is rather remarkable in that it makes good on these lines in a day when religious convictions are seldom dramatic. The plot, the successive scenes of its rapid unfolding, the underlying atmosphere of the story itself, are all near to being vociferous and are close to the border line of poor taste. But they are held in subordination by the adequacy of the characters whom Mr. Begbie has created for the several rôles. In short, the plot is like a red gown, saved from conspicuity by the way in which it is worn.

It would really be a very interesting thing if some adequately clear-eyed critic would undertake, quite seriously and simply, to explain the estrangement, apparently due to incompatibility of temper, that has arisen between poetry and modern thought. It has some connection, one is inclined to believe, with the fact that we live in an age that is so enamored of definite answers that it names most of its new religions "sciences." In other words, if we ask "Who killed Cock Robin?" we rather expect to hear "I, said Charles Darwin." Of course, every once and again, we hear great things about some new poet. But they are mostly, come to examine them, cases of arrested development; hold-overs from the past, sprouting rather obnoxiously, like potatoes kept too long in the cellar. Just now it is George Sylvester Vierick who, by the rather gorgeous efflorescence of his decay, is the exciting cause of a small tempest in the critical teapot. But his "Nineveh, and Other Poems" (Moffat, Yard), only serves to place him, very definitely, in the cellar school. Indeed, so far from being modern, or from offering any hope of the resuscitation of Cock Robin, Mr. Vierick is really medieval. They say that, biologically speaking, each individual rehearses in his own person the history of the race. If this is true artistically, Mr. Vierick has reached the stage of morbid development represented by an eleventh century monk. The greater part of his verse is devoted to gloating over visions of St. Anthony temptations and to accusing Mother Eve of having bribed the serpent to offer her the apple. This sort of thing is hardly calculated to get much of a grip on the practical idealism of the twentieth century.

Biographies are like muskmelons. There are few things better than a fine one, but they run poor so much of the time that one gets tired opening them, not to mention paying for them. But they have the advantage that, since we may partake of one without consuming it, we can exclaim, "My, but this is a good biography!" without appearing selfish. The "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin" (Macmillan) is worth exclaiming over and worth partaking of. Mr. Godkin was one of those Irishmen who wielded the pen as boldly, as skilfully, and as joyously as others of his countrymen wield the shillalah. There were few questions upon which he did not take sides; there never was but one side of any question for him; and for over forty years, in the columns of *The Nation* and of the *Evening Post*, he pitted his judgment against all comers and left his adopted country in his debt. Mr. Rollo Ogden, the editor of the present work, found himself faced by a dilemma and confronted with an opportunity. He had to bring us into touch either with the intellectual or with the personal side of Mr. Godkin's career; and he chose the former. With the mass of Mr. Godkin's written criticism, controversy, and comment before him, he saw that he had the chance, instead of writing his life, to edit his memoirs; and he embraced the chance. The result passes in review for us, through the medium of a cool, keen, and aggressive mentality, most of the prominent men and most of the big issues of the past sixty years.

There are some books that one is, in a sense, constrained to speak of for the paradoxical reason that there is little to say of them. This is the case with Robert Hichens's new story, "Barbary Sheep" (Harper). It is an acceptably entertaining short story of a capricious and spoiled beauty's midwinter madness in the Algerian desert. But it is more of a curtain raiser than a novel, and, so considered, it achieves its effect of

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glamour and solemnity more from the stage setting than from the acting. Indeed, the one conscious memory that one carries away from it is its picture of the desert at night; vast, pulsating, cosmic. Had it preceded "The Garden of Allah," however, or if it bore the name of Jones upon the title-page, we should not be asking each other what we thought of it. It follows that our real interest is in Mr. Hichens, and "Barbary Sheep," by its very sketchiness, enables us to put our finger upon a fact that we have all felt more or less in his more important work without ascribing to it its real value and its actual power of limitation. Mr. Hichens, allowing for the difference between the North and the South, and between the analytical bias of to-day and the sentimental bias of twenty years ago, is the logical successor of William Black. He is a novelist of sorts, but he is more especially an artist who, although his medium is words instead of pigments, is essentially a colorist. His artistic merit lies in the fact that he explains his characters by his landscapes, while Black only made of the one a valid excuse for introducing the other.

I had lived several months with S. G. Tallentyre's volume of essays, "The Friends of Voltaire" (Putnam), facing me from the shelf, before finding the mood to dip into what might prove to be another grist of literary gossip about dead writers. For the mills that produce this particular kind of grist for market, though they grind not slowly, do assuredly grind exceeding small, and their output, while filling for the price, is far from nourishing. There are doubtless others who, through a like hesitancy, are by the way of missing a considerable treat. For, having finally opened the book in dubious inquiry, one stays to finish it with growing enjoyment. This author is one of those searchers of the past whose quest is living personalities, not dead facts. She has a trenchant style and a radically constructive imagination; offering us, not the pros and cons of historical evidence, but her own conclusions, personified. In short, she has something of the "medium" about her, and, in a sense, materializes for us the spirits of the brilliant coterie with which she deals: of D'Alembert, Diderot, Galiani, Vauvenargues, d'Holbach, Grimm, Helvetius, Turgot, Beaumarchais and Condorcet. Decidedly the séance is worth sitting through.

### OTHER BOOKS

"The American Idea" (A. S. Barnes). An informed and rational discussion of the ideals and conditions that have led to the cry of "Race Suicide." An interesting book, by Lydia K. Commander.

"The Brass Bowl" (Bobbs-Merrill). A bright, romantic detective story with more romance than detection. All quite unlikely and entertaining. Written by Joseph Vance.

"Bachelor Betty" (Dutton). A young Australian's account of writing for a living in London. A fresh, unpretentious, and enjoyable story by Winifred James.

"Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther" (Scribner). Letters from a jilted fräulein to a repentant jilter, by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Low-grade ore. A great deal of reading for a very small clean-up.

"John Bull's Other Island" and "Major Barbara" (Brentano's). Two of George Bernard Shaw's plays, published with clever introductory essays which, as usual, are well worth reading.

"Abe Martin" (Bobbs-Merrill). A book of misspelled Indiana aphorisms and humor by a new Artemus Ward named Kin Hubbard. A good deal of it is genuinely funny.

"Three Weeks" (Duffield). A study, by Elinor Glyn, of a young Englishman's love for a great lady who was "beyond ordinary morality." Not to be mentioned before the "young person."

"England and the English, an Interpretation" (McClure, Phillips). A volume of impressionism, chat, gossip, and what not, exceedingly well done, by Ford Madox Hueffer.

"The House of Quiet" (Dutton). One of A. C. Benson's delightful studies of type, done in an autobiographical form. The supposed writer is a man of some ambition and culture, forced into invalidism.

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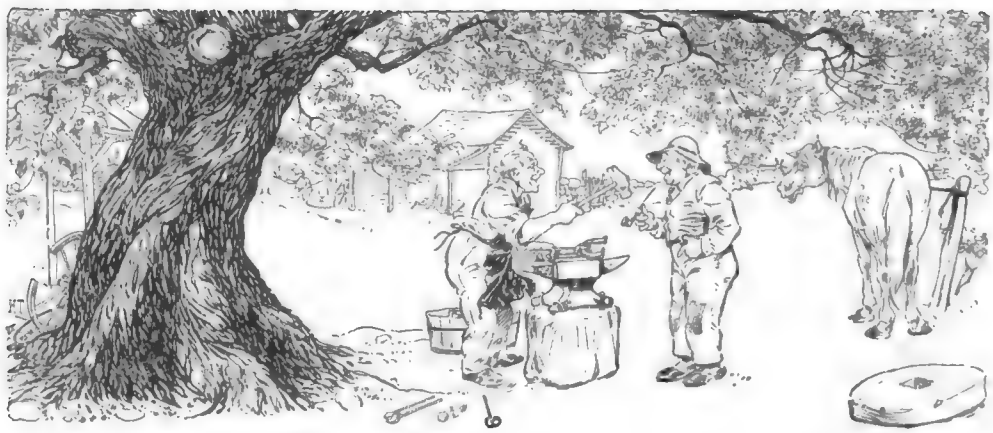

# Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

*Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."*

The old housekeeper met the master at the door.

"If you please, sir, the cat has had chickens."

"Nonsense," he laughed. "You mean kittens, Mary. Cats don't have chickens."

"Well," inquired Mary, "was them kittens or was them chickens that you brought home last night?"

"Why, they were chickens, of course."

"Jus' so, sir. Well, the cat's had 'em."

"Sir," said the bank president to a clerk whose face showed a three days' growth of beard, "you will have to get shaved."

"But, sir," protested the clerk, "I am growing a beard."

"Do what you like at home," snapped the president, "but I'll have you understand that you can't grow a beard during office hours."

A big, burly, fierce-looking man and a meek, inoffensive-looking little chap were sawing timber with a cross-cut saw. A strapping Irishman, passing that way, stopped to watch them. Back and forth, back and forth, they pulled at the saw. Finally, the Irishman could stand it no longer. With a whoop and a yell he rushed at the big man and brought him to the ground, burying his knees deep into the sawyer's chest.

Biff! Bang! Thump! Biff!

"There," he said, letting him have one parting blow square on the nose, "now m'bbe ye'll let the little felly hev it!"

A Congressman's secretary, thinking he heard burglars in the house, woke the Congressman.

"Sir, sir," he whispered sharply, "there are burglars in the house!"

The Congressman stirred uneasily in his sleep.

"Well," he mumbled drowsily, "so there are in the Senate."

"I don't want to be too hard on this dangerous contrivance of yours," said Lincoln Beachy, the aeronaut, in criticizing the airship of a rival. "It's a bad affair from every standpoint, but I'm willing to let it down as easy as the man did the careless barber.

"The barber had evidently been out late the night before, for his hand was shaky and he cut his patron's cheek four times. After each offense he said, as he sponged off the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless!' and let it go at that.

"The patron said nothing, but when the shave was over he went to the water-cooler and filled his mouth with water. Then, with tightly com-



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pressed lips, he shook his head from side to side, and tossed it up and down.

"'What's the matter? Toothache?' asked the barber.

"'Oh, no,' replied the customer. 'I just wanted to see if my face would still hold water.'"

Many children are so crammed with everything that they really know nothing.

In proof of this, read these veritable specimens of definitions, written by public-school children:

"Stability is taking care of a stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Monastery is the place for monsters."

"Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

Mrs. McKinley used to tell of a colored widow whose children she had helped educate. The widow, rather late in life, married.

"How are you getting on?" Mrs. McKinley asked her a few months after her marriage.

"Fine, thank yo', ma'am," the bride answered.

"And is your husband a good provider?"

"'Deed he am a good providah, ma'am," was the enthusiastic reply. "Why, jes' dis las' week he got me five new places to wash at."

A French artist who recently visited this country has a poor opinion of the enlightenment of the British public.

In the British Museum he once overheard two men discussing some Egyptian coins.

"Them there," said the first man, "must be three or four 'undred years old, eh, Bill?"

"Three thousand, more likely," estimated his companion.

"Aw, go on, Bill! Why, we're only in 1907 now!"

A dignified, middle-aged gentleman was trying to read in a crowded railroad train. Among the passengers was a lady with a very sprightly little blue-eyed girl with golden hair and an inquisitive tongue. She asked the dignified gentleman numerous questions, played with his watch-chain, and endeavored to determine by means of the buttons on his waistcoat whether he was rich man, poor man, beggar man, or thief.

The mother fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and turning to the lady said:

"Madam, what do you call this sweet little child?"

"Ethel," replied the mother with a smile.

"Please call her, then."

Shortly after Raymond Hitchcock made his first big hit in New York, Eddie Foy, who was also playing in town, happened to be passing Daly's Theatre, and paused to look at the pictures of Hitchcock and his company that adorned the entrance. Near the pictures was a billboard covered with laudatory extracts from newspaper criticisms of the show.

When Foy had moodily read to the bottom of the list, he turned to an unobtrusive young man who had been watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Say, have you seen this show?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the young man.

"Any good? How's this guy Hitchcock, anyhow?"

"Any good?" repeated the young man pityingly. "Why, say, he's the best in the business. He's got all these other would-be side-ticklers lashed to the mast. He's a scream. Never laughed so much at any one in all my life."

"Is he as good as Foy?" ventured Foy hopefully.

"As good as Foy!" The young man's scorn was superb. "Why, this Hitchcock has got that Foy person looking like a gloom. They're not in the same class. Hitchcock's funny. A man with feelings can't compare them. I'm sorry you asked me, I feel so strongly about it."

Eddie looked at him very sternly and then, in the hollow tones of a tragedian, he said:

"I am Foy."

"I know you are," said the young man cheerfully. "I'm Hitchcock!"

"Speakin' of fertile soil," said the Kansan, when the others had had their say, "I never saw a place where melons growed like they used to out in my part of the country. The first season I planted 'em I thought my fortune was sure made. However, I didn't harvest one."

He waited for queries, but his friends knew him, and he was forced to continue unurged:

"The vines growed so fast that they wore out the melons draggin' 'em round. However, the

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second year my two little boys made up their minds to get a taste of one anyhow, so they took turns carryin' one along with the vine and——"

But his companions had already started toward the bar-room door.

"Please, mum," began the aged hero in appealing tones, as he stood at the kitchen-door on washday, "I've lost my leg——"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.

A wealthy man, revisiting his native village, was telling his old cronies around the store stove how he had achieved his great success. At the close of his recital an old village character that he had known as a boy entered.

"How are you, Tom?" said the great man, holding out his hand. "And how have *you* been getting along all these years?"

The old fellow shifted his quid and spat.

"Wa'al," he said, "when I hit this town more'n forty years ago I didn't have a red cent, an' now—wa'al, I guess I'm holdin' my own all right."

A colored parson, calling upon one of his flock, found the object of his visit out in the back yard working among his hen-coops. He noticed with surprise that there were no chickens.

"Why, Brudder Brown," he asked, "whar'r all yo' chickens?"

"Huh," grunted Brother Brown without looking up, "some fool niggah lef' de do' open an' dey all went home."

A traveler, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. At first all went well, but soon the driver began to whip up his horse so that they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez," retorted the cabby. "D'ye think thot I'm goin' to put in me whole day drivin' ye around for two hours? Gitap!"

When Grover Cleveland was practising law in Buffalo one of his friends was a lazy young lawyer who was forever pestering him with questions about legal points that he could just as well have looked up for himself. Even Cleveland's patience had an end. One day as his friend entered he remarked:

"There are my books. Help yourself to them. You can look up your own case."

The lazy lawyer stared at him in amazement.

"See here, Grover Cleveland," he said indignantly, "I want you to understand that you and your old books can go to thunder. You know very well that I don't read law. I practise entirely by ear."

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"

A sickly lady, who was visiting a Minnesota health resort on the advice of her physician, was seated at the table next to a ruddy-faced, robust-looking young man.

"Have you improved much since you came here?" the lady asked.

"Wonderfully, ma'am," replied the young man.

"And were you in very bad health when you came?" she persisted.

"Bad health? Why, ma'am, when I first came here I was probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had practically no use of my limbs nor the use of a single faculty."

"Dear, dear! And you lived?"

"I certainly did, ma'am, although you really have no idea of how bad I was when I first arrived. I was absolutely dependent upon others for everything, being entirely without power to help myself. But I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and haven't experienced a serious setback since."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" murmured the lady. "But do you think that your lungs were really affected?"

"Well, I suppose you'd call them sound, but they were possessed of so little vitality that if it hadn't been for the most careful nursing they'd probably have ceased their functions entirely."

"I trust you found kind friends here, sir?"

"Indeed I did, ma'am. It is to them and to the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but, unfortunately, my mother was prostrated with a severe illness during the time of my greatest weakness."

"How sad! Surely, sir, you must have been greatly reduced in flesh when you arrived here?"

"Yes, ma'am. They tell me that I only weighed nine pounds at the time of my birth here."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

# With "Everybody's" Publishers

IF you had a magazine, what would you print in it? There's a question for our readers. Secretly, most people think they could make a better newspaper than their favorite daily. At least they could correct its obvious defects. And a daily has to be brought out 365 times a year. The man who believes he could run an abler daily than its editors would make a small mouthful of a magazine that has but one appearance every month. Just twelve magazines a year, and everyone knows that the stories and articles to put in it come in Uncle Sam's mail-bag. Too easy, say all the host of stern critics whose habit it is to comment on the defects of institutions with which they come in contact.

We don't take quite this view of our work here in EVERYBODY'S, but we are well aware that there are scores of able persons among our readers who feel that if they were in our shoes they could show us a thing or two. We work pretty hard to do as well as we do, and—between us and you—we think we are doing rather nicely, but distinctly there are people who don't agree with us. Some of you will recall our September number. It had an article on the Peace Conference by Vance Thompson, an article on Department Stores by Hartley Davis. The President of the United States replied to Dr. Long. There was a story by May Sinclair, who wrote "The Divine Fire," besides half a dozen yarns, including a dog story, a horse story, and some other things. Apart from our trouble in assembling these features, they actually cost us a pretty penny in real money. It was one of the most expensive issues of the year. A week later this letter came in the mail:

CUPERTINO, CAL.

*Mr. Editor:* How could you ever have been induced to accept and publish such abominable trash as this September EVERYBODY'S contains, from cover to editorials? The only possible explanation to my mind is that you got "back to the grind" too soon from your summer vacation and that you are suffering and want us to suffer from your absorption of the summer-girl and Cholly-Tennis fever, which conduces to softening of the brain. Reform or you're lost. The "artist" who perpetrated the cover ought to be shot, or, better, made to seek cover with "Alexander." Cannot some of those silly writers be brought to time, or snuffed out? Really, it is a crime to make up such a conglomeration and call it a magazine worth fifteen cents. I am suffering with a spell of mental and physical indigestion brought on by this awful September hash that I've been obliged to feed upon. Obliged, because I live ten miles out of town and depend upon the old and reliable magazine that I have known to fill the void that country life always contains. Please tell our President that it is not polite or Christian to knock a real man or use his name in such a way as he uses Mr. Long's.

May God bless you and restore you to health and poise again. Most sincerely, E. G. C.

Isn't that a scorcher? This lady found nothing good in any of our 144 pages, and obviously she is sincere in her strictures. She says we didn't make good, and she is sure about it. When some one person feels strongly enough about a thing to express condemnation so sternly, depend upon it that there are scores of others who agree but who won't take the pains to express their censure.

When we read this letter—and all of us did—we proceeded to look into ourselves and ask questions. We have no divine right to edit EVERYBODY'S. We can't make anyone read it. Ours is chiefly a news-stand circulation, and we have to make every number so attractive and interesting that you'll feel bound to



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buy the next month's just to repeat the pleasurable sensation. And if one month's issue falls behind, there is surely a dwindling demand next month.

How many times have you picked up a magazine from your newsdealer's table, scanning pictures and contents with a lightning glance, and thrown it down with, "Soandso's looks pretty flat this month—give me Someone Else's." That's your privilege and our ordeal. If some one picture or story or article does not beguile two casts of your careless eye, it's us to the discard.

It's up to us, then, to make good with the casual as well as with the regular reader. That's our job.

"How about that September number?" we said to our editorial staff. "Was it really as rotten as this lady says? Are we falling behind, or is the lady 'way off' in her criticism?"

And just then this letter was brought in:

*Editor* EVERYBODY'S:

*Dear Sir:* A half dozen of us (all traveling men) have talked over EVERYBODY'S success and more especially this September number.

"Years ago, Myron Reed, a G. A. R. minister in Denver," began No. 1, "used his broad mind for sermons of an even broader scope. One of his sermons was food for thought for a month and he reached everybody some way or another. No other minister I have ever heard ever equaled him, and EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is a work after his heart, a heart that was good." The speaker was a whisky drummer.

"The secret of EVERYBODY'S success is in its abundant life as well as the quality and truth of its articles," spoke up No. 2, who proved to be a dry-goods salesman. "Take this article on 'The Department Store,' in this number. The man who wrote that had been over his ground."

"I've read it," said No. 3. "There's lots of good things in it. That story of the horse Sunny Sides did for me. I've seen sunrises and sunsets on the Sangre de Cristo Range up and down the San Luis Valley, and the whole story rings true, even to the cowboy and his troubles there and in Cheyenne." No. 3 sold shoes.

"It is strange," chimed in No. 4, a candy salesman, "but two summers ago, when I crossed the big pond, I returned on the same boat with this May Sinclair who wrote—let's see—this 'Judgment of Eve' story. It is good, though, boys, I'll bet from her looks she's never been married and never will have a child of her own. She wrote 'The Divine Fire' and I read it, but she never wrote anything as good as this, to my mind. It is a 'dig' at Roosevelt and his large family idea."

"I didn't read it," returned No. 5, a powder man. "I read the 'Fan' and 'Cowboy' stories last night though, and, say, that 'Fitz-kangaroo' one was a peach!"

"Let me tell you," concluded the hardware man from St. Louis, "here's six of us all familiar with one magazine and that tells a story in itself. I've been noting its growth right along. Three years ago, in Seattle, the cigar-stand man at the Seattle Hotel told me he sold thirty-five EVERYBODY'S to any other there.

"On the Great Northern and even the Short Line every one reads it on the trains just the same way. Lawson's story of copper did it once, but the reason now is that those publishers keep it up to date with subjects of interest. I've read this number this afternoon here in the Albany and I found Roosevelt's letter against 'Fakers,' 'The Hague Peace Conference,' and Russell's article on 'The Grafters,' with which he even connected the name of Secretary Elihu Root—all matters of present moment. EVERYBODY'S is the only fearless magazine in the country."

Yours very truly, L. L.

Which is right—the stern censure of the California lady, or the generous eulogy of the six commercial travelers? Drummers are live, wide-awake fellows—and they have lots of time between places to read and compare magazines. The stories and articles they found good were those we ourselves thought winners. Queer the same issue should provoke such diverse expressions—isn't it?

This is everybody's magazine. Not really, of course, for only about three million out of a possible twenty-five or thirty million read it every month. But it's our ambition to make it so. It's our business—as well as our pleasure—and if you feel you could do better, come along and tell us what we are missing. We don't agree to take all the advice given us, but it certainly will be considered, and all "bricks" will be just as carefully examined. Which brings us back to the original proposition—what would you print in a magazine if you had to make one every month?

Before answering, take into consideration that each number goes to press two months before it appears, and that clear, simple statements of facts such as you found in Owen Wister's article take months of preparation, and often are written and rewritten half a dozen times before they get into the magazine. That at least two weeks before time to go to press, you must have all your articles and stories in hand so they may be properly illustrated, then put into type, have cuts made for them, be corrected in proof, and made up into pages. That the good writers are in great demand, and their work must be contracted for still further ahead; and, above all, that you are catering to at least three millions of people with all manner of tastes, prejudices, and dispositions, and that there are scores of other publications carefully catering to the same audiences you are endeavoring to interest.

Don't let these conditions frighten you out of replying to our question:—What would you print in a magazine if you had one?

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